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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD

THE

WORKS

OF

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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SECOND VOLUME.

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THE

APPRENTICE,

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

-------- Non illo quiſquam ſolertior alter
Exprimit inceſſus, vultumque modumque loquendi.
Ovid.

--------Tragicâ deſævit & ampullatur in arte.
Hor.

PROLOGUE:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

PROLOGUES precede the piece in mournful verse,
As UNDERTAKERS *walk before the herse;*
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake it's feelings---for the dead behind.

To-night no smuggled scenes from France we shew,
'Tis ENGLISH, ENGLISH, *Sirs, from top to toe.*
Though coarse the colours, and the hand unskill'd,
From real life our little cloth is fill'd.
The hero is a youth, by Fate design'd
For CULLING SIMPLES; *but whose stage-struck mind*
Nor FATE *could rule, nor his indentures bind.*
A place there is, where such young QUIXOTS *meet;*
'Tis called the SPOUTING-CLUB, *a glorious treat!*
Where PRENTICE KINGS *alarm the gaping street.*
There BRUTUS *starts and stares by midnight taper,*
Who all the day enacts---a Wollen-Draper.
There HAMLET'S *Ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,*
Cries out with hollow voice---" LIST, LIST, OH! LIST *!"*
And frightens Denmark's Prince,---a young Tobacconist.
The Spirit too, clear'd of his deadly white,
Rises a HABERDASHER *to the sight.*
Not young Attornies have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for TRUNCHEONS, *ink for* BLOOD,
And (strange reverse!) die for their Country's good.

To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to REASON *and their* SHOP,
Our author wrote.---O you, Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!
Who hold the ballance, or who gild the pill;
Who wield the yard, and simp'ring pay your court,
And at each flourish snip an inch too short;
Let no false fire your heedless steps betray.
"Who can tread sure upon this slipp'ry way?"
Where, like to others, whom ambition calls,
Th' advent'rous youth, before he rises, falls!
The tinsel grandeur turns his giddy brain;
He strolls, and starves; he struts and frets in vain.
[Bell rings.
But soft;---the Prompter calls---brief let me be;
Would you no groanings hear, no apples see?
Nor yet be damn'd? fly hence; "farewell, remember me."

Dramatis Personæ.

WINGATE,	MR. YATES.
DICK, *his Son*,	MR. WOODWARD.
GARGLE, *an Apotherary*,	MR. BURTON.
SIMON, *Servant to Gargle*,	MR. H. VAUGHAN.
CATCHPOLE, *a Sheriff's Officer*,	MR. W. VAUGHAN.
SCOTCHMAN,	MR. BLAKES.
IRISHMAN,	MR. JEFFERSON.
CHARLOTTE, *Daughter to Gargle*,	MISS MINORS.

MEMBERS *of the Spouting-Club*, WATCHMEN, *&c.*

THE APPRENTICE.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE the FIRST.

Enter WINGATE *and* SIMON.

WINGATE.

HOLD your tongue, you blockhead, don't argue with me; don't think to impoſe upon me; I am convinced; I know it all; and if you imagine, varlet, that you are to trifle with me---what right have you to trifle with me?---You are in the plot, you ſcoundrel, and if you don't diſcover all---

SIMON.

Dear heart, Sir, you won't give a body time.

WINGATE.

Tell me all you know this moment, or---zookers! a whole month miſſing, and no account of him far or near!---it is too much for a father: A vile, ungrateful prodigal!---Plague and diſtraction! where can the fellow be?---Look you, friend; don't you preſume---

SIMON

SIMON.

Lord, Sir, you are ſo main paſſionate, you won't let a body ſpeak.

WINGATE.

Speak out then, and don't ſtand muttering.---- What a lubberly fellow you are! *(Looks at him and laughs)*---ha! ha! ſuch a ſcare-crow figure! Why don't you ſpeak out, you blockhead?

SIMON.

Mercy on us!---your ſon to be ſure is a fine young gentleman, and a ſweet young gentleman; but lack-a-day, Sir, how ſhould I know any thing of him?

WINGATE.

Prevaricating booby! with more evaſions than if you were before a Middleſex juſtice!---Has not he been apprentice to your maſter, my friend Gargle,--- who by the bye is as great a fool as yourſelf---Has not he been apprentice to him theſe three years? Have not you lived there all the time, and could you be ſo long in one houſe with my ſon, and not know all his haunts and all his ways? And then, you vagabond, you raſcal, what are you lurking about my doors for? What brings you hither ſo often?

SIMON.

My maſter Gargle and I, Sir, have been ſo uneaſy about him, that I have been running all over the town ever ſince morning to enquire for him, every where, high and low; and ſo in my way, I thought I might as well call here.

WIN-

WINGATE.

A villain, to give his father all this trouble! and ſo you have not heard any thing of him, friend?

SIMON.

Not a word, Sir, as I hope for mercy.

WINGATE.

You numſkull! you booby! why did not you tell me ſo at firſt?

SIMON.

I told you as ſoon as you would hear me; and as ſure as you are there, for all I know nothing, I believe I can gueſs what is come of him.

WINGATE.

Ay!---gueſs then, ſirrah; tell me as you gueſs.

SIMON.

As ſure as any thing, maſter, the gypſies have gotten hold of him, and we ſhall have him come as thin as a rake, like the young girl in the city, with living upon nothing but cruſts and water for ſix and twenty days.

WINGATE.

The gypſies have got hold of him!---get out of the room, you blockhead, you driveller, you nonſenſical---ha! ha! the gypſies got hold of him!---Here, you, Simon---

SIMON.

Sir; anan---

WIN-

WINGATE.

Where are you going in ſuch a hurry?---Let me ſee; wounds! what muſt be done?---I'll plague myſelf no more; let him go on his own way.---An abſurd, ridiculous, a ſilly, empty-headed coxcomb! with his *Caſſanders*, and his *Cloppatras*, and his trumpery; with his Romances, and his damn'd plays, and his *Odyſſey* Popes, and a parcel of fellows not worth a groat! wearing ſtone-buckles, and cocking his hat: What right has he to wear ſtone-buckles and cock his hat? But I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion---Death and fury! I never wear ſtone-buckles; never cock my hat. I think of nothing but the main chance; and-----Simon, do you ſtep, and tell my friend Gargle that I want to ſpeak to him. And yet, I don't know, why ſhould I ſend for him? A fly, ſlow, heſitating, pedantic blockhead!---I ſend for ſuch a fellow! a peſtle-and-mortar, ſimple-ſqueezing, dry piece of formality, with his phyſical cant, and his nonſenſe!---Why don't you go, you booby, when I bid you?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir; I am gone, Sir. [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

This ſon of mine will be the death of me. I can't ſleep in my bed for thinking of him. He'll be undone; he'll be ruin'd;---well! it's his own fault; what care I? My advice is all loſt. A ſcatter-brain puppy! to ſtand in his own light---Death and fire! that we can't get children, without having a regard for them! I have been turmoiling for him all my days, and now the villain is run away.---Suppoſe I advertiſe the dog, and promiſe a reward to any one that can give an account of him. There, more expence!

pence! why ſhould I throw away money upon ſuch a profligate? Why, as I don't ſay what reward, I may give what I pleaſe when they come. But then if the young rake-hell ſhould deceive me, and happen to be dead? why then he tricks me out of three ſhillings for the advertiſement; there's my money thrown into the fire. I'll think no more about him; let him follow his noſe; it's nothing at all to me: what care I?---What do you come back for, friend?

Enter SIMON.

WINGATE.

Why don't you ſpeak?

SIMON.

As I was going out, Sir, the poſt came to the door, and brought this letter.

WINGATE.

Let me ſee it---The gypſies have got hold of him! *(Looks at him and laughs)* ha! ha! what a conjurer you are?---ha! ha!- -why don't you go where I ordered you?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir, [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

Well, well; I'm reſolved, and it ſhall be ſo; I'll advertiſe him to-morrow morning, and promiſe, if he comes home, that all ſhall be forgiven: If he bites at the hook then when I have him faſt, I may do as I pleaſe. Ay, it ſhall be ſo; (*laughs*) I may then do as I pleaſe. Ha! ha! right! very good! Let me ſee, how muſt I deſcribe him? He had on, a

ſilver-looped hat; I never liked thoſe damned ſilver-loops;---a ſilver-looped hat, and---and---confuſion! what ſignifies what he had on? I'll read my letter, and think no more about him. Hey! what in the name of wonder have we here? (*reads*) *Briſtol!*---- how! what is all this?

Eſteemed Friend,

Laſt was 20th ultimo, ſince none of thine, which will occaſion brevity. The reaſon of my writing to thee at preſent, is to inform thee, that thy ſon came to our place with a company of ſtrolling players, who were taken up by the Magiſtrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail. That's good news; I am glad of it; let the villain lie there; let him beat hemp (*laughs*) What a fine figure he'll cut in the jail!---ha! ha! Alexander the Great at hard labour! I rejoice at this. Ha! ha! Let me ſee, what more does he ſay? (*reads*) *I am ſorry thy lad ſhould follow ſuch profane courſes; but out of the eſteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and ſent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago. He is conſigned to thy addreſs; being the needfull from thy friend and ſervant,* *Ebeeneezer Broadbrim.*

My eſteemed friend, Ebeeneezer Broadbrim, you are as great a fool as the reſt of them: What did you take the puppy out of jail for? Could not you let him lie there?---Ha! ha! the ſpirit moved him, I ſuppoſe.---Turned ſtage-player! I'll never ſee the villain's face. Who comes there?

Enter SIMON.

SIMON.

Our Cares are over.

WINGATE.

You lie, you blockhead: our cares are but juſt begun.

SIMON.

SIMON.

All's ſafe and well, make us thankful for it. I met Mr. Gargle on the way, and he has got ſuch news for you, and he is coming as faſt as he can, and here he is.

WINGATE.

Let him come in, and do you go and recover your breath, you gapeing, ſtareing, open-mouthed, fly-catching ſon of a-----

SIMON.

We're all alive and merry. [*Exit.*

Enter GARGLE.

WINGATE.

So, friend Gargle, here's a fine piece of work. Dick's turn'd vagabond.

GARGLE.

He muſt be put under a proper regimen directly. He arrived at my houſe within theſe ten minutes, but in ſuch a trim! I brought him with me; he is now below ſtairs. I judged it proper to leave him there, till I had felt your pulſe, and in due courſe prepared you for his reception.

WINGATE.

Death and fire! what could put it into his head to turn buffoon?

GARGLE.

Nothing ſo eaſily accounted for: when he ought

to be reading the Diſpenſatory, there was he conſtantly poreing over plays, and farces, and *Shakeſpeare.*

WINGATE.

Ay, that damn'd *Shakeſpeare!* I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-ſtealer in *Warwickſhire.* If he had ſold the veniſon, there would have been ſome ſenſe in that; he would have made money by it; a better trade than writing plays. Zookers! if they had hanged the fellow out of the way, he would not now be the ruin of honeſt men's children. What right has my ſon to read Shakeſpeare? I never read Shakeſpeare. Wounds! I caught the raſcal, myſelf, reading that Bartholomew-fair play of *Hamlet,* Prince of----I don't know what, not I---*Sweden* I believe---and there was the Prince keeping company with ſtrollers and vagabonds. A fine example, maſter Gargle!

GARGLE.

His diſorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him. Bleſs my heart! ſhe was as innocent as water-gruel, till he ſpoiled her. I caught her the other night in the very fact,

WINGATE.

Zookers! you don't ſay ſo! caught her in the fact?

GARGLE.

As ſure as you are there, he has debauched the poor girl.

WINGATE.

Debauched your daughter?

GAR-

GARGLE.

Even ſo.

WINGATE.

I don't much wonder at that, friend Gargle. (*Looks at him and laughs*) The boy has good blood in his veins.

GARGLE.

Poor Charlotte! I caught her in the very fact, reading a play-book in bed.

WINGATE.

Is that the fact?

GARGLE.

Yes, and bad enough of all conſcience.

WINGATE.

Why, you metaphorical blockhead, why could not you ſay ſo at firſt?

GARGLE.

That was my meaning; but I have done for my young madam; I have locked up all her books, and confined her to her room.

WINGATE.

You have ſerved her right. Look you here, friend Gargle; I'll never ſee the villain's face; let him follow his own courſes; let him bite the bridle.

GARGLE.

Lenitives, Mr. Wingate, lenitives are propereſt at

preſent. His habit requires gentle alteratives: Leave him to my management: Twenty ounces of blood, a cephalic tincture, and a cool regimen, will bring him to himſelf, and then he may do very well.

WINGATE.

Pho! truce with your jargon: Where is the ſcoundrel?

GARGLE.

Dear Sir, moderate your anger. Harſh language may---

WINGATE.

Harſh language! If he behaves like a profligate ſhan't I tell him of it?

GARGLE.

Violence may inflame: gentle means may work a reformation: the boy has good ſentiments.

WINGATE.

Sentiments! don't tell me of ſentiment; what have I do with ſentiment?---Let the booby mind his buſineſs, learn how to get money, and never miſs an opportunity. I never miſſed an opportunity; got up at five in the morning; ſtruck a light; made my own fire; worked my fingers ends; and this vagabond is now going to deſtruction. Let him have his full ſwing. Let him go on: A ridiculous---

GARGLE.

Ay; ridiculous indeed! For a long time paſt he could not converſe in the language of common ſenſe.

Aſk

Aſk him a trivial queſtion, he gave you a cramp anſwer out of ſome of his plays, that are always running in his head. No underſtanding a word that he ſays!

WINGATE.

Death and fury! this comes of his keeping company with wits, and be damned to 'em for wits.---ha! ha! wit is a fine thing indeed. I never knew one of your men of genius worth ſixpence. There's my friend Bookworm; he has parts and talents; every body ſays ſo; we went to ſchool together; he ſtudied well. *(laughs)* Ha! ha! yes, he ſtudied well! he made Verſes, and I learned Vulgar Fractions. Where is he now? Looking through iron bars at the King's Bench priſon.---Ha! ha! wit is the moſt raſcally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth.

GARGLE.

Would you believe it, Mr. Wingate? I have found out that your ſon went three times a week to a ſpouting club.

WINGATE.

A ſpouting club, friend Gargle! what's a ſpouting club?

GARGLE.

A meeting of prentices, and clerks, and giddy young men, all intoxicated with plays! and ſo they meet at public houſes, and there they repeat ſpeeches. and alarm the neighbourhood with their noiſe, and neglect their buſineſs, aud deſpiſe the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but of becoming actors.

WIN-

WINGATE.

You don't tell me ſo! a ſpouting club! zookers! they are all mad.

GARGLE.

Ay, mad, indeed, Sir: madneſs is occaſioned in a very extraordinary manner; the ſpirits flowing in particular channels---

WINGATE.

'Sdeath! you are as mad yourſelf as any of them.

GARGLE.

And continuing to run in the ſame *ducts*---

WINGATE.

Ducks!---what *ducks?* roaſt *ducks* for ſupper?

GARGLE.

No, ſir, no; but the finer juices running in the ſame capillary ducts or veſſels, the texture of the brain becomes diſordered.

WINGATE.

Friend Gargle, don't plague me. *(walks away)* Who's below there?

GARGLE. *(following him)*

And by the preſſure on the nervous ſyſtem, the head is diſturbed: obſtructions are formed, and thus your ſon's malady is contracted.

WINGATE. *(walking away)*

Will nobody anſwer? Who is below?

GAR-

GARGLE. *(following him)*

But I ſhall alter the morbid ſtate of the juices, correct his blood, ſweeten the humours, and produce laudable CHYLE.

WINGATE.

Produce a laudable fortune; that's the true uſe of GUILE. Who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

GARGLE.

Nay, be a little cool: inflammatories may be dangerous. He may reform; there is now ſome proſpect of it.

WINGATE.

Po! none of your proſpects; give me a proſpect of gain. Prithee, don't teaze me, man; here the raſcal comes.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

(Walking ſlow and ſullen, with his arms folded: he looks at his father, then fixes his eyes on the ground)

There's an attitude! If I had chains on, BAJAZET could not do it better. *(Aſide.)*

WINGATE.

Did you ever ſee ſuch a fellow? So friend!

DICK.

" Now, my good father, what's the matter?"

WINGATE.

You have been upon your travels, have you?---you have had your frolick?---Look you, young man, I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion; but death and fire! you ſcoundrel, what right have you to plague me in this manner? Do you think I am to fall in love with your face? Muſt I bear with you, becauſe I am your father?

DICK.

" A little more than kin, and leſs than kind."

WINGATE.

What a pretty figure you cut now? *(ſtands laughing at him)* ſuch a poverty-ſtruck raſcal I never ſaw! Why don't you ſpeak you blockhead? have you nothing to ſay for yourſelf?

DICK. (*aſide*)

Nothing to ſay for yourſelf? What an old prig it is!

WINGATE.

Mind me, friend; I have found you out. How often muſt I tell you that you will never come to good? Turn ſtage-player! wounds! you'll not have an eye in your head in a month. (*Looks at him, and laughs*) Ha! ha! you'll have 'em knocked out of the ſockets with withered apples. Remember I tell you ſo, friend.

DICK.

A critic too! (*whiſtles*) well ſaid old ſquare-toes.

WIN-

WINGATE.

Look you, young man; my advice is all thrown away upon you. But once for all, mind what I ſay. I made my own fortune, and I could do the ſame again. Wounds! if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-lane with a bruſh and blackball, I know the world, and could make my own fortune again. You read Shakeſpeare! get Cocker's Arithmetic; you may buy it for a ſhilling upon a ſtall; the beſt book that ever was wrote.

DICK. (*aſide*)

Pretty well that! Ingenious, truly! Egad, the old buck has a pretty notion of letters.

WINGATE.

Can you tell me how much is *five eights of three ſixteenths of a pound?*---I ſee you are a blockhead. Five eights of three ſixteenths of a pound! you can't tell me; I would not give a farthing for all you know. If you have a mind to thrive in this world, ſtudy figures, and make yourſelf uſefull.

DICK.

" How weary, ſtale, flat and unprofitable ſeem to " me all the uſes of this world!"

WINGATE.

Mind the ſcoundrel now!

GARGLE.

Do, Mr. Wingate, let me ſpeak to him. Softly, ſoftly; I'll touch him with a gentle hand, Come, young man, lay aſide this ſulky humour, and ſpeak as becomes a ſon.

DICK.

" O Jeptha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt " thou!"

WINGATE.

What does the fellow ſay?

GARGLE.

He relents, Sir; come, come, young man, make peace with your father.

DICK.

" They fool me to the top of my bent." Egad, I'll bamboozle 'em, and ſo get out of the ſcrape.--- " A truant diſpoſition, good my lord."---No, no, ſtay, ſtay, that's not right: my friend *Ranger* can ſupply a better ſpeech.---" It is as you ſay, when " we are ſober, and reflect but ever ſo little on our " follies, we are aſhamed and ſorry; and yet, the " very next minute, we ruſh again into the very " ſame abſurdities."

WINGATE.

Well ſaid, lad, well ſaid; that's very good ſenſe; I like you when you talk ſenſe. Liſten to me, friend: commanding our own paſſions, and artfully taking advantage of other peoples, is the ſure road to wealth. And without wealth, what is life?---Die a beggar, rather than live a beggar. A man ſhould always have a thouſand pounds at his banker's. Wounds! it's ridiculous not to have a thouſand pounds at your banker's.

DICK.

Without doubt, Sir. *(ſtifling a laugh)*

WIN-

WINGATE.

I'll tell you what, friend; I have a great regard for you in the main. What do I mind my buſineſs for, and get up at five in the morning? Is not it all for you? I never loſt an opportunity in my life. There was my friend Barlow, I knew he could not live; he drank brandy in a morning; I ſaw it; fixed my eye upon him; ſold him an annuity: he did not live to receive the firſt quarter. Ha! ha! ---my poor friend Barlow!---I knew what I was about: and is not all that for you? Mind me friend: if I abuſe you, it is beauſe I wiſh you well. Death and fire! do you think I'd call you a ſcoundrel, if I had not a regard for you?

DICK.

To be ſure, Sir.

WINGATE.

You don't hear me call a ſtranger a ſcoundrel.

DICK.

No bad mark of prudence.

WINGATE.

Prudence!---what do I care for a ſtranger? Mind me, and I'll make a man of you. If you want any thing, you ſhall be provided: have you any money in your pocket? Not a ſixpence, I warrant. (*looks at him and laughs*) There is nothing I hate like poverty. Let me ſee, if I have any money in my purſe. How is this? A ten pound note! Now if I was to give you a bank-note---no; I'll keep it for you; that will do better; and ſo mind what I ſay, and go and make yourſelf uſefull.

DICK.

DICK.

" Elſe, wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian land?"

WINGATE.

Very well; I like that: you had better ſtick to your buſineſs, than turn mountebank, and get truncheons broke upon your arm, and tumble about upon carpets.

DICK.

" I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Sir."

WINGATE.

Very well; very well ſaid. You may do very well: I'll ſay no more to you now: go change your dreſs; make yourſelf fit to be ſeen, and go home to your buſineſs. And let me ſee no more play-books: let me never hear that you wear a laced waiſtcoat: what right have you to wear a laced waiſtcoat? I never wore a laced waiſtcoat; never wore one till I was forty. But I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion; go, and remember what I have ſaid to you.

DICK.

I ſhall, Sir.

" I muſt be cruel only to be kind;

" Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind."

Cocker's Arithmetic, Sir?

WINGATE.

Ay, Cocker's Arithmetic: ſtudy figures; figures and the true Italian method of book-keeping will carry you through the world.

DICK.

DICK.

Yes, Sir. (*ſtifling a laugh*) Cocker's Arithmetic! [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

GARGLE.

Ay, Sir, you know the world. Your ſon will do very well: I wiſh he were out of his time; he ſhall then have my daughter.

WINGATE.

Yes, but not a ſtiver of her fortune; I muſt touch the caſh myſelf; he ſhan't finger it during my life. I muſt keep a tight hand over him. (*Goes to the door*) Do you hear, friend? Mind what I ſay, and go home to your buſineſs immediately.---Friend Gargle, let him follow my directions, and I'll make a man of him.

Enter DICK.

DICK.

" Who call'd on Achmet? Did not Barbaroſſa require me here?"

WINGATE.

What's the matter now? BAROSSA! wounds! what's BAROSSA? Does the fellow call me names? What makes the booby ſtand in ſuch confuſion?

DICK.

" That Barbaroſſa ſhould ſuſpect my truth."

WIN-

WINGATE.

Mad, ſtark ſtaring mad!---Get out of the room, you villain, get out of the room.

DICK.

I thought you called me back, to give me the bank-note, Sir.

WINGATE.

Give you a bank-note!---Death and confuſion! you oaf; you ſcrub; you ridiculous coxcomb; give you a bank-note! the more you expect it, the leſs I'll give it. What right have you to expect it?

DICK.

If you had not mentioned it yourſelf, Sir---

WINGATE.

I mention it!

DICK.

I thought ſo, Sir; and as your word is as good as your bond---

WINGATE.

There now I ſee you're a blockhead: my word as good as my bond! you fool, you numſkull, you'll never ſucceed in the world. Death and fire! how is my word as good as my bond? My word is one thing, and my bond is another; all the world knows that. Let me hear ſuch another word out of your mouth, and I'll turn you out of my houſe immediately. My word as good as my bond. Wounds!

I have

I have a mind never to ſee your face. I hate poverty and nonſenſe: never ſay that to me again.

GARGLE.

Come, young man, every thing was quietly ſettled: do as your father bids you, and don't ſpoil all again. Be adviſed by me: go, make yourſelf clean, and then come home to your buſineſs.

[*He puſhes* DICK *out.*

DICK.

"Oh! I am Fortune's fool." [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

I can be very peremptory, friend Gargle: if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to ſay to him. But I ſtill have hopes; he can do very well: and now I think of it, I have *Cocker*'s Arithmetic below ſtairs in the counting-houſe. I'll ſtep and get it for him, and he ſhall take it home with him.

GARGLE.

Mr. Wingate, I wiſh you a good evening. I have a ſlow fever in the neighbourhood, that I muſt pay a viſit to. You'll ſend him home to his buſineſs. [*Exit.*

WINGATE.

He ſhall follow you directly. *Five-eights of the three-ſixteenths of a pound!*---Multiply the numerator by the denominator; five times ſixteen, is ten times eight; ten times eight is eighty; and then---a---five and carry one. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter DICK *and* SIMON.

DICK.

Simon, did you ever ſee ſuch a queer old putt as my father?

SIMON.

Good enough when he is pleaſed; but main choleric; mercifull! how he ſtorms and raves! blows up like gunpowder.

DICK.

His character will do for the ſtage, and I'll act it myſelf.

SIMON.

Lord love you, maſter, I am ſo glad you are come home; but methinks we had better get away from this houſe; all fiſhing in troubled waters here; much quieter at Mr. Gargle's.

DICK.

No, no, Simon; ſtay a moment. This is but a ſcurvy ſort of a coat I have on: I know old ſquare-toes has always ſomething ſmart locked up in his cloſet; I know his ways; he takes them in pawn; never parts with a guinea without a good pledge in hand.

SIMON.

Odds my life, take care; as ſure as a gun he'll hear you. Huſh! I believe he's coming up ſtairs.

DICK. (*goes to the door and liſtens*)

No---no---no---he is going down ſtairs, growling and

and grumbling---" ſcoundrel, raſcal---bite the bridle ---" make yourſelf uſefull---ſix times twelve is ſe-" venty two"---All is ſafe, Simon; he is gone down; we have nothing to fear. Stand you there, and I'll diſpatch this buſineſs in two minutes " by Shrewſ-" bury clock."

SIMON.

Bleſſings on him, what is he about?---Why, the cloſet door is locked, maſter.

DICK.

I know it, Simon, but I can unlock it.---You ſhall ſee me do it with as much dexterity as any *Sir John Brute* of 'em all.---This right leg here is the beſt lockſmith in England. Come, ſurrender up your truſt--- (*Kicks the door open and goes in*)

SIMON.

He is at his plays again: odds my heart, he is wondrous comical; pure diverting; he will go through with it, I warrant him. Old Drybeard muſt not ſmoke that I have any concern. I muſt be main cautious. What's he about? Bleſs his heart, he is to teach me to act SCRUB. He began with me long ago, and I got as far as the Jeſuit before he went out of town. " Scrub!---coming Sir---why " Scrub!---Ma'am---Lord Ma'am, I have a whole " packet full of news; ſome ſay one thing, and " ſome another, but for my part, Ma'am, I believe " he is a Jeſuit."---That's main pleaſant---" I be-" lieve he is a Jeſuit."

Enter DICK.

DICK.

" I have done the deed; didſt thou not hear a noiſe?"

SIMON.

No, master; don't look so frightened; not a mouse stirring; all snug.

DICK.

This coat will do charmingly. I have outwitted the old gentleman nicely. "In a dark corner of his "cabinet I found this paper; what it is this light "will shew." (*reads*) *I promise to pay*---ha!---*I promise to pay to Mr. Moneytrap or order on demand*--- "'tis his hand; a note of his;---yet more"---*the sum of seven pounds fourteen shillings and seven pence, value received by me, London, this 15th June* 1775. "'Tis "wanting what should follow; his name should fol-"low, but 'tis torn off, because the note is paid."

SIMON.

Oh! Lud! dear heart, I'm frighted out of my senses. You'll spoil all; I wish we were well out of the house. Our best way, master, is to make off directly.

DICK.

I'll do it; we'll sound a retreat in a moment; but first help me on with this coat. (*puts it on*) Simon, you shall be my dresser, when I am a great actor; you'll be pure happy behind the scenes.

SIMON.

As happy as the day is long, master. I shall like of it hugeously. I have been behind the scenes in the country, when I lived with the man that shewed wild beastices.

DICK.

DICK.

Hark ye, Simon; when I am playing ſome deep tragedy, and "cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech," you muſt ſtand at the ſide of the ſcenes, and cry bitterly. (*Teaches him*) Oh!---it's ſo moving, I can't ſtand it.

SIMON.

Yes, I'll do it; I am rare one to cry.

DICK.

And when I am playing a gay, ſprightly, genteel part in comedy, you muſt be ready to crack your ſides with laughing. (*Teaches him*) I ſhall be damned pleaſant.

SIMON.

Never doubt me, maſter. (*Both laugh*)

DICK.

Very well; now go and open the ſtreet door; I'll ſteal down, and we'll leave old Multiplication Table to himſelf.

SIMON.

Ay, ſo beſt: we are dancing upon thorns here: I am gone to ſerve you, maſter.

DICK.

"To ſerve thyſelf; for look, when I am Manager, "claim thou of me the care o' th' wardrobe, with all "thoſe moveables whereof the property-man now "ſtands poſſeſt."

SI-

SIMON.

I does not underſtand it, but I likes to hear you talk. Huſh! I am gone.

DICK.

Hold, hold; Simon, come hither. "What "money have you about you, Maſter Matthew?"

SIMON.

But a teſter.

DICK.

A teſter!---ſomething of the leaſt, Maſter Matthew. Let me ſee it.

SIMON.

You have had fifteen ſixpences now.

DICK.

Never mind; I'll pay you all at my benefit.

SIMON.

I does not fear you. Huſh!---I'll go and open the door. [*Exit.*

DICK, *ſolus.*

"Thus far we run before the wind."---An apothecary! make an apothecary of me! what cramp my genius over a peſtle and mortar, or mew me up in a ſhop with an "alligator ſtufft, and a beggarly ac-"count of empty boxes!" To be culling ſimples, and conſtantly adding to the bills of mortality. No, no, I'll add to the Play-bills rather: it will be much better to be paſted up in capitals, *The part of Romeo by a young gentleman who never appeared upon any ſtage be-*

before!---My ambition fires at the thought. But hold, hold; may'nt I run ſome chance of failing in my attempt? Hiſſed, pelted, laughed at, not admitted into the Green-room! That will never do;" " down buſy devil, down, down."---Take it t'other way---Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes; " Colonel, is not he a charming crea- " ture?---My Lord, don't you like him of all " things? Makes love like an angel---What an eye " he has? The ſweeteſt figure!---I'll certainly go " to his benefit." Celeſtial ſounds!---and then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myſelf put up in every ſhop;---in the character of Macbeth, " This is a ſorry ſight." (*ſtands in an attitude*) In the character of Richard, " Give me another horſe, " bind up my wounds; have mercy"---Oh! it will do rarely; and then the chance of ſome great fortune falling in love with me---" O glorious thought! By " Heav'n, I will enjoy it, though but in fancy; ima- " gination ſhall make room to"---I wonder what o'clock it is: (*looks at his watch*) ſdeath! almoſt ten. I'll away at once; this is club-night; the ſpouters will be all met. I'll make one among 'em. Little do they think I am in town; they will be ſurprized to ſee me; I'll beat up their quarters, and then for my aſſignation with my maſter *Gargle*'s daughter. Poor Charlotte! by her letter I find ſhe is locked up, but I ſhall contrive means to favour her eſcape. I'll carry her off. A pretty theatrical genius. If ſhe flies to my arms " like a hawk to it's perch," it will be ſo rare an adventure, and ſo dramatic an incident! as my friend POLYDORE ſays,

" Limbs do your office, and ſupport me well;
" Bear me but to her, then fail if you can."

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Scene discovers the Spouting Club: the Members seated, and roaring out BRAVO, *while one stands at a distance, acting* PIERRE.

FIRST MEMBER.

" CURS'D be your senate; curs'd your consti-
" tution;
" The curse of growing factions and divisions
" Still vex your councils"---

SECOND MEMBER.

Don't you think his action rather confined?

FIRST MEMBER.

Confin'd!---don't you know that I am in chains? you know nothing of the stage. A blockhead!

SECOND MEMBER. *(advancing to him)*

Blockhead, say you?---I know more of the stage, than such upstarts as you can pretend to. Blockhead!---Was not I the first that took compassion on you, when you lay, like a sneaking fellow, under the counter, and swept your master's shop in a morning? When you read nothing but *The Young Man's Pocket Companion*, or *The True Clerk's Vade Mecum*, did not I shew you the way to the upper gallery? teach you the use of a catcall, and put *Chrononhothontologos* into your hand?

All

ALL.

Well argued; bravo! bravo!

PRESIDENT.

Come, gentlemen; no diſputes; no quarrelling. Conſider where you are: This is the honourable ſociety of SPOUTERS; and ſo to put an end to all animoſities, read the ſeventh rule of this ſociety.

THIRD MEMBER. *(reads)*

That buſineſs, or want of money, ſhall not be received as an excuſe for non-attendance; nor the anger of PARENTS, MASTERS, GUARDIANS, *or* RELATIONS, *be a reſtraint to genius; to the end that this Society may boaſt it's own mimic heroes, and be a ſeminary of young actors, to grace the ſock and buſkin, in ſpite of the low mechanic notions of people fit only for the drudgery of trade and buſineſs.*

PRESIDENT.

That is not the rule I meant to read. But come--- "Fill a meaſure the table round"---"Now good digeſtion wait on appetite, and health on both"---

ALL.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

SCOTCHMAN.

What ſay you, lads?---Now I'll gee you a touch of *Macbeeth*.

FIRST MEMBER.

Well done highlander; let us have it.

SCOTCHMAN.

What do'ſt leer at, mon? I have had muckle applauſe at *Edinburgh*, when I enacted in the *Reegiceede*. I now intend to do *Macbeeth*. I ſeed the *degger* yeſterneet, and I thought I ſhould ha' killed every one that came athwart my gate.

IRISHMAN.

Arrah, ſtand out of the way, my boys, and you ſhall ſee me give a touch of OTHOLLO, my dear. Now for the truth of it. *(Burns a cork, and blacks his face)* The devil burn the cork, it would not do it faſt enough.

FIRST MEMBER.

Here, here; I'll lend you a helping hand.

(a rap at the door.)

SECOND MEMBER.

" Open locks, whoever knocks,"

Enter DICK.

DICK.

" How now, ye ſecret, black, and midnight *wags!* " what is't you do?"

ALL.

Ha! the genius! the genius come to town!---the genius!---huzza!

DICK.

" How fare the honeſt partners of my heart?" *Natt Pigtail*, give us your hand; *Jack Oakſtick*, yours; *Bob Nankeen*, how goes it my boy? *Billy Saplin*, I re-

joice to ſee you.---Gentlemen, I rejoice to ſee you all. But come the news; the news of the town, for I am but juſt arrived. Has any thing been damned? Any new performer this winter? How often has Romeo and Juliet been acted? What new plays on the ſtocks? Come, my bucks, inform me; for I want news.

FIRST MEMBER.

Bravo, Sir Harry! yon ſhall know all in good time: but prithee, my dear boy, how was it? you played at Briſtol: the firſt daſh is over with you: come, let us hear.

SECOND MEMBER.

Ay, the particulars, my dear Dick.

DICK.

Look you there now; as *Ranger* ſays, let us have it, dear boy, and dear Dick.

FIRST MEMBER.

Nay, nay, let us hear; how was you received?

DICK.

Romeo was my part: I touch'd 'em to the quick. Every pale face from the Wells was there. Not in the leaſt frightened; on I went. Eaſy at firſt; came to the Garden-ſcene: Juliet thought to have it hollow: ſhe tuned her ſilver pipe: are you at that work ſays I? three ſtrides to the ſtage door, turned ſhort, and here goes. I gave 'em a volley. I tickled 'em, as you will ſee in the papers. But come, "What "bloody ſcene has Roſcius now to act?"

FIRST MEMBER.

All well ſtudied; ready in ſeveral characters. But Genius,

Genius, why come among us ſo late? Why was not you here in the beginning of the night?

DICK.

Why, *ſtap* my vitals, I longed to ſee you all; but whom ſhould I meet in my way but my friend *Catcall?* a deviliſh good critic. He has been in at the death of many a piece. He and I went together, and had our pipe, "to cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach you know," and what do you think I learned of him?

FIRST MEMBER.

Something deep.

DICK.

"Not as deep as a well, but it will do." Can you tell whether the *emphaſis* ſhould be laid upon the *epitaph* or the *ſubſtantive?*

FIRST MEMBER.

The *epitaph*, or the *ſubſtantive!*

DICK.

Ever while you live, lay your *emphaſis* upon the *epitaph.*

IRISHMAN.

Arrah, my dear, what is that ſame *epitaph* now?

DICK.

Arrah, "my dear Couſin Macſhane, won't you "put a remembrance upon me?"

IRISHMAN.

But is it mocking me you are?---I believe it's a knock

knock you have a mind to take. Hark you, my jewell; if you'd be taking me off---don't you call it taking off?---By my ſhoul, I would be making you take yourſelf off.---What?---don't you like it?---If you are for a carte over the arm, I would not matter you three ſkips of a *flay*.

DICK.

Nay, prithee, no offence: I hope we ſhall be brother players.

IRISHMAN.

Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

SCOTCHMAN.

Locke is certainly *reet* in his chapter aboot innate ideas; for this mon was born without any at all. A ſheet of blank paper: *Tabula raſa:* and t'other mon yonder---I ken not his name; they call him the Genius; I doot he has no great heed-piece.

DICK.

What character do you intend to appear in?

IRISHMAN.

Othollo, my dear. Let me alone: you'll ſee how I'll *bodder* 'em. Though by my ſhoul, myſelf does not know but I would be frightened, when every thing is in a *hub-bub*, and nothing to be heard, but "Throw him over"---"Over with him"---"Off, off, off the ſtage"---"Muſic"---"Wont y' ha' ſome orange chips"---"Ha! ſome nonpareils"---"Prologue"---"Hornpipe"---"Roaſt beef"---My dear, it is not like going to the *jod:* A body could do that, freſh and faſting in a morning, without fee or reward;

ward; *becaze*, why? you are as terrible yourſelf as your enemy.---But the critics have the advantage---Ow! never mind that; who knows but the dear *craturs* in the boxes will be *lucking* at my legs? To be ſure! the Devil burn the *luck* they'll give 'em.

SCOTCHMAN.

By St. Andrew, the *cheeld* of *North-Britain* has taken that trade out of your hands.

IRISHMAN.

That trade out of our hands, is it?---Why ſure, my dear, the *legs* are the manufacture of Ireland. Ow! never fear it. Let me alone, my jewel; may be I would ſee a little round face from Dublin in the pit; may be I would.

SCOTCHMAN.

For the elocution you will ſee that we have the preference: I'll gee you a ſpecimen.

DICK.

What with that impediment?

SCOTCHMAN.

Impeediment! what impeediment? I do not *leeſp*, do I? I do not *ſqueent*. I am well *leem'd*, am I not?

IRISHMAN.

Why then, if you go to that, I am as well *timber'd* myſelf as any of them; and by and by you will ſee what a figure I will make in *genteel* and *top* comedy.

SCOTCH-

SCOTCHMAN.

Out a waw! ſtand clear, mon, and I'll *gee* you a touch of *Macbeeth*. (*repeats.*)

" Is this a dagger that I ſee before me?
" The haundle tow'rds my haund!"

IRISHMAN. (*collaring him*)

" Villain, be ſure you prove my
" Love a whore" (*repeats the reſt of the ſpeech.*)

THIRD MEMBER.

(*With his face powder'd, and a pipe in his hand.*)

" I am thy father's ſpirit;
" Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night---"

DICK.

Po! Prithee, man; you are not fat enough for a ghoſt,

ALL.

No, no; it ſtands to reaſon that a ghoſt ſhould be the fatteſt actor on the ſtage.

THIRD MEMBER.

I intend to make my firſt appearance in the Ghoſt: but I am little puzzled about one thing. The audience, you know, allways applaud a man at his firſt appearance: now I want to know, when I come on, and they all fall a clapping, whether I ſhould make a bow to the pit and boxes?

IRISHMAN.

To be ſure you would; and then if you are *damned*, being a ghoſt, you are at home you know, my dear.

SECOND

SECOND MEMBER.

Now gentlemen for the true way of dying--(*ſpreads a blanket*) you muſt ſuppoſe me wounded---(*falls*)

" Oh! Altamont, thy genius is the ſtronger;
" Thou haſt prevail'd---"

WATCHMAN. (*within*)

Faſt five o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

DICK.

How! paſt five o'clock!---ſdeath! I ſhall miſs my appointment with Charlotte---" I have ſtaid too " long, and I ſhall loſe my proſelyte."---Come, my boys, let us ſally out.

ALL.

Ay! let us adjourn; let us beat the rounds.

IRISHMAN.

Ow! never fear me; I am ready for any thing, my dear; though if they had ſtaid, I ſhould have *boddered* 'em finely in *Othello*.

SCOTCHMAN.

I ſhould have *ſheened* in *Macbeeth*. But never mind it now. I'll go to my friend the bookſeller, and tranſlate *Cornelius Tacitus*, or *Grotius de Jure Belli*.

ALL.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

DICK.

We'll ſcower the watch---" Confuſion to Mora-" lity! I wiſh the conſtable was married"---Huzza!

IRISH-

IRISHMAN.

Why then, myſelf did not care if I was well married too; a wife with a good fortune would be hindering me from going on the ſtage. Ow! no matter; I may meet with a willing *cratur* ſomewhere.

[*Exit ſinging.*

DICK.

Now for the *Montagues* and the *Capulets*, and if they bite their thumbs at me---- [*Exit.*

ALL.

Huzza! huzza! huzza! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene a STREET.

Enter WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN.

Paſt five o'clock, and a cloudy morning.----All mad I believe in this houſe. This is their trade three nights in the week, I think.---Paſt five o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

ALL. (*within*)

Huzza! down with the watch: I wiſh the conſtable was married.

WATCHMAN.

What in the name of wonder are they about now?

Enter the SPOUTERS.

DICK.

"Angels and miniſters of grace defend us."

FIRST MEMBER.

" By Heav'n, I'll tear thee joint by joint, and ſtrew
" This hungry church-yard with your limbs."

DICK.

" Avaunt, and quit my ſight: thy bones are mar-
" rowleſs;
" There's no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes, that thou
" doſt glare withall."

WATCHMAN.

You are diſpoſed to be merry, maſter.

SECOND MEMBER.

" Be ſure you write him down an aſs."

DICK.

" Be alive again
" And dare me to the deſert with thy pole."

FIRST MEMBER.

" Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear"

SECOND MEMBER.

" The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger"---

DICK.

" Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
" Shall never tremble"---

WATCHMAN.

Soho! ſoho!

Enter

Enter Watchmen from all parts, ſome drunk, ſome coughing, and many ſtanding at a diſtance.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

What's the matter here?

FIRST WATCHMAN.

I charge 'em all in the King's name; they have broke the peace; they have committed burglary.

WATCHMEN.

Down with 'em; bring 'em along.

DICK.

" Unmanner'd ſlave!
" Advance your *lanthorn* higher than my breaſt,
" Or by St. Paul, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
" And ſpurn the beggar for this inſolence."

WATCHMEN.

Upon 'em; fall on; to the round-houſe. *(They fight; Dick falls; ſeveral run away; Watchmen follow.)*

DICK.

" I am not valiant neither.
" Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
" And he retires. Where ſhould Othello go?"

Go! where ſhould I go?---To my little Charlotte to be ſure. Egad, I'll make my eſcape. Now Love direct me, " Like the ſureſt arrow from your " quiver." [*Exit.*

Enter WATCHMEN *and ſeveral* SPOUTERS.

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Bring 'em along.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

Ay, ay; bring 'em along; they ſhall anſwer this.

FIRST MEMBER.

" Good ruffians, hold a while."

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Hold 'em faſt.

SECOND MEMBER.

" I am unfortunate, but not aſham'd of being ſo."

SECOND WATCHMAN.

No, aſham'd of nothing, I'll warrant.

FIRST MEMBER.

Raſcals! here is the moſt prevailing, powerful rhetoric. *(throws money down.)*

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Stay, ſtay; the money need not be loſt.

SECOND WATCHMAN.

We came honeſtly by it, whatever they did. (*Watchmen pick up the money, and the Spouters run away.*)

FIRST WATCHMAN.

Come, neighbour; no bad booty.

[*Exeunt Watchmen.*

Scene

Scene, Another STREET.

Enter DICK, *with a Lanthorn and Ladder.*

DICK.

All's quiet here; the coaſt clear. Now for my adventure with Charlotte. This ladder will do the buſineſs; though it would be more theatrical if it was a ladder of ropes. That does not ſignify much: I have ſeen it done this way in one of the pantomimes,---This is my maſter Gargle's. " I remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells."---Not being yet broad day, " the beggar's ſhop is ſhut."---What ho! apothecary!---Soft; " what light breaks from yonder window?- -

" It is the Eaſt, and Juliet is the Sun.
" Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon"---

CHARLOTTE. (*at the window.*)

Who's there? my Romeo?

DICK.

" The ſame, my love, if it not thee diſpleaſe."

CHARLOTTE.

Not ſo loud; be a little natural now; you'll wake my father.

DICK.

" Alas! there's more peril in thy eye,"
Than twenty of his gallypots.

CHARLOTTE.

Pſhaw! how can you? don't be in heroics now; never

never mind poetry and plays. How could you ſtay ſo long?

DICK.

" Chide not, my fair, but let the god of love
" Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart."

CHARLOTTE.

As I live and breathe, you'll ruin every thing. I ſhall be diſcovered. Be ſilent; make no noiſe, and I'll come down to you.

DICK.

No, no; not ſo faſt; let us act the *Garden-ſcene* firſt.

CHARLOTTE.

And my next ſcene will be a priſon ſcene. My father will lock me up, where I ſhall have no poſſibility of eſcaping. Have patience, and I'll be with you in a moment.

DICK.

Nay, then, I'll act Ranger: " Up I go, neck or " nothing."

CHARLOTTE.

Was there ever ſuch a man? You are enough to fright a body out of one's wits. I have ſettled every thing with Simon: he is going to open ſhop, and has promiſed to let me out that way. Can't you ſtay where you are? Don't come up. I tell you there is no occaſion for the ladder.

DICK.

But I tell you, I would not give a farthing for it without

without the ladder. " Up I go: If it was as high " as the garret, I ſhould mount."

Enter SIMON, *at the Door.*

SIMON.

Sir, Sir; maſter, madam---

DICK. (*Going up the ladder*)

Prithee be quiet, Simon. I am aſcending " the " high top-gallant of my joy."

SIMON.

Always ſome new comical notion in his head. An't pleaſe you, maſter, my young miſtreſs may come through the ſhop: I am going to ſweep it out, and ſhe may paſs that way ſafe and faſt enow.

CHARLOTTE.

That will be the beſt way: do you go down again; ſtay at the door, and be ready to receive me. [*She goes in.*

DICK.

But I tell you that will not do: you ſhan't hinder me from going through my part. (*Goes up and looks in at the window*) " A woman by all that's lucky; " neither old nor crooked;" in I go. (*Gets in*) And for fear of my maſter *Gargle*, and the purſuit of the family, I'll make ſure of the ladder.

(*Pulling up the ladder*)

SIMON.

Hiſt! hiſt! maſter; leave the ladder; it may ſave me from being ſuſpected. I can ſay that young miſtreſs got out of the houſe that way.

DICK.

DICK.

Very true, Simon: take care of a ſingle rogue: I'll leave the ladder, and be with you in a moment.

[*He goes in*

SIMON.

Lord love him, how pleaſant he is!---it will be fine diverſion for me, when we are all playing the fool together in the ſtage-play, to call him Brother Martin---" Brother Martin; Brother Martin."

Enter CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE.

Dear me! I am frighted out of my ſenſes: where is he?

SIMON.

He is a coming, ma'am---" Brother Martin."

Enter DICK.

DICK.

" Cuckold him, ma'am, by all means: I'm your " man."

CHARLOTTE.

Well, I proteſt and vow, I wonder how you can ſerve a body ſo. Feel how my heart goes, thump, thump: it flutters like a bird in a cage.

DICK.

" 'Tis an alarm to love."---But ſtay; I have not done my part right: here has been no rapture at our meet-

meeting---Quick let me ſnatch thee to thy Romeo's arms."

CHARLOTTE.

Huſh! don't you conſider the danger?

DICK.

But I tell you, in ſpite of all danger we ſhould indulge our rapture. It is not dramatic otherwiſe. (*Embraces her*) "Curls like a vine, and touches "like a god."

WATCHMAN. (*Within*)

Paſt ſix o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

CHARLOTTE.

As I live and breathe, we ſhall be diſcovered and taken. We have not a moment to loſe: if you love me, let us make our eſcape without more foolery.

WATCHMAN. (*Within*)

Paſt ſix o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

CHARLOTTE.

It comes nearer and nearer: let us get away.

DICK.

Give me your hand, my fair adventurer, I attend you. "He muſt fight damn'd hard that takes you "from me now."

"Yes, my dear Charlotte, we will go together;
"Together to the Theatre we'll go;
"There to their raviſh'd eyes our ſkill we'll ſhew,
"And point new beauties---to the Pit below.

[*Exit with* Charlotte.

SIMON.

Heaven bleſs the couple of 'em!---Lud! ſome body coming!---huſh; I muſt get out of the way.
[*Goes in and ſhuts the door.*

Enter CATCHPOLE *and his* FOLLOWER.

CATCHPOLE.

That's he yonder, as ſure as you're alive. Yes, yes; 'tis he. And by that token there *(pointing to the ladder)* he has been about ſome miſchief.

FOLLOWER.

Yes, it is; no, no: that an't he. That one has a laced coat on him: thoff I can't ſay---yes, it is---as ſure as a gun it is he.

CATCHPOLE.

Ay, I ſmoked him at once.---Do you run that way, and ſtop at the bottom of *Catherine-ſtreet*; I'll turn into *Drury-lane*, and between us both, it's odds but we *nab* him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WATCHMAN.

WATCHMAN.

Paſt ſix o'clock---a troubleſome riotous night I have had of it---hey! what's here? A ladder at maſter Gargle's window! I muſt alarm the family. Ho! ho! maſter Gargle! (*raps at the door*)

GARGLE. (*at the window*)

What's the matter? How comes this window to be open? Ha!---a ladder: who's below there?

WATCH-

WATCHMAN.

Good morning, maſter Gargle: you an't robbed, I hope: going my rounds I found a ladder here, and ſaw that window open.

GARGLE.

My mind miſgives; ſome misfortune has happened; that young Graceleſs has been at work, I fear. Take away the ladder: where is Charlotte? my daughter, Charlotte---

[*He goes in.*

Enter SIMON *imitating* SCRUB.

SIMON.

" Thieves! murder! thieves! robbery! popery!"

WATCHMAN.

What's the matter with the man? Are you crazy?

SIMON. *(with his coat half off)*

" Spare all I have, and take my life.

WATCHMAN.

Any miſchief within?

SIMON.

" They broke in with fire and ſword. " They'll " be here in a moment---five and forty!"---this will do---young maſter taught me this: I ſhould not know what to ſay but for he: this will deceive 'em all. Five and forty, Sir; with ſword and piſtol!

WATCHMAN.

Robbers in the houſe?

SIMON.

" With ſword and piſtol---Five and forty, I ſaw 'em all."

WATCHMAN.

Nay, an that be the caſe, it's time for me to march off: I may happen to have the worſt on't, and ſo I'll go and ſleep in whole bones---Half an hour paſt ſix o'clock. [*Exit.*

SIMON.

If it was not for my friend Scrub I don't know what I ſhould do.

Enter GARGLE.

GARGLE.

She's gone; the villain has robbed me; my daughter is run away; he has carried her off; Simon, I ſay, Simon; where is the fellow?

SIMON.

Down o' your knees; down o' your marrowbones; five and forty! robbers, villains, thieves, murderers, with ſword and piſtol; down o' your marrowbones.

GARGLE.

What a fright the poor fellow is in?---Get up Simon. My daughter is loſt; I am ruined.

SIMON. (*Aſide*)

He does not ſuſpect me: young maſter has taught me rarely, bleſſings on him for it. (*to Gargle*) " Spare all I have, Sir, and take my life."

Enter

Enter WINGATE, *with a News-paper.*

WINGATE. (*Reading*)

" *Wanted on good ſecurity,* FIVE HUNDRED " POUNDS, *for which lawful intereſt will be given,* " *and a* GOOD PREMIUM: *Whoever this may ſuit,* " *enquire for* S. T. *at the* CROWN AND ROLLS *in* " *Chancery-lane. Nota-Bene; The utmoſt ſecrecy may* " *be depended upon.*"---This may be worth looking after. If the fellow's a fool, I'll fix my eye upon him. Other peoples follies are an eſtate to the man who knows how to make himſelf uſefull. Hey! whom have we here?---Friend Gargle!---up early I ſee; nothing like it; nothing to be got by lounging in bed, like a great lubberly fellow. What's the matter with you? You look as if you had been taking your own phyſic.

GARGLE.

No wonder; no wonder; my daughter Charlotte!

WINGATE.

Your daughter! what ſignifies a fooliſh girl?

GARGLE.

Poor girl! out at that window there!

WINGATE.

Fallen out of the window! If ſhe is dead, ſhe is provided for. Here, I have brought the book; I could not find it laſt night. Here it is; more ſenſe in it than in all their *Macbeths* and their trumpery: (*reads the title page*) Cocker's Arithmetick; let that booby ſon of mine ſtudy this, and he will know how to fight his way in the world. Look you here now: ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you have a ſixteenth part of a ſhip, and I buy one fifth of you; what ſhare of the ſhip do I buy?

GARGLE.

Dear heart! dear heart! mine is a melancholy caſe.

WINGATE.

So it is, if you can't anſwer the queſtion. Why ſhould not a man know every thing? How can you ſettle partnerſhip accounts? One fifth of one ſixteenth, what ſhare of the whole do I buy? Let me ſee; I'll do it a ſhort way.

GARGLE.

To loſe my daughter in this manner! ſeduced out of my houſe! She is gone, beyond redemption.

WINGATE.

Zookers! be quiet man; you put me out. Can't you hold your tongue? Five times ſixteen is equal to ten times eight; ten times eight is eighty. Wounds! I'll give the book to that ignorant ſcoundrell, though, for aught I ſee, you are as ignorant yourſelf.

GARGLE.

Deliver me! I don't know which way to turn myſelf. Your ſon is returned to his old tricks.

WINGATE.

His old tricks! what, on the ſtage again?

GARGLE.

I ſuppoſe ſo; and he has carried off poor Charlotte.

WIN-

WINGATE.

Carried off your daughter! how did the raſcall contrive that?

GARGLE.

Oh! I am diſtracted. The watch alarmed us a little while ago, and I found a ladder at the window. I wiſh I had never taken him into my houſe. He may debauch the poor girl.

WINGATE.

Suppoſe he does; what then? She's a woman, is not ſhe? The fellow will have ſenſe enough for that, I warrant him.---Ha! ha! and that's what ſhe wants I ſuppoſe.

GARGLE.

I never ſuſpected her: their intrigue was all a ſecret to me.

SIMON. (*Aſide*)

Now I may venture to ſpeak------" Secrets! " Secrets!"

WINGATE.

What does the fellow ſay?---Are you in the ſecret, raſcall?

SIMON.

" There be ſecrets in all families, but for my part " I'll not ſpeak a word *pro* or *con* till there's a peace."

WINGATE.

You won't ſpeak, ſirrah? Speak out this moment you villain; do you know any thing of this plot?

SIMON

SIMON.

Who, I Sir? Not I, Sir, I know no ſecret, Sir; he came home laſt night from your houſe, and went out again directly.

WINGATE.

You ſaw him then?

SIMON.

Yes, Sir; I ſaw him to be ſure, Sir. He made me open the ſhop-door for him: he ſtopt on the threſhold, and looked as if he ſaw ſomething, and pointed at one of the clouds, and aſked if it was like an ouzel.

WINGATE.

Like an ouzel! wounds! what's an ouzel?

GARGLE.

And then he came back in the dead of the night, and ſtole away my daughter.

WINGATE.

Po! what ſignifies your daughter? All women are ruined ſome time or other. Wounds! I'll not put myſelf in a paſſion: what right has the ſcoundrell to put me in a paſſion? Ill think no more about him. Let him bite the bridle. I'll go and mind my buſineſs, and not loſe an opportunity for ſuch a worthleſs numſkull.

GARGLE.

What ſhall I do? Mr. Wingate, do not leave me in this affliction. Conſider, Sir, Sir, when the animal

mal ſpirits are properly employed, the whole ſyſtem is exhilarated; a proper circulation in the ſmaller ducts or capillary veſſels.

WINGATE.

Look you there now; the fellow is at his *ducks* again. Ha! ha! what a mountebank of a doctor you are!

GARGLE.

But when the ſpirits are under undue influence---

WINGATE.

Po! you are as mad with your phyſical jargon as my ſon is with his *Shakeſpeare*, and his ridiculous beggarly poets.

GARGLE.

Dear Sir, let us go in queſt of him. He ſhall be well phlebotomized, and for the future I will keep his ſolids and fluids in a proper ballance.

WINGATE.

Don't tell me of ſolids. The blockhead will never be ſolid. I'll mind my own affairs. What care I for him? Let me ſee; my chap is at (*reads the news-paper*) ay, at the *Crown and Rolls*. Friend Gargle, make your mind eaſy: go and ſtudy vulgar fractions. Arithmetical proportion is when the antecedent and the conſequent---

Enter a PORTER.

WINGATE.

Who are you, friend? What do you want?

PORTER.

Is one Mr. Gargle here?

GARGLE.

My name is Gargle: any body taken ſick?

PORTER.

Here's a letter for you.

GARGLE.

Let me ſee it. What can this be? *To Mr. Gargle at the Peſtle and Mortar*---A letter from your ſon, Mr. Wingate; this is his hand.

WINGATE.

Let me ſee it (*ſnatches it*) this will unravel all, I ſuppoſe---his writing ſure enough: what can the villain ſay for himſelf (*reads*)

To Mr. Gargle.

Moſt potent, grave, and reverend Doctor, my very noble and approved good maſter---The fellow is mad: what a reverend doctor you are! (*looks at Gargle and laughs*) ha! ha! you look like a mummy---(*reads*) *That I have ta'en away your daughter it is moſt true; true I will marry her. 'Tis true tis pity, and pity 'tis tis true.* I never read ſuch nonſenſe in my life. His friend SHAKESPEARE has taught him this. (*reads*) *I have done your ſhop ſome ſervice, and you know it; no more of that. Yet I could wiſh, that at this time, I had not been this thing.* What does the ſcoundrel mean? (*reads*) *For time may have yet one fated hour to come, which wing'd with liberty, may overtake occaſion paſt.*--- His poets have taught him that too, and it's all flat nonſenſe: time and tide wait for no man, (*reads*) *Here is a ruffian making villainous jeſts at my undoing. Even the lewd rabble, when they beheld him ſeizing me,*

grumbled

grumbled pity. I could have hugged the greaſy rogues; they pleaſed me. I expect redreſs from thy noble ſorrows. Farewell, remember me. *Richard Wingate.*

I don't underſtand a word of it. Mad as a March hare; ſtark ſtaring mad.

PORTER.

An't pleaſe ye, I fancy's the gentleman is a little beſide himſelf. He took me hold by the collar, and called me villain, and bid me prove his wife a whore. Lord help him! I never ſeed the gentleman's ſpouſe in my born days before.

GARGLE.

Is ſhe with him now?

PORTER.

There's a likely young woman with him, all in tears.

GARGLE.

My daughter to be ſure.

WINGATE.

Let him ſtay there. Wounds! I would not go the length of my arm to ſave the villain from the gallows. Where was he, friend, when he gave you this letter?

PORTER.

I fancy the gentleman's in troubles: I brought it from a ſpunging-houſe.

WINGATE.

A ſpunging-houſe!

PORTER.

Yes, Sir---Mr. CATCHPOLE's in *Gray's Inn Lane*.

WINGATE.

Let him lie there; I am glad of it.

GARGLE.

Let us go to him, Mr. Wingate, I intreat you; we may ſave him from ruin.

WINGATE.

No; let him ſuffer for it. This it is to have a genius---ha! ha! Genius is a fine thing indeed!

GARGLE.

We may ſtill do ſome good. We may retrieve him. Step into my houſe. I'll ſlip on my coat. This honeſt porter will ſhew us the way.

WINGATE.

Come in, and I'll talk to you: but I will have nothing to do with the ſcoundrell--- [*Exit.*

GARGLE.

Honeſt friend come with us; I ſhall be ready in a moment. Simon, do you ſtay and take care of the houſe. [*Exit.*

SIMON.

Oh! I underſtand it now: my poor young maſter ſhut up in a jail. I have three ſhillings, and a teſter, and

and I ſhould like to give it to him all, an it would do him any good.

GARGLE. (*within*)

Simon, Simon.

SIMON.

Anan; I'm a coming. [*Exit.*

Scene a SPUNGING-HOUSE.

DICK *and* CATCHPOLE *at a table*; CHARLOTTE *ſitting in a diſconſolate manner.*

CATCHPOLE.

Here's my ſervice to you, young gentleman. Don't let your ſpirits ſink. The debt is no ſuch great matter. Why ſo ſad?

DICK.

" Becauſe captivity has robbed me of a juſt and " dear revenge."

CATCHPOLE.

Never look out of humour at me. I never uſes any body ill. No complaints of my houſe. Come, this has been many a good man's lot. Don't be dejected. I have taken a liking to you. Your look beſpeaks ſomething. My heart warms, to you, methinks. Here's my ſervice to you. Hey! the liquor out. Come, we'll have t'other bowl.

DICK.

DICK.

" I've now not fifty ducats in the world; yet
" Still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin."

CATCHPOLE.

What do you ſay? You have fifty ſhillings I hope.

DICK.

" Now thank Heav'n, I'm not worth a groat."

CATCHPOLE.

Not worth a groat!---Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that. You muſt get bail, or go to Newgate. The county jail is the place for the like of you. Who do you think is to pay houſe-rent for you? I ſaw ſomething ſneaking in you at the firſt caſt of my eye. I knew you was nobody. My heart turned againſt you at once. Such poverty-ſtruck devils as you have no buſineſs in my houſe.

DICK.

" The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns that pa-
" tient
" Merit from th' unworthy takes!"

CATCHPOLE.

Merits! The plaintiff will ſhew you that he has merits, I warrant him. And you ſee your friends won't come near you. They have all anſwered in the old cant, " I've promiſed my wife never to be " bail for any body"---" I have ſworn not to be ſe-" curity"---I would lend you the money, if I had it, " but I deſire to be excuſed from juſtifying bail"--- And the porter you ſent but juſt now will bring the ſame anſwer. Don't think to ſtay ſnivelling here. You

You ſhall go to *quod* I can tell you that. *(knocking at the door.)* Coming, coming; I'm a coming. I ſhall lodge you in *Newgate* before night. Not worth a groat!---I'll keep no ſuch low-lived company in my houſe. (*knocking at the door*) Knock the houſe down, do, will you? A parcel of actor-folks coming I ſuppoſe. None but players will come after you. I'll take none of 'em for bail. They ſhan't jibe me, I promiſe you. [*Exit.*

DICK.

" Has this fellow no feeling in his buſineſs, that " he laughs in making priſoners?" Come, clear up, Charlotte; never mind this; let us act the Priſon-ſcene in the *Mourning-Bride*.

CHARLOTTE.

How can you think of acting plays now, when we are in ſuch diſtreſs?

DICK.

Why that's the time to imitate great examples. " Unbend that brow and look more kindly on me." Come, we'll practice an attitude. How many of 'em have you?

CHARLOTTE.

Oh! attitudes enough, if that would pay the debt. Let me ſee; one, two, three, and then in the fourth act, and then---as I live and breathe, I believe, I have ten at leaſt.

DICK.

That will do ſwimmingly. I believe I have a round dozen myſelf.

Enter

Enter WINGATE *and* GARGLE.

GARGLE.

Hush! let us liſten to him. I dare ſay he repents.

WINGATE.

Wounds! what cloaths are thoſe he has on? The villain has robbed me.

DICK.

Ay, we will ſhew 'em attitudes enough. Let us try, Charlotte. Come; you fancy me dead, and I think the ſame of you. (*They ſtand in attitudes*)

WINGATE.

The fellow ought to be in a ſtrait waiſtcoat---there, there; mind him now.

DICK.

" Oh! thou ſoft fleeting form of Lindamira!"

CHARLOTTE.

" Illuſive ſhade of my beloved lord!"

DICK.

" She lives, ſhe ſpeaks, and we ſhall ſtill be happy."

WINGATE.

You lie, you villain, you ſhan't be happy.
(*Knocks him down.*

DICK. (*On the ground*)

" Perdition catch thy arm, the chance is thine."

GARGLE.

GARGLE.

So, young madam, I have found you again.
(*Seizes* Charlotte.

DICK.

" Capulet forbear; Paris let loose your hold;
" She is my wife; our hearts are twin'd together."

WINGATE.

Sirrah! villain! I'll teach you what it is to torment your father. (*ſtriking him*)

DICK.

" Parents have flinty hearts; no tears can move
" 'em; children muſt be wretched."

WINGATE.

Get off the ground; riſe up this moment, or---

DICK. (*Riſing*)

A pity there are no ſcene-drawers to carry me off.

WINGATE.

What a vile profligate! Where did you get that coat? Raſcal, I have a mind to break your head.

Enter CATCHPOLE, *liſtening at a diſtance.*

DICK.

What, like this? (*Pulls off his wig, and ſhews two patches on his head*)

WINGATE.

Have not I told you what your follies would bring you to? Can nothing ſting you to reflection? A

thouſand circumſtances might before now have touched you to the quick. Your own ſufferings; a ſenſe of filial duty; the ingratitude that marks your conduct, and the certain ruin that muſt be the conſequence of irregular and wild purſuits.

CATCHPOLE. *(aſide)*

Vaſtly well! he ſpeaks more naturally than any of them.

DICK.

Sir, with your permiſſion, "Rude am I in my "ſpeech, and little ſhall I grace my cauſe in ſpeak-"ing for myſelf, yet by your gracious favour"---

CATCHPOLE. *(aſide)*

No; that won't do; ſad ſtuff and ill ſpoken.

WINGATE.

What do you deſerve for this behaviour? Where do you think it will end? Without experience and knowledge of the world, muſt you preſume to judge for yourſelf? Is there nothing due to your ſuperiors? No deference to authority? By perſiſting in a wild career of error and diſſipation, you may plant thorns upon a father's pillow, but the uneaſineſs you give him will only ſerve to embitter your own reflections, when you are left in ruin and diſtreſs to think of what you have done.

CATCHPOLE.

Very good! *(goes up to Wingate and claps him on the ſhoulder)* I like to hear you: you are the beſt actor among them. *(embraces him)*

WIN-

WINGATE.

What does the fellow mean?

CATCHPOLE.

You do it admirably: give us another ſpeech. You have a good ſalary, I warrant you.

WINGATE.

Zookers! do you take me for a mountebank? Mighty well, young man; you ſee what diſgrace you bring upon your father. Wounds! friend Gargle, I have done with him. I made my own fortune, and ſooner than he ſhall ſpend a ſhilling of my money, I'll take a boy out of the *Blue-coat Hoſpital*, and give him all I have. The ſcoundrell has robbed me, and ſo Mr. CATCHPOLE you may take him to *Newgate*.

CATCHPOLE.

Well, I thought I never heard a better actor in my life. I'll take him if you be ſo minded, and are in good earneſt.

GARGLE.

If you go to that extremity, Mr. Wingate, then you know the fortune I intended to give my daughter muſt go into another channel.

WINGATE.

How is that?---I muſt not loſe the handling of his money---Why you know, friend Gargle, I am not hard-hearted in the main.

GARGLE.

Very true, Sir, and if you'll make the young gen-

tleman ſerve out the laſt year of his apprenticeſhip, I ſhall be giving over buſineſs; he may then ſet up for himſelf, and have all my practice into the bargain.

WINGATE.

Right, you are right---I don't like to loſe an opportunity: If the blockhead would get as many crabbed phyſical phraſes from your *Hippocrites and Allen*, as he has from his plays and farces, I don't know, between you and me, but he may paſs for a good phyſician.

DICK.

"And muſt I leave thee Juliet?

CHARLOTTE.

Have done with ſpeeches now: you ſee we are in the laſt diſtreſs: you had better make it up.

(aſide to Dick)

DICK.

Why, for your ſake, I could almoſt find it in my heart---(*aſide*)

WINGATE.

You'll ſettle your money on your daughter?

GARGLE.

You know it was always my intention.

WINGATE.

I muſt not let the caſh ſlip through my hands. (*aſide*) Look ye here, young man: I am the beſt natured man in the world.---Mr. Catchpole, how much is the debt?

CATCH-

CATCHPOLE.

The gentleman gave his note at Briſtol, I underſtands, where he boarded: 'Tis but twenty pounds, debt and coſts. I have treated him kindly, as I always do to every body, and ſo what you pleaſe for civility money.---The gentleman knows I have been very civil.

WINGATE.

Twenty pounds! what right have you to owe twenty pounds? Why don't you ſend for your friend *Shakeſpeare* to bail you?---ha! ha! I ſhould like to ſee *Shakeſpeare* attempt to juſtify bail---Mr. Catchpole, will you take bail of *Ben Thompſon*, and *Shakeſpeare*, and *Odyſſey Popes?*

CATCHPOLE.

No ſuch people have been here. Are they houſekeepers?

DICK.

" You do not come to mock my miſeries?"

GARGLE.

Huſh! you'll ſpoil all *(takes him by the hand)* Bleſs me! you are in a high fever. When you come home, I'll adminiſter a gentle febrifuge.

DICK.

" Throw phyſic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

WINGATE.

What does he ſay, Gargle?

GARGLE.

GARGLE.

He repents; he promiſes to reform.

WINGATE.

That's right, lad; now you are right. Serve out your time, and my friend Gargle will make a man of you. Wounds! you'll have his daughter and all his money; and if I hear no more of your trumpery, and you mind your buſineſs, and ſtick to my little Charlotte, and make me a grandfather in my old days, why then, you will have all my money too, that is, when I am dead.

DICK.

And then, Charlotte, we may go to the play as often as we pleaſe. (*aſide*)

CHARLOTTE.

That will be the pureſt thing in the world, and we may ſee *Romeo and Juliet* every time its acted. (*aſide*)

DICK.

So we may: I'll buy a renter's ſhare. And beſides, it will look like a play now, if I reform in the end---(*aſide*)---Sir (*to Wingate*) "free me ſo "far in your moſt generous thoughts that I have ſhot "my arrow o'er the houſe, and hurt my brother."

WINGATE.

What do you ſay? ſpeak out friend.

CHARLOTTE.

Tell him in plain Engliſh. (*aſide to Dick*)

DICK.

DICK.

I will: he knows nothing of metaphors. Sir, you ſhall find for the future that we will both endeavour to give you all the ſatisfaction in our power.

WINGATE.

Very well; that's right. You may ſtill do very well. Friend Gargle, I am overjoy'd.

GARGLE.

Chearfulneſs is the principal ingredient in the compoſition of health.

WINGATE.

Wounds! no more of your phyſic. Here young man, put this book in your pocket, and let me ſee how ſoon you'll be maſter of vulgar fractions. Mr. Catchpole, ſtep home with me, and I'll pay you the money. You ſeem a notable ſort of a fellow, Mr. Catchpole, and I dare ſay mind your opportunities. Could you *nab* a man for me?

CATCHPOLE.

Ay, faſt enow, when I have the writ.

WINGATE.

Very well, ſtep with me. I lent a young gentleman a hundred pounds. A cool hundred he called it---ha! ha!---it did not ſtay to cool with him. I touched a *præmium* there; but I ſhan't wait a moment. Come, young man; do you know any body that will give you twenty pounds? I never was obliged to my family for twenty pounds. But I'll ſay no more. If you have a mind to thrive in the world, make yourſelf uſefull; that's the only rule I know, and it's the *golden rule*.

DICK.

DICK.

Charlotte, as you are to be my reward, I intend now to be a new man.

CHARLOTTE.

And now I ſhall ſee how much you love me.

DICK.

It ſhall be my ſtudy to deſerve you. And ſince we don't go on the ſtage it is ſome comfort that "the world's a ſtage, and all the men and women "merely players."

Some act the upper, ſome the under parts,
And moſt aſſume what's foreign to their hearts.
Thus life is but a tragi-comic jeſt,
And all is FARCE and MUMMERY at beſt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE:

Written by Mr. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

Enters reading the Play Bill.

A Very pretty Bill, as I'm alive!
The part of---Nobody---by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, ſcribbling fool! to leave me out!
He'll ſay, perhaps, he thought I could not ſpout.
Malice and envy to the laſt degree!
And why?---I wrote a farce as well as he.
And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of Woodward *dreſs'd in black, and Face in maſquerade.*
Poor ſoul, ſuch canting ſtuff will never do,
Unleſs, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting *that, from theſe ſame obſequies,*
Some pickings to our youthful bard ariſe;
Should your applauſe to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feaſt Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better ſcheme by half
T'have wrote for me, and made his audience laugh.
I could have ſhewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A ſpouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a Milliner in yonder row,
Well dreſs'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for ſhew,
Who, when in rage, ſhe ſcolds at Sue *and* Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler!---*thinks ſhe's more than*
ZARA.

She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
And ſings---O ponder well---*and* Chevy Chaſe,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's *place.*
And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of camblet,
Preſumes on ſomething---touching the Lord Hamlet.
A couſin too ſhe has, with ſquinting eyes,
With wadling gait, and voice like London Cries;
Who, for the ſtage too ſhort by half a ſtory,
Acts Lady Townly---thus---in all her glory.
And, while ſhe's traverſing the ſcanty room.
Cries---" *Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home!*"
In ſhort, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, ſtarting, and the jealous,
The Hotſpurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh! little do thoſe ſilly people know,
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myſelf, who moſt in harmony delight,
Am ſcolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal Milliners, ye apron'd Kings;
Young men beware, and ſhun our ſlipp'ry ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinſel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
Be timely wiſe, for oh! be ſure of this!
A ſhop with virtue is the height of bliſs.

THE

UPHOLSTERER;

OR

WHAT NEWS?

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

----------O Bone (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
Num quid de Dacis audisti?

Hor.

THE

UPHOLSTERER;

OR

WHAT NEWS?

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS?

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. MOSSOP.

THE love of news, now grown the ruling paſſion,
In ev'ry age has been the gen'ral faſhion.
'Twas ſo at Athens:---when in evil hour
Ambition aim'd at univerſal pow'r;
When the fierce man of Macedon *began*
Of a new monarchy to form the plan;
Each Greek *(as fam'd* Demoſthenes *relates)*
Politically mad! wou'd rave of ſtates!
And help'd to form, where'er the mob could meet,
A band of Senators in ev'ry ſtreet.
What news, what news? was their eternal cry;
Is Philip *ſick! then ſoar'd their ſpirits high;*
Philip *is well!---dejection in each eye.*
Athenian *coblers join'd in deep debate,*
While gold in ſecret undermin'd the ſtate;
Till Wiſdom's bird the vulture's prey was made;
And the ſword gleam'd in Academus' *ſhade.*

Now modern Philips *threaten this our land,*
What ſay Britannia's *ſons?---along the Strand*
What news? ye cry---with the ſame paſſion ſmit;
And there at leaſt you rival attic wit.
A Parliament of porters here ſhall muſe
On ſtate affairs, "ſwall'wing a taylor's news;"
For ways and means *no ſtarv'd projector ſleeps;*
And ev'ry ſhop ſome mighty ſtateſman keeps;
He Britain's *foes, like* Bobadil, *can kill;*
Supply th' Exchequer, *and neglect his till.*
In ev'ry alehouſe legiſlators meet;
And patriots ſettle kingdoms in the Fleet.

To ſhew this phrenzy in its genuine light,
A modern newſmonger appears to night!

PROLOGUE.

Trick'd out from Addiſon's *accompliſh'd page,*
Behold th' Upholſterer *aſcends the ſtage.*

No Miniſter ſuch trials e'er hath ſtood;
He turns a BANKRUPT *for the public good!*
Undone himſelf, yet full of England's *glory!*
A politician!---neither Whig nor Tory!
Nor can ye high or low the Quixote *call;*
" He's Knight o' th' Shire, and repreſents ye all."

As for the Bard, to you he yields his plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where you can.
One only praiſe he claims; no party ſtroke
Here turns a public character to joke.
His Panacæa *is for all degrees,*
For all have more or leſs of this diſeaſe.
Whatever his ſucceſs, of this he's ſure,
There's merit even to attempt the cure.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

QUIDNUNC, *the Upholſterer,*	MR. YATES.
PAMPHLET, *a Political Writer,*	MR. GARRICK.
RAZOR, *a Barber,*	MR. WOODWARD.
FEEBLE,	MR. BLAKES.
BELLMOUR,	MR. PACKER.
ROVEWELL,	MR. USHER.
CODICIL, *a Serjeant at Law,*	MR. TASWELL.
BRISK,	MR. VERNON.
WATCHMAN.	

WOMEN.

HARRIET,	MRS. YATES.
TERMAGANT,	MRS. CLIVE.
BETTY,	MISS COCKAYNE.

THE UPHOLSTERER; OR WHAT NEWS.

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE BELLMOUR's *Lodging*.

Enter BELLMOUR *beating* BRISK.

BRISK.

MR. Bellmour,---let me die, Sir,---as I hope for mercy, Sir---

BELLMOUR.

Sirrah! rogue! villain!---I'll teach you, I will, you raſcal, to ſpeak irreverently of her I love.

BRISK.

As I am a ſinner, Sir, I only meant---

BELLMOUR.

Only meant! you could not mean it, varlet, you had no meaning, booby.---

BRISK.

BRISK.

Why no, Sir, that's the very thing, Sir, I had no meaning.

BELLMOUR.

Then, ſirrah, I'll make you know your meaning before you give a looſe to your tongue for the future.

BRISK.

Yes, Sir, to be ſure, Sir, and yet upon my word if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you would find I am not much to blame. Beſides, maſter, you can't conceive the good it would do your health, if you would but keep your temper a little.

BELLMOUR.

Mighty well, Sir, give your advice.

BRISK.

Why really now this ſame love hath metamorphoſed us both very ſtrangely, maſter; for to be free, here have we been at this work theſe ſix weeks, ſtark-ſtaring mad in love with a couple of baggages not worth a groat: and yet, Heav'n help us! they have as much pride as comes to the ſhare of a lady of quality before ſhe has been caught in the fact with a handſome young fellow; or indeed after ſhe has been caught, for that matter.

BELLMOUR.

You won't have done, raſcal?

BRISK.

In ſhort, my young miſtreſs and her maid have as much

much pride and poverty as---as---no matter what, they have the devil and all, when at the ſame time every body knows the old broken Upholſterer, Miſs Harriet's father, might give us all he has in the world, and not eat the worſe pudding on a Sunday.

BELLMOUR.

Inſolent, ſcurrilous wretch! detract from that heaven of beauty! I'll reform your notions, I will, thou profligate, abandoned, vile blaſphemer!

(*ſtriking him*)

BRISK.

Hold, hold, Sir; for mercy-ſake, a little patience; not ſo hard, Sir.

Enter ROVEWELL.

ROVEWELL.

Bellmour, your ſervant. What at loggerheads with my old friend Briſk!

BELLMOUR.

Confuſion! Mr. Rovewell, your ſervant. This is your doing, hang-dog.---Jack Rovewell, I am glad to ſee thee.

ROVEWELL.

Briſk uſed to be a good ſervant: he has not been deſtroying the game, inſtead of ſpringing it for his maſter, has he?

BELLMOUR.

Do you know, Rovewell, that he had the impudence to talk detractingly and prophanely of the idol of my heart?

BRISK.

For which, Sir, I have ſuffered in a moſt inhuman and unchriſtian-like manner, I aſſure you, Sir.

BELLMOUR.

Will you leave prating, booby?

ROVEWELL.

Well, but Bellmour, where does ſhe live?---I'm but juſt arrived you know: don't grudge your friend a little intelligence: I may have occaſion to beat up her quarters.

BELLMOUR.

Beat up her quarters!---

(looks at him, then half aſide)

" Favours to none; to all ſhe ſmiles extends,
" Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends."

(ſtands muſing)

ROVEWELL.

Hey! what fallen into a reverie!---Prithee, Briſk, what does all this mean?

BRISK.

Why, Sir, you muſt know, I am over head and ears in love.

ROVEWELL.

But I mean your maſter; what ails him?

BRISK.

That's the very thing I am going to tell you: as I ſaid,

I ſaid, Sir, I am over head and ears in love with a whimſical, queer kind of an odd piece of affectation here in the neighbourhood, and ſo nothing can ſerve my maſter, but he muſt fall in love with the miſtreſs. Look at him now, Sir.

(Bellmour *continues muſing and talking to himſelf*)

ROVEWELL.

Ha, ha, ha,---poor Bellmour, I pity thee with all my heart---(*ſtrikes him on the ſhoulder*)

" Ye Gods, annihilate both ſpace and time,---
" And make two lovers happy."

BELLMOUR.

My dear Rovewell, ſuch a girl!---ten thouſand Cupids play about her mouth, you rogue.

ROVEWELL.

Ten thouſand pounds had better play about her pocket? What fortune has ſhe?

BRISK.

Heaven help us, not much to crack of.---

BELLMOUR.

Not much to crack of, Mr. Brazen! Prithee, Rovewell, how can you be ſo ungenerous as to aſk ſuch a queſtion? You know I don't mind fortune, though by the way ſhe has an uncle who is determined to ſettle very handſomely upon her; and on the ſtrength of that expectancy, does ſhe give herſelf as many airs, as the moſt finiſhed coquette that ever fluttered in a ſide box.

ROVEWELL.

Fortune not to be minded!---I'll tell you what,

Bellmour, though you have a good one already, there's no kind of inconvenience in a little more. I'm ſure if I had not minded fortune, I might have been in Jamaica ſtill, not worth a ſugar-cane; but the widow Moloſſes took a fancy to me; heaven or a worſe deſtiny has taken a fancy to her: and ſo, after ten years exile, and being turn'd adrift by my father, here I am again a warm planter, and a widower, moſt woefully tired of matrimony. But, my dear Bellmour, we were both ſo overjoyed to meet one another yeſterday evening, juſt as I arrived in town, that I did not hear a ſyllable from you of your love fit: how, when, and where did this happen?

BELLMOUR.

Oh! by the moſt fortunate accident that ever was, I'll tell thee, Rovewell: I was going one night from the tavern, about ſix weeks ago; I had been with a parcel of blades, whoſe only joy is centered in their bottle, and 'faith till this accident I was a mere town-rake myſelf. But from that time I am grown a new man.

ROVEWELL.

Ay, a new man indeed!---Who in the name of wonder would take thee, ſunk as thou art into a muſing, moping, melancholy lover, for the gay Charles Bellmour, whom I knew in the Weſt-Indies?

BELLMOUR.

Poh, the Weſt Indies! the object there was to kill time, you know. What could I do? My father took me againſt my will from the Univerſity, and conſigned me over to the academic diſcipline of a man of war; ſo that to prevent a dejection of ſpirits, I was obliged to run into the oppoſite extreme, as you yourſelf were wont to do.

ROVE-

ROVEWELL.

Why, yes, I had my moments of reflection; thoughts were uneasy, and I was glad to diſſipate them. You know I always told you there was ſomething extraordinary in my ſtory; and ſo there is ſtill; I ſuppoſe it muſt be cleared up in a few days. I'm in no hurry about it; I muſt ſee the town a little this evening, and have my frolick firſt. But to the point, Bellmour; you was going from the tavern you ſay.

BELLMOUR.

Yes, Sir, about two in the morning, and I perceived an unuſual blaze in the air: I was in a rambling humour, and ſo reſolved to know what it was.

BRISK.

I and my maſter went together.

BELLMOUR.

Oh! Rovewell! my better ſtars ordain'd it to light me on to happineſs; by ſure attraction led, I came to the very ſtreet where a houſe was on fire: water-engines playing, flames aſcending, all hurry, confuſion, and diſtreſs; when on a ſudden the voice of deſpair, ſilver ſweet, came thrilling down to my heart; poor dear, lovely angel, what can ſhe do! cried the neighbours. Again ſhe ſcream'd, the fire gathering force, and gaining upon her every inſtant. Here, ma'am, ſaid I, leap into my arms, I'll be ſure to receive you; and wou'd you think it? down ſhe came,---my dear Rovewell, ſuch a girl! I caught her in my arms, you rogue, ſafe, without harm. The dear naked Venus, juſt riſen from her bed, my boy! Her ſlender waiſt, Rovewell, the downy ſmoothneſs of

of her whole perſon, and her limbs "harmonious, "ſwell'd by Nature's ſofteſt hand."

ROVEWELL.

Raptures and Paradiſe!---What Seraglio in Covent Garden did you carry her to?

BELLMOUR.

There again now! Do, prithee correct your way of thinking: take a *quantum ſufficit* of virtuous love, and purify your ideas. Her lovely baſhfulneſs, her delicate fears, her beauty heightened and endeared by diſtreſs, diſperſed my wildeſt thoughts, and melted me in tenderneſs and reſpect.

ROVEWELL.

But, Bellmour, ſurely ſhe has not the impudence to be modeſt after you have had poſſeſſion of her perſon?

BELLMOUR.

My views are honourable I aſſure you, Sir; but her father is abſurdly poſitive. The man's diſtracted about the balance of power, and will give his daughter to none but a politician. When there was an execution in his houſe, he thought of nothing but the camp at *Pyrna*; and now he's a bankrupt, his head runs upon ways and means, and ſchemes for paying off the national debt: the affairs of *Europe* engroſs all his attention, while the diſtreſſes of his lovely daughter paſs unnoticed.

ROVEWELL.

Ridiculous enough! But why do you mind him? Why don't you go to bed to the wench at once? Take her into keeping, man.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

How can you talk ſo affrontingly? Have not I told you, though her father is ruin'd, that ſhe has great expectancies from a rich relation?

ROVEWELL.

Then what do you ſtand watering at the mouth for? If ſhe is to have money enough to pay for her china, her gaming debts, her dogs, and her monkeys, marry her at once, if you needs muſt be enſnar'd; amuſe yourſelf in a fool's paradiſe for a honey-moon, then come to yourſelf, wonder at what you've done, and mix with honeſt fellows again. Carry her off I ſay, and never ſtand whining for the father's conſent.

BELLMOUR.

Carry her off! I like the ſcheme: will you aſſiſt me?

ROVEWELL.

No, no; there I beg to be excuſed. I'll have no hand in that buſineſs. My friend may marry if he will, but he ſhall never ſay that I helped to faſten the nooſe. Don't you remember what the ſatyriſt ſays,---" Never marry while there's a halter to " be had for money, or a bridge to afford a con- " venient leap."

BELLMOUR.

Prithee leave fooling.

ROVEWELL.

I am in ſerious earneſt I aſſure you; I'll drink with you, game with you, go into any ſcheme or frolic with you, but war matrimony. Nay, if you'll come

come to the tavern this evening, I'll drink your miſtreſs's health in a bumper; but as to your conjugal ſcheme, I have no reliſh for that buſineſs. It is not my talent. I will ſerve my friend with all my heart, but will do no miſchief.

BELLMOUR.

Well, well, I'll take you at your word, and meet you at ten exactly, at the ſame place where we ſpent laſt night; then and there I'll let you know what further meaſures I have concerted.

ROVEWELL.

Till then, farewell; *a-propos*,---do you know that I've ſeen none of my relations yet?

BELLMOUR.

Time enough to-morrow.

ROVEWELL.

Ay, to-morrow will do,---well, your ſervant. If you muſt marry, bon voyage! [*Exit.*

BELLMOUR.

Rovewell, yours,---Briſk do you come to me in my ſtudy, that I may give you a letter to Harriet; and hark you Sir,---be ſure you ſee Harriet yourſelf, and let me have no meſſages from that officious go-between, her maid,---Mrs. Termagant, I think you call her.

BRISK.

Yes, Sir, Mrs. Termagant. You know by experience that love ſpies certain perfections in the object of it's eſteem, which nobody elſe can diſcover, and

and I may poſſibly be in the ſame caſe with the maid, as you are with Miſs Harriet.

BELLMOUR.

Again taking liberties!---Raſcal! your Mrs. Termagant is the verieſt blunderer that ever perverted the uſe of language. Another Mrs. SLIPSLOP! with an eternal fund of unintelligible jargon, and a medley of words, of which ſhe neither knows the meaning nor the pronunciation. Go, and order a coach.

BRISK.

Yes, Sir.--- [*Exit.*

BELLMOUR.

I'll write to Harriet this moment; acquaint her with the ſoft tumult of my deſires, and, if poſſible, make her mine this very night.

" Love firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
" Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid."

[*Exit.*

Scene the UPHOLSTERER'S HOUSE.

Enter HARRIET *and* TERMAGANT.

TERMAGENT.

Well, but Ma'am, he has made love to you ſix weeks *ſucceſsfully*; he has been as conſtant in his *'moors* poor gentleman, as if you had the *ſubverſion* of *'ſtate* to ſettle upon him---and if he ſlips thro' your fingers, now Ma'am, you have nobody to *depute* it to but yourſelf.

HARRIET.

My gracious! how you run on!-- I tell you, Ter-

magant, my pride was touched, becauſe he ſeemed to preſume on his opulence, and my father's diſtreſſes.

TERMAGANT.

La, Miſs Harriet, how can you be ſo *paradropſical* in your *'pinions?*

HARRIET.

Well, but you know, though my father's affairs are ruin'd, I am not in ſo deſperate a way; conſider, my uncle's fortune is no trifle, and I think that proſpect entitles me to give myſelf a few airs before I reſign my perſon.

TERMAGENT.

I grant ye, Ma'am, you have very good pretenſions; but then it's waiting for dead men's ſhoes: I'll venture to be perjur'd Mr. *Bellmour* ne'er *diſclaim'd* an *idear* of your father's diſtreſs.

HARRIET.

Suppoſing that.

TERMAGANT.

Suppoſe, Ma'am---I know it *diſputably* to be ſo.

HARRIET.

Indiſputably I gueſs you mean;---but I'm tired of wrangling with you about words.

TERMAGANT.

By my troth you're in the right on't;-----there's ne'er a ſhe in all Old England, (as your father calls it) is miſtreſs of ſuch *phiſiology*, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their words together with ſuch a *curacy* as myſelf.

I once

I once lived with a *miſtus*, Ma'am,---*miſtus!*---ſhe was a lady; a great tallow-chandler's wife! and ſhe wore as fine cloaths as any perſon of quality, let her get up as early as ſhe will; and ſhe uſed to call me ---Tarmagant, ſays ſhe, what's the *ſignification* of ſuch a word? and I always told her; I told her the *importation* of all my words, though I could not help laughing, Miſs Harriet, to ſee ſo fine a lady, ſuch a downright *ignoranimus*.

HARRIET.

Well,---but pray now, Tarmagant, would you have me directly upon being aſked the queſtion, throw myſelf into the arms of a man?

TERMAGANT.

O'my conſcience you did throw yourſelf into his arms with ſcarce a ſhift on, that's what you did.

HARRIET.

Yes, but that was a leap in the dark, when there was no time to think of it.

TERMAGANT.

Well, it does not ſignify *argifying*, I wiſh we were both warm in bed, you with Mr. Bellmour, and I with his coxcomb of a man; inſtead of being *minured* here with an old crazy fool---*axing* your pardon, Ma'am, for calling your father ſo---but he is a fool, and the worſt of fools, with his *policies*, and his news, and his pamphlets, and his one ſide of the queſtion, and then t'other ſide, when all the time his houſe is full of *ſtatues of bankreſſy*.

HARRIET.

It is too true, Termagant; but he is my father

ſtill, and I muſt always think of him with reſpect, with gratitude and love.

TERMAGANT.

Love! I ſhould not have though of that. He is an *anecdote* againſt love.

HARRIET.

Huſh! here he comes.

TERMAGANT.

No, it's your uncle Feeble. Poor gentleman, I pity's him, eaten up with *infirmaries*, and yet always taking pains about a crack-brained politician, aſking your pardon, Madam.

Enter FEEBLE.

HARRIET.

Well, uncle, have you been able to conſole him?

FEEBLE.

He wants no conſolation child. Lackaday! I am ſo infirm I can hardly move. I found him tracing in the map, Prince Charles of Lorraine's paſſage over the Rhine, and comparing it with Julius Cæſar's.

TERMAGANT.

An old blockhead! I've no patience with him, with his fellows coming after him every hour in the day with news. Well now, I wiſhes there was no ſuch thing as a news-paper in the world, with ſuch a pack of lies, and ſuch a deal of good authority to day, and ſuch flat contradiction tomorrow, that there is no ſuch a thing as believing a word they ſay.

FEEBLE.

FEEBLE.

Ay, there were three or four ſhabby fellows with him when I went into his room. I can't get him to think of appearing before the Commiſſioners tomorrow, to diſcloſe his effects; but I'll ſend my neighbour Counſellor Codicil to him. Don't be dejected, Harriet; my poor ſiſter, your mother, was a good woman; I love you for her ſake, child, and all I am worth ſhall be your's. But I muſt be going; I find myſelf very ill; good night, Harriet, good night. [*Exit* Feeble.

HARRIET.

You'll give me leave to ſee you to the door, Sir. [*Exit* Harriet.

TERMAGANT.

O' my conſcience this maſter of mine within here, might have pick'd up his crumbs as well as Mr. Feeble, if he had any *idear* of his buſineſs. I'm ſure if I had not hopes from Mr. Feeble, I ſhould not tarry in this houſe. By my troth, if all who have nothing to ſay the *'fairs* of the nation, would mind their own buſineſs; and thoſe who ſhould take care of our *'fairs*, would mind their buſineſs too, I fancy poor Old England (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em. This old crazy pate within here! playing the fool, when the man is paſt his grand *clytemneſter*. [*Exit* Termagant.

SCENE *diſcovers* QUIDNUNC *at a Table, with News-Papers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.*

QUIDNUNC.

Six and three is nine; ſeven and four is eleven, and

and carry one. Let me ſee, one hundred and twenty-ſix million, one hundred and ninety-nine thouſand, three hundred and twenty-eight: and all this with about---where, where's the amount of the ſpecie? Here, here; with about fifteen million in ſpecie, all this great circulation! good, good; why then how are we ruined?---how are we ruined? What ſays the land tax at four ſhillings in the pound? two million! now where's my new aſſeſſment?---- here, here, the 5th part of twenty, five in two I can't, but five in twenty *(pauſes)* right, four times: why then upon my new aſſeſſment there's four million. How are we ruined?-----What ſays malt, cyder, and mum? eleven and carry one, nought and go two---good, good, malt, hops, cyder, and mum; then there's the wine licence, and the gin act. The gin act is no bad article. If the people will ſhoot fire down their throats, why in a Chriſtian country they ſhould pay as dear as poſſible for ſuicide. Salt! good; ſugar! very good; window lights! good again! ſtamp duty! that's not ſo well; it will have a bad effect upon news-papers, and we ſhan't have enough of politics. But there's the lottery: where's my new ſcheme for a lottery?--Here it is----Now for the amount of the whole: how are we ruined? ſeven and carry nought; nought and carry one.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Sir, Sir,---

QUIDNUNC.

Hold your tongue, you baggage, you'll put me out. Nought and carry one.

TER-

TERMAGANT.

Counſellor Codicil will be with you preſently.

QUIDNUNC.

Prithee be quiet, woman. How are we ruined?

TERMAGANT.

Ay, I'm *confidous* as how you may thank yourſelf for your own *ruination*.

QUIDNUNC.

Ruin the nation!---hold your tongue, you jade, I am raiſing the ſupplies within the year. How many did I carry?

TERMAGANT.

Yes, you've carried your pigs to a fine market.

QUIDNUNC.

Get out of the room, huſſey; you trollop, you jade, you baggage, get out of the room.

[*turns her out.*

Enter RAZOR, *with a Shaving Baſon in his Hand.*

QUIDNUNC.

Friend Razor, I am glad to ſee thee. Well, haſt got any news?

RAZOR.

A budget! I left a gentleman half ſhaved in my ſhop over the way; it came into my head of a ſudden, ſo I could not be at eaſe till I told you.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

That's kind, that's kind, friend Razor: never mind the gentleman, he can wait.

RAZOR.

Yes, ſo he can, he can wait.

QUIDNUNC.

Come, now let's hear, what is it?

RAZOR.

I ſhav'd a great man's butler to day.

QUIDNUNC.

Did ye?

RAZOR.

I did.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay!

RAZOR.

Very true. *(both ſhake their heads)*

QUIDNUNC.

What did he ſay?

RAZOR.

Nothing.

QUIDNUNC.

Hum---how did he look?

RAZOR.

RAZOR.

Full of thought.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay! full of thought! What can that mean?

RAZOR.

It muſt mean ſomething. *(ſtaring at each other)*

QUIDNUNC.

Mayhap ſomebody may be going out of place.

RAZOR.

Like enow: there is always ſomething at the bottom when a great man's butler looks grave. Things can't hold out in this manner, maſter Quidnunc!---Luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed.---Kingdoms riſe and fall! *(ſtares at him)*

QUIDNUNC. *(ſtaring at* RAZOR*)*

So they do.---They riſe and fall like the Stocks. ---Here to-day, gone to-morrow. Pity! great pity!

RAZOR.

Yes, yes; the more the pity. *(both ſtand muſing)*

QUIDNUNC.

Pray, friend Razor, do you find buſineſs as current now as before the war?

RAZOR.

No, no: I have not made a wig the Lord knows

when. I can't mind it for thinking of my poor country.

QUIDNUNC.

That's generous, friend Razor.

RAZOR.

Yes, I can't gi'my mind to any thing for thinking of my country. When I was in Bedlam, it was the ſame; I cou'd think of nothing elſe in Bedlam, bu poor Old England, and ſo they ſaid as how I was incurable for it.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay! and ſo they laugh at all virtue, and true patriotiſm. They might as well ſay the ſame of me.

RAZOR.

So they might. Well, your ſervant, Mr. Quidnunc, I'll go now and ſhave the reſt of the gentleman's face.---Poor Old England!

(*ſighs and ſhakes his head going*)

QUIDNUNC.

But hark ye, friend Razor, aſk the gentleman if he has got any news.

RAZOR.

I will---I will.

QUIDNUNC.

And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has.

RAZOR.

I will, I will---poor Old England! (*going returns*) O, Mr. Quidnunc, I want to aſk you---pray now---

Enter

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

My ſtars! O gemini! Are you mad? How can a man have ſo little *difference* for his cuſtomers?

QUIDNUNC.

I tell you, Mrs. Malapert---

TERMAGANT.

And I tell you, the gentleman keeps ſuch a bawling yonder; for ſhame, Mr. Razor; you'll be a *bankrupper* like my maſter, with ſuch a houſe full of children as you have, pretty little things---that's what you will.

RAZOR.

I'm a coming, I'm a coming, Mrs. Termagant---I ſay, Mr. Quidnunc, I can't ſleep in my bed for thinking what will become of the Proteſtants, if the Papiſts ſhould get the better in the preſent war.

QUIDNUNC.

I'll tell you---The geographer of our coffee-houſe was ſaying the other day, that there is an huge tract of land about the Pole, where the Proteſtants may retire, and that the Papiſts will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the Northern Powers hold together, and the Grand Turk make a diverſion in their favour.

RAZOR.

That makes me eaſy---I'm glad the Proteſtants will know where to go, if the Papiſts ſhou'd get the better. *(going returns)* Oh! Mr. Quidnunc---hark'ye ---India Bonds are riſen.

QUIDNUNC.

Are they?---how much?

RAZOR.

A Jew Pedlar ſaid in my ſhop as how they are riſen three ſixteenths.

QUIDNUNC.

Why then that makes ſome amends for the price of corn.

RAZOR.

So it does, ſo it does; if they but hold up, and the Proteſtants know where to go, I ſhall then have a night's reſt mayhap. Poor Old England!

[*Exit* Razor.

QUIDNUNC.

I ſhall never be rightly eaſy till thoſe careening wharfs at Gibraltar are repaired.

TERMAGANT.

A fiddle for you *dwarfs*, *impair* your ruin'd fortune, do that.

QUIDNUNC.

If only one ſhip can heave down at a time, there will be no end of it---and then, why ſhould watering be ſo tedious there?

TERMAGANT.

Look where your daughter comes, and yet you'll be *ruinating* about *Give-a-helter*, while that poor thing is breaking her heart.

Enter

Enter HARRIET.

QUIDNUNC.

It's one comfort, however, they can always have freſh proviſions in the Mediterranean.

HARRIET.

Dear papa, what's the Mediterranean to people in our ſituation?

QUIDNUNC.

The Mediterranean, child? Why if we ſhould loſe the Mediterranean, we're all undone.

HARRIET.

Dear Sir, that's our misfortune; we are undone already.

QUIDNUNC.

No, no,---here, child; I have raiſed the ſupplies within the year.

TERMAGANT.

I tell you, you're a *lunadic* man.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, yes, I'm a lunatic to be ſure---I tell you, Harriet, I have ſaved a great deal out of my affairs for you.

HARRIET.

For Heav'n ſake, Sir, don't do that: you muſt give up every thing; my uncle Feeble's lawyer will be here to talk with you upon that ſubject.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Poh, poh, I tell you, I know what I am about. You ſhall have my books and pamphlets, and all the manifeſtoes of the powers at war.

HARRIET.

And ſo make me a politician, Sir?

QUIDNUNC.

It would be the pride of my heart to find I had got a politician in petticoats. A female Machiavel! S'bodikins, you might then know as much as moſt people that talk in coffee-houſes; and who knows but in time you might be a Maid of Honour, or Sweeper of the Mall, or---

HARRIET.

Dear Sir, don't I ſee what you have got by politics?

QUIDNUNC.

Pſhaw! my country's of more conſequence to me; and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your country in theſe worſt of times; for Mr. *Monitor* has told us, that affairs in the North, and the Proteſtant intereſt, begin to grow *tickliſh*.

TERMAGANT.

And your daughter's affairs are very tickliſh. Poor thing to be in ſuch *jeopardy*.

HARRIET.

Prithee Termagant---

TERMAGANT.

Nay, I muſt ſpeak to him --I know you are in a *tickliſh* ſituation, Ma'am.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

I tell you, Trull---

TERMAGANT.

But I am convicted it is ſo---and the poſture of my affairs is very tickliſh too; and ſo for my part I *imprecate* that Mr. Bellmour may come, and---

QUIDNUNC.

Mr. Bellmour come! I tell you, Mrs. Impudence, that my daughter ſhall never be married to a man, that has not better notions of the balance of power.

TERMAGANT.

But what *purviſion* will you make for her now, with your balances?

QUIDNUNC.

There again now!---Why do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the papers for a match for you, child; there's often good matches advertiſed in the papers. Evil betide it, evil betide it!---I once thought to have a ſtruck a great ſtroke, that would have aſtoniſhed all Europe.---I thought to have married my daughter to Theodore King of Corſica.

HARRIET.

What, and have me periſh in a jail, Sir!

QUIDNUNC.

S'bodikins my daughter would have had her Coronation Day; I ſhould have been allied to a crowned head, and been FIRST LORD of the TREASURY of COR-

Corsica!---But come,---now I'll go and talk over the *London Evening*, till the *Gazette* comes in. I shan't sleep to-night unless I see the *Gazette*.

Enter Serjeant Codicil.

Codicil.

Mr. Quidnunc, your servant. Your street door was open, and I entered upon the *premises*. I am just come from the great hall of Pleas.

Quidnunc.

This man is come to keep me at home. What from the Hall at this late hour in the evening?

Codicil.

Yes; afternoon sittings have detained me. Upon my word Miss Harriet is as pretty a young lady as a man would desire to have and to hold. Ma'am your most obedient; I have drawn my friend Feeble's will, in which you have all his goods and chattles, lands, tenements and hereditaments.

Harriet.

I thank you, Sir, for the information.

Codicil.

And I hope soon to draw your marriage settlement for my friend Mr. Bellmour.

Harriet.

Hush, dear Sir; not a word of that before my father. I wish you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his affairs.

Codi-

CODICIL.

Why yes, I have inſtructions for that purpoſe. Mr. Quidnunc, I am inſtructed to expound the law to you.

QUIDNUNC.

What, the law of nations? Termagant, get out of the room; Harriet, leave me with this gentleman ---I ſay, Termagant, begone and leave me. Leave me this moment. (*puts them both out*)

CODICIL.

I am inſtructed, Sir, that you're a bankrupt; *quaſi bancus ruptus*; *banque route faire*. And my inſtructions ſay further, that you are ſummoned to appear before the Commiſſioners to-morrow.

QUIDNUNC.

That may be, Sir, but I can't go to-morrow, and ſo I ſhall ſend 'em word. I am to be to-morrow at Slaughter's coffee-houſe with a private committee, about buſineſs of great conſequence to the affairs of Europe.

CODICIL.

Then, Sir, if you don't go, I muſt inſtruct you, that you'll be guilty of a felony: it will be deem'd to be done *malo animo*; it is held ſo in the Books; and what ſays the Statute? By the 5th *George* 2d, *Cap.* 30. Not ſurrendering or imbezzling is felony without benefit of Clergy.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay,---you tell me news.

CODICIL.

Give me leave, Sir,---I am inſtructed to expound the law to you; felony is thus deſcribed in the Books; *felonia*, ſaith *Hotoman*, *de verbis feudalibus*, *ſignificat capitale facinus*, a capital offence.

QUIDNUNC.

You tell me news, you do indeed.

CODICIL.

It was ſo apprehended by the *Goths* and the *Longobards*, and what ſaith Sir Edward Coke? *Fieri debeat felleo animo.*

QUIDNUNC.

You've told me news: I did not know it was felony; but if the Flanders mail ſhould come in while I am there, I ſhall know nothing at all of it.

CODICIL.

But why ſhould you be uneaſy? *Cui bono*, Mr. Quidnunc, *cui bono?*

QUIDNUNC.

Not uneaſy! If the Papiſts ſhould beat the Proteſtants in the preſent war.

CODICIL.

But I tell you, they can get no advantage of us. The laws againſt the further growth of Popery will ſecure us. There are proviſoes in favour of Proteſtant purchaſers under Papiſts---10th Geo. I cap. 4. and 6th Geo. II. cap. 5.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Ay!

CODICIL.

And beſides, Popiſh recuſants can't carry arms, ſo can have no right of conqueſt, *vi & armis*.

QUIDNUNC.

That's true; that's true; I'm eaſier in my mind.

CODICIL.

To be ſure: what are you uneaſy about? The Papiſts can have no claim to Sileſia.

QUIDNUNC.

Can't they?

CODICIL.

No, they can ſet up no claim. If the Queen on her marriage had put all her lands into *Hotchpot*, then indeed---and it ſeemeth, ſaith *Littleton*, that this word *Hotchpot* is in Engliſh a Pudding.

QUIDNUNC.

You reaſon very clearly, Mr. Codicil, upon the rights of the powers at war, and ſo now if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my affairs.

CODICIL.

Nor does the matter reſt here; for how can ſhe ſet up a claim, when ſhe has made a conveyance to the Houſe of Brandenburgh? The law, Mr. Quidnunc, is very ſevere againſt fraudent conveyances.---

QUIDNUNC.

S'bodikins, you have ſatisfied me.

CODICIL.

Why therefore then, if he will levy fines and ſuffer a common recovery, he can bequeath it as he likes in *feodum ſimplex*, provided he takes care to put in *ſes Heres*.

QUIDNUNC.

I'm heartily glad of it; ſo that with regard to my effects---

CODICIL.

Why then ſuppoſe ſhe was to bring it to a trial at bar---

QUIDNUNC.

I ſay with regard to the full diſcloſure of my effects---

CODICIL.

What wou'd ſhe get by that? At common law ſhe would have no chance, and as to equity---

QUIDNUNC.

Pray, muſt I now ſurrender my books and my pamphlets?

CODICIL.

What wou'd Equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her; ſhe might be kept at leaſt twenty years before a Maſter to ſettle the account.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

You have made me eaſy about the Proteſtants in this war, you have indeed; ſo that with regard to my appearing before the Commiſſioners---

CODICIL.

And as to the *Ban of the Empire*, he may demur to that. For all Tenures by *Knight's Service* are aboliſhed, and the Statute 12 Char. II. has declared all lands to be held in *Common Socage*.

QUIDNUNC.

To the point, Mr. Serjeant. Why will you ramble thus? I want to hear about my own affairs. To the point. Is there no way of compelling the creditors to grant my certificate?

CODICIL.

Why therefore then, if they're held in *Common Socage*, I ſubmit it to the Court, whether the Empire can have any claim to *Knight's Service?* They can't call upon him for a ſingle man for the war.

QUIDNUNC.

But I ſay as to my certificate.

CODICIL.

They can't demand *Unum Hominem ad Guerram*;--- for what is *Common Socage?---Socagium idem eſt quod Servitium ſoćæ*, the ſervice of the plough.

QUIDNUNC.

I tell you I am willing to attend the Commiſſioners.

ſioners. But pray now,---It is of great conſequence to me to know this point. I ſay, Mr. Serjeant---

CODICIL.

A number of caſes may be cited---

QUIDNUNC.

Truce with your caſes. I ſay, when my certificate is ſigned, may not I then---Hey! (*ſtarting up*) hey! ---What do I hear?

CODICIL.

I apprehend, I humbly conceive, when your certificate is ſigned---

QUIDNUNC.

Hold your tongue, man---did not I hear the Gazette?

NEWSMAN. (*within*)

Great news in the London Gazette.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, yes it is---it is the Gazette---Termagant, Termagant; I ſay, Termagant; where is the jade? Stop the Newſman; he is going by now; Termagant, I ſay. (*ſtands bawling at the ſide of the ſcene*)

CODICIL.

The law in that caſe, Mr. Quidnunc, *prima facie*,

QUIDNUNC.

I can't hear you now; I have not time. Termagant, run, fly, make haſte; get me the Gazette; bring it directly. (*ſtamping violently*)

Co-

CODICIL.

I ſay it is held in the Books---

QUIDNUNC.

I care for no Books; I want the Papers---
(ſtamping)

CODICIL.

It is held throughout the Books, that your certificate, if not obtained by fraud---

QUIDNUNC.

You ſhan't defraud me of my Newſpaper. Where is it? Bring it this moment.

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

What do you keep ſuch a bawling for?

CODICIL.

Non compos, that's his caſe. Mr. Quidnunc, your politicks---

QUIDNUNC.

Mr. Serjeant, your Caſes, and your Statutes, and your muſty old Books---

CODICIL.

Bo! as mad as any man in Bedlam. Have you no ſuch thing as a ſtrait waiſtcoat in the houſe?

QUIDNUNC.

Give me the news, I ſay.

CODI-

CODICIL.

There again! His friends, inſtead of a commiſſion of bankrupts, ſhould take out a commiſſion of lunacy. [*Exit.*

TERMAGANT.

He is an old *Don Quickſet* ſure enough. The Newſman ſays as how the Emperor of *Molocco* is dead.

QUIDNUNC.

The Emperor of Morocco!

TERMAGANT.

Yes, him.

QUIDNUNC.

The Emperor of Morocco had a regard for the Balance of Europe, (*ſighs*) well, well, come, come, give me the Paper.

TERMAGANT.

The Newſman would not truſt, becauſe you're a *bankrupper*, and ſo I paid two-pence halfpenny for it.

QUIDNUNC.

Let me ſee; let me ſee.

TERMAGANT.

Give me the money firſt. (*running from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

Give it me this inſtant, you jade, (*after her*)

TER-

TERMAGANT.

Give me the money, I ſay. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

I'll teach you, I will you baggage. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

I won't part with it till I have the money. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

I'll give you no money, huſſey. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

Your daughter ſhall marry Mr. Bellmour. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

I'll never accede to the treaty. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

Go, you old fool. (*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

You vile minx, worſe than the Whore of Babylon. (*after her*)

TERMAGANT.

There, you old crack'd brain politic! there's your paper for you. (*throws it down and exit.*

QUIDNUNC. (*ſitting down.*)

Oh! Heavens!---I am quite out of breath. A jade, a vile baggage, to keep my news from me.

What does it ſay? (*Reads very faſt*) " Whereas a " commiſſion of bankrupt is awarded and iſſued " forth againſt Abraham Quidnunc, of the pariſh of " St. Martin in the Fields, Upholſterer, Dealer, and " Chapman, the ſaid Bankrupt is hereby required " to ſurrender himſelf." Po, what ſignifies this ſtuff? I don't mind myſelf, when the balance of power is concerned. However, I ſhall be read of in the ſame paper, in the London Gazette, by the powers abroad; together with the Pope, and the French King, and the Mogul, and all of 'em. Good, good, very good! here's a pow'r of news,---let me ſee, (*reads*) " Letters from the Vice Admiral, dated Tyger, off Calcutta."---(*mutters to himſelf very eagerly*) Oddſheart, thoſe baggages will interrupt me, I hear their tongues a-going, clack, clack, clack; I'll run into my cloſet, and lock myſelf up. A vixen! a trollop! to want money from me, when I may have occaſion to buy The State of the Sinking Fund, or Faction Detected, or The Barrier Treaty, ---or---and beſides, how could the jade tell but to-morrow we may have a Gazette Extraordinary?

[*Exit.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Scene the UPHOLSTERER'S HOUSE.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

WHERE, where, where is he?---Where's Mr. Pamphlet?---Mr. Pamphlet!---Termagant, Mr. a---a---Termagant, Harriet, Termagant, you vile minx, you saucy---

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Here's a racket indeed!

QUIDNUNC.

Where's Mr. Pamphlet? You baggage, if he's gone---

TERMAGANT.

Did not I *intimidate* that he's in the next room? Why sure the man's out of his wits.

QUIDNUNC.

Shew him in here then. I would not miss seeing him for the discovery of the North-East passage.

TERMAGANT.

Go you old Gemini Gomini!

[*Exit* Termagant.

QUIDNUNC.

Shew him in I ſay. I had rather ſee him than the whole ſtate of the Peace at *Utrecht*, or 'the *Paris A-la-main*,' or the Votes, or the Minutes, or---Here he comes, the beſt political writer of the age.

Enter PAMPHLET.

(With a ſurtout coat, a muff, a long campaign wig out of curl, and a pair of black garters, buckled under the knees.)

QUIDNUNC.

Mr. Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to ſee you; as glad as if you were an expreſs from the Groyn, or from Berlin, or Zell, or from Calcutta over land, or from---

PAMPHLET.

Mr. Quidnunc, your ſervant. I am come from a place of great importance.

QUIDNUNC.

Look ye there now! Well, where, where?

PAMPHLET.

Are we alone?

QUIDNUNC.

Stay, ſtay, till I ſhut the door. Now, now, where do you come from?

PAMPHLET.

From the Court of Requeſts.

(laying aſide his ſurtout coat)

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

The Court of Requeſts! (*whiſpers*) Are they up?

PAMPHLET.

Hot work.

QUIDNUNC.

Debates ariſing may be?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, and like to ſit late.

QUIDNUNC.

What are they upon?

PAMPHLET.

Can't ſay.

QUIDNNNC.

What carried you thither?

PAMPHLET.

I went in hopes of being taken up.

QUIDNUNC.

Lookye there now. (*ſhaking his head*)

PAMPHLET.

I have been aiming at it theſe three years.

QUIDNUNC.

Indeed! (*ſtaring at him*)

PAM-

PAMPHLET.

Indeed: ſedition is the only thing an author can live by now. Time has been I could turn a penny by an earthquake; or live upon a jail-diſtemper; or dine upon a bloody murder; but now that's all over; nothing will do now but roaſting a Miniſter; or telling the people that they are ruined (*whiſpers*); the people of England are never ſo happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, but they an't ruined: I have a ſcheme for paying off the national debt.

PAMPHLET.

Let me ſee it; let me ſee. (*puts on his ſpectacles*) Well enough! well imagined,---a new thought this; I muſt make this my own. (*aſide*) Silly, futile, abſurd, abominable, this will never do---I'll put it in my pocket, and read it over in the morning for you. Now look you here; I'll ſhew you a ſcheme (*rummaging his pockets*) no that's not it---that's my Conduct of the Miniſtry, by a Country Gentleman---I proved the nation undone here; this ſold hugely---and here now, here's my anſwer to it, by a Noble Lord;---this did not move among the trade.

QUIDNUNC.

What, do you write on both ſides?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, both ſides. I have two hands Mr. Quidnunc, always impartial, *ambo dexter*.---Now here, here's my Dedication to a Great Man-----touched twenty

twenty for this! and here,----here's my libel upon him.

QUIDNUNC.

What, after being obliged to him?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, for that reaſon: it excites curioſity. Whitewaſh and blackball, Mr. Quidnunc! *in utrumque paratus*---no thriving without it.

QUIDNUNC.

What have you here in this pocket?

(*prying eagerly*)

PAMPHLET.

That's my account with Jacob Zorobabel, the Broker, for writing paragraphs to raiſe or tumble the ſtocks, or the price of lottery tickets, according to his purpoſes.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, how do you do that?

PAMPHLET.

As thus,---To day the Proteſtant intereſt declines, Madraſs is taken, and England's undone; then all the long faces in the Alley look as diſmal as a blank, and ſo Jacob buys away and thrives upon our ruin. ---Then to-morrow, we're all alive and merry again, Pondicherry's taken; a certain Northern Potentate will ſhortly ſtrike a blow, to aſtoniſh all Europe, and then every true born Engliſhman is willing to buy a lottery ticket for twenty or thirty ſhillings more than it is worth; ſo Jacob ſells away, and reaps the fruit of our ſucceſs.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

What, will the people believe that now?

PAMPHLET.

Believe it!---believe any thing; no ſwallow like a true born Engliſhman's: a man in a quart bottle, or a victory, it's all one to them,---they give a gulp, and down it goes,---glib, glib, they ſwallow all.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, but they an't at the bottom of things.

PAMPHLET.

No, not they; they dabble a little, but can't dive.

QUIDNUNC.

Pray now, Mr. Pamplet, what do you think of our ſituation?

PAMPHLET.

Bad, Sir, bad, and how can it be better?----the people in power never ſend to me, never conſult me; it muſt be bad. Now here, here, (*goes to his looſe coat*) here's a manuſcript!---this will do the buſineſs, a maſter-piece! I ſhall be taken upon up for this.

QUIDNUNC.

Shall ye?

PAMPHLET.

As ſure as a gun I ſhall. I know the Bookſeller's a rogue, and will give up his author.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

But pray now what ſhall you get by being taken up?

PAMPHLET.

I'll tell you---(*whiſpers*) in order to make me hold my tongue.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, but you won't hold your tongue for all that.

PAMPHLET.

No, no, not a jot the more for that: abuſe them the next day.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, I wiſh you ſucceſs. But do you hear no news? Have you ſeen the Gazette?

PAMPHLET.

Yes, I've ſeen it. Great news, Mr. Quidnunc: but harkye!---(*whiſpers*) and kiſs hands next week.

(*Each in deep thought without looking at the other.*)

QUIDNUNC.

Ay!

PAMPHLET.

Certain.

QUIDNUNC.

Nothing permanent in this world.

PAMPHLET.

All is vanity.

QUIDNUNC.

Ups and downs.

PAMPHLET.

Ins and outs.

QUIDNUNC.

Wheels within wheels.

PAMPHLET.

No ſmoak without fire.

QUIDNUNC.

All's well that ends well.

PAMPHLET.

It will laſt our time.

QUIDNUNC.

Whoever lives to ſee it, will know more of the matter.

PAMPHLET.

Time will tell all.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, we muſt leave all to the determination of time. Mr. Pamphlet, I'm heartily obliged to you for this viſit: I love you better than any man in England. To think the ſame of the Commonwealth is the trueſt and beſt foundation of friendſhip.

PAM-

PAMPHLET.

And for my part, Mr. Quidnunc, I love you better than I do England itſelf.

QUIDNUNC.

That's kind, that's kind: there is nothing I would not do, Mr. Pamphlet, to ſerve you.

PAMPHLET.

Mr. Quidnunc, I know you are a man of integrity and honour; I know you are; and now ſince we have opened our hearts, there is a thing, Mr. Quidnunc, in which you can ſerve me. You know, Sir, this is in the fullneſs of our hearts,---you know you have my note for a trifle. Hard dealing with aſſignees,---now, could not you, to ſerve a friend, could not you throw that note into the fire?

QUIDNUNC.

How! but would that be honeſt?

PAMPHLET.

Leave that to me: a refin'd ſtroke of policy: papers have been deſtroyed in all governments.

QUIDNUNC.

So they have: it ſhall be done; it will be political; it will indeed. It will ballance accounts between us. But now that I have mentioned a ballance of accounts, pray, Mr. Pamphlet, what do you take to be the true political ballance of power?

PAMPHLET.

What do I take to be the ballance of power?

QUIDNUNC.

Ay; what do you take to be the ballance of power?

PAMPHLET.

The ballance of power: what do I take to be the ballance of power? The ballance of power (*ſhuts his eyes*) what do I take to be the ballance of power?

QUIDNUNC.

The ballance of power, I take to be, when the Court of Aldermen ſits.

PAMPHLET.

No, no, no ſuch thing: wide of the mark.

QUIDNUNC.

Yes, yes, I am right; the bird in the eye.

PAMPHLET.

No, no: the ballance of power is, when the foundations of government and the ſuperſtructures are natural.

QUIDNUNC.

How do you mean natural?

PAMPHLET.

Prithee be quiet man; this is the language. The ballance of power is, when the ſuperſtructures are reduced to proper ballances, or when the ballances are not reduced to unnatural ſuperſtructures.

QUIDNUNC.

That won't do: I differ; with ſubmiſſion I differ: I take

I take the ballance of power to be, when the fortifications of *Dunquerque* are demoliſh'd.

(Both in a paſſion and walking about.)

PAMPHLET.

But I tell you, Mr. Quidnunc---

QUIDNUNC.

I ſay, Mr. Pamphlet.---

PAMPHLET.

Hear me, Mr. Quidnunc.

QUIDNUNC.

Give me leave, Mr. Pamphlet.

PAMPHLET.

I muſt obſerve, Sir,---

QUIDNUNC.

I am convinc'd Sir, that---

PAMPHLET.

That the ballance of power---

QUIDNUNC.

That the fortifications of *Dunquerque*---

PAMPHLET. (*making towards the door, and* QUIDNUNC *following him*)

Depends upon the ballances and the ſuperſtructures---

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Conſtitute the true political equilibrium.

PAMPHLET.

Nor will I converſe with a man---

QUIDNUNC.

And, Sir, I never deſire to ſee your face,---

PAMPHLET.

Of ſuch anti-conſtitutional principles.---

QUIDNUNC.

Nor the face of any man who is ſuch a Frenchman in his heart, and has ſuch notions of the ballance of power. [*Exeunt.*

QUIDNUNC. (*re-entering*)

Ay, I have found him out: ſuch abominable principles! I never deſire to converſe with any man of his notions; no, never while I live. He does not think of the conſtitution as I do: I will have no connection with a man of his character.

Re-enter PAMPHLET.

PAMPHLET.

Mr. Quidnunc, one word, Sir, if you pleaſe.

QUIDNUNC.

Sir, I never deſire to ſee your face.

PAMPHLET.

My property, Mr. Quidnunc: I ſhan't leave my pro-

property in the houſe of a bankrupt. (*twiſting his handkerchief round his arm*) A ſilly, empty, incomprehenſible blockhead!

QUIDNUNC.

Blockhead, Mr. Pamphlet?

PAMPHLET.

A blockhead to uſe me thus, when I have you ſo much in my power.

QUIDNUNC.

In your power!

PAMPHLET.

In my power, Sir: it's in my power to hang you.

QUIDNUNC.

To hang me!

PAMPHLET.

Yes, Sir; to hang you. (*drawing on his coat*) Did not you propoſe, but this moment, did not you deſire me to combine and confederate to burn a note, and defraud your creditors?

QUIDNUNC.

I deſire it!

PAMPHLET.

Yes, Mr. Quidnunc, but I ſhall detect you to the world. I'll give your character.---You ſhall have a ſixpenny touch next week.

Flebit et inſignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

[*Exit* Pamphlet.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Mercy on me! there's the effect of his anti-conſtitutional principles! The ſpirit of his whole party; I never deſire to exchange another word with him,

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Here's a pother indeed!---did you call me?

QUIDNUNC.

No, you trollop, no.

TERMAGANT.

Will you go to bed?

QUIDNUNC.

No, no, no, no,---I tell you, no.

TERMAGANT.

Better go to reſt, Sir; I heard a doctor of phyſic ſay as how, when a man is paſt his grand *crime*---what the deuce makes me forget my word?---his grand *crime-hyſteric*, no, no, that's not it---*clytemneſter* ay, that's it: when a man is paſt his grand *clytemneſter*, nothing is ſo good to aſſiſt nature as reſt, and the *non-naturals*.

QUIDNUNC.

Hold your prating: I'll not go to bed; I'll ſtep to my brother Feeble; I want to have ſome talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. [*Exit* Quidnunc.

TERMAGANT.

Go thy ways for an old hocus-pocus of a newſmonger

monger---You'll have good luck if you find your daughter here when you come back: Mr. Bellmour will be here in the *intrim*, and if he does not carry her off, why then I ſhall think him a mere ſhilly ſhally *feller*; and by my troth I ſhall think him as bad a *politiſhing* as yourſelf.---Well, as I live and breath, I wonders what the dickens the man ſees in theſe newſpapers, to be for ever *toxicated* with them. Let me ſee one of them, to try if I can *weſtigate* any thing--- (*takes the newſpaper and reads*)

" Yeſterday at noon arrived at his lodgings in " Pall mall, John Stukely, Eſq; for the remainder " of the winter ſeaſon."

Where the devil has the man been?---who knows him, or cares a minikin pin about him? He may go to Jericho for what I cares.

" The ſame day Mr. William Tabby, an eminent " man-milliner, was married to Miſs Minikin, " daughter of Mr. Minikin, a conſiderable haber- " daſher in Bearbinder-lane."

What the dickens is this to me? Can't Miſs Minikin and her Man-milliner go to bed, and hold their tongues? Why muſt they kiſs and tell?

" By advices from *Violenna*---this is *policies* now--- (*reads to herſelf*)---" and promiſes a general peace." ---Why can't that make the old curmudgeon happy?

" By letters from Paris"---this is more *policies*--- (*reads to herſelf*) " and all ſeems tending to a ge- " neral rupture."---What the devil does the *feller* mean?---Did not he tell me this moment there was to be a peace? and now its bloody news again! To go to tell me ſuch an impudent lye to my face!

" At the Academy in Eſſex-ſtreet, Grown People " are taught to dance."

Grown People are taught to dance! I likes that well enough; I ſhould like to be *betterer* in my dancing. I likes the *figerre* of a *minute* as well as a *figerre* in ſpeech (*dances and ſings*); but ſuch *trumpry* as the

news is, with Kings, and Cheeſemongers, and Biſhops, and *Highwarman*, and Ladies Prayer-Books, and Lap-Dogs, and the *Domodary* and *Camomile*, and Ambaſſadors, and Hair-Cutters, all higgledy piggledy together. As I hope for *marcy*, I'll never read another paper. And I wiſhes old Quidnunc would do the ſame. If the man would do as I do, there would be ſome ſenſe in it. If, inſtead of his *policies*, he would *manure* his mind like me, and read good *altars*, and improve himſelf in fine *langidge*, and *bombaſt*, and *polite accolliſhments*---

[*Exit ſinging and dancing.*

Scene the STREET.

Enter BELLMOUR, ROVEWELL, *and* BRISK.

BELLMOUR.

Women ever were, and ever will be fantaſtic beings, vain, capricious, and fond of miſchief.

BRISK.

Well argued, maſter.

ROVEWELL. (*ſings*)

Deceit is in every woman,
But none in a bumper can be, my brave boys,
But none in a bumper can be.

BELLMOUR.

To be inſulted thus, with ſuch a contemptuous anſwer to a meſſage of ſuch tender import! ſhe might methinks at leaſt have treated me with good manners, if not with a more grateful return.

ROVE-

ROVEWELL.

Confuſion to her manners! let us go and drink t'other bumper to drown ſorrow.

BELLMOUR.

I'll ſhake off her fetters: I will Briſk, this very night I will.

BRISK.

That's right, maſter, and let her know we have found her out, and as the poet ſays,

" *She that will not when ſhe may,*
" *When ſhe will, ſhe ſhall have nay,*" Maſter.

BELLMOUR.

Very true, Briſk, very true; the ingratitude of it touches to the quick. My dear Rovewell, only come and ſee me take a final leave.

ROVEWELL.

No, truly, not I: none of your virtuous minxes for me. I'll ſet you down there, if you've a mind to play the fool. I know ſhe'll melt you with a tear, and make a puppy of you with a ſmile, and ſo I'll not be witneſs to it.

BELLMOUR.

You're quite miſtaken, I aſſure you: you ſhall ſee me moſt manfully upbraid her with her ingratitude, and with more joy than a fugitive galley ſlave, eſcape from the oar to which I have been chain'd.

BRISK.

Maſter, Maſter, now's our time, for look by the

glimmering of yonder lamp, who comes along by the ſide of the wall.

BELLMOUR.

Her father, by all that's lucky; my dear Rovewell, let us drive off.

ROVEWELL.

No, I'll ſpeak a good word to him for you.

BELLMOUR.

Not for the world; prithee come along.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter QUIDNUNC, *with a dark lanthorn.*

QUIDNUNC.

If the Grand Turk ſhould actually commence open hoſtility, and the Houſe-bug Tartars make a diverſion upon the frontiers, why then it's my opinion, time will diſcover to us a great deal more of the matter.

WATCH. *(within)*

Paſt eleven o'clock, a cloudy night.

QUIDNUNC.

Hey! paſt eleven o'clock! 'Sbodikins, my brother Feeble will be gone to bed: but he ſhan't ſleep till I have ſome chat with him. Hark'ye watchman, watchman.

Enter WATCHAN.

WATCH.

Call, maſter!

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, ſtep hither, ſtep hither: have you heard any news?

WATCH.

News, maſter!

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, about the Pruſſians or the Ruſſians?

WATCH.

Ruſſians, maſter!

QUIDNUNC.

Yes; or the movements in Pomerania?

WATCH.

La, maſter, I know nothing---poor gentleman--- *(pointing to his head)* Good night to you maſter--- Paſt eleven o'clock. [*Exit* Watchman.

QUIDNUNC.

That man now has a place under the government, and you ſee how guarded he is. The diſcretion of office! His mouth is padlockt. Not a word: he won't ſpeak. But I am loſing time. (*knocks at the door*) Hazy weather (*looking up*); the wind's fix'd in that quarter, and we ſhan't have any mails this week to come. Come about good wind, do, come about.

Enter BETTY.

BETTY.

La, Sir, is it you?

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Is your maſter at home, Mrs. Betty?

BETTY.

Gone to bed, Sir.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, well, I'll ſtep up to him.

BETTY.

Muſt not diſturb him for the world, Sir.

QUIDNUNC.

Buſineſs of the utmoſt importance.

BETTY.

Pray conſider, Sir, my maſter an't well.

QUIDNUNC.

Prithee be quiet, woman; I muſt ſee him.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene a ROOM *in* FEEBLE'S HOUSE.

Enter FEEBLE *in his night-gown.*

FEEBLE.

I was juſt ſtepping into bed; bleſs my heart, what can this man want?---I know his voice: I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

QUIDNUNC. (*within*)

Hold your tongue you fooliſh huſſey,---he'll be glad to ſee me.---Brother Feeble,-- Brother Feeble!

FEEBLE.

FEEBLE.

What can be the matter?

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

Brother Feeble, I give you joy. The Nabob's demoliſh'd. (*ſings*) "Britons ſtrike home, re-"venge," &c.

FEEBLE.

Lackaday, Mr. Quidnunc, how can you ſerve me thus?

QUIDNUNC.

Suraja Dowla is no more.

FEEBLE.

Poor man! he's ſtark ſtaring mad.

QUIDNUNC.

Our men diverted themſelves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they diſlodged the enemy from the octagon, and the counterſcarp, and the bunglo.

FEEBLE.

I'll hear the reſt to-morrow morning. Oh! I'm ready to die.

QUIDNUNC.

Odſheart man be of good chear. The new Nabob Jaffier Ally Cawn has acceded to a treaty; and the Engliſh Company have got all their rights in the Phirmaud and the Huſhbulhoorums.

FEEBLE

FEEBLE.

But dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be diſturb'd for this?

QUIDNUNC.

We had but two Seapoys killed, three Chokeys' four Gaul-walls, and two Zemidars. (*ſings*) "Bri-"tons never ſhall be ſlaves!"

FEEBLE.

Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

QUIDNUNC.

Light up your windows, man, light up your windows. Chandernagore is taken.

FEEBLE.

Well, well, I'm glad of it. Good night. (*going*)

QUIDNUNC.

Here, here's the Gazette.

FEEBLE.

Oh, I ſhall certainly faint. (*ſits down*)

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, ay, ſit down: I'll read it to you. (*reads*) nay, don't run away---I've more news to tell you, there's an account from Williamſburgh in America. The Superintendant of Indian affairs---

FEEBLE.

Dear Sir, dear Sir,---(*avoiding him*)

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

Has ſettled matters with the Cherokees---*(following him)*

FEEBLE.

Enough, enough,---(*avoiding him*)

QUIDNUNC.

In the ſame manner he did before with the Catabaws. (*after him*)

FEEBLE.

Well, well, your ſervant.---(*from him*)

QUIDNUNC.

So that the back inhabitants---(*after him*)

FEEBLE.

I wiſh you would let me be a quiet inhabitant in my own houſe.

QUIDNUNC.

So that the back inhabitants will now be ſecured by the Cherokees and the Catabaws.

FEEBLE.

You'd better go home, and think of appearing before the Commiſſioners.

QUIDNUNC.

Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-houſe.

FEEBLE.

Do ſo, do ſo.

QUIDNUNC. *(returning)*

Mr. Feeble,---I had a diſpute about the balance of power.---Pray now can you tell---

FEEBLE.

I know nothing of the matter.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, another time will do for that---I have a great deal to ſay about that (*going*, *returns*) right, I had like to have forgot, there's an erratum in the laſt Gazette.

FEEBLE.

With all my heart.

QUIDNUNC.

Page 3, line 1, col. 1, and 3, for *bombs* read *booms*.

FEEBLE.

Read what you will.

QUIDNUNC.

Nay, but that alters the ſenſe, you know. Well, now your ſervant. If I hear any more news I'll come and tell you.

FEEBLE.

For Heaven's ſake no more.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

I'll be with you before you're out of your firſt ſleep.

FEEBLE.

Good-night, good-night. [*Runs off.*

QUIDNUNC.

I forgot to tell you: the Emperor of *Morocco* is dead. Brother Feeble, do you hear? (*bawls through the key-hole*) The Emperor of *Morocco* is dead. So, now I have made him happy, I'll go to our coffee-houſe, and make them all happy there. (*ſings*) "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves"---

[*Exit.*

Scene a Street: a ſhabby houſe in front, with a barber's pole, and the windows lighted up.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

Ha! friend Razor! He is a good ſubject, a true Engliſh heart. He makes a right uſe of a rejoicing night. Our victories are not thrown away upon him. Who knows but he may have heard more intelligence? (*knocks at the door*)

RAZOR. (*looking out of the window*)

RAZOR.

Anan!

QUIDNUNC.

Friend Razor.

RAZOR.

My Maſter Quidnunc! I'm rejoicing for the news. Will you partake of a pipe? I'll open the door.

QUIDNUNC.

Not now, friend Razor.

RAZOR.

I've ſomething to tell you; I'll come down.

QUIDNUNC.

This may be worth ſtaying for: what can he have heard!

Enter RAZOR, *in a cap, a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard in his hand.*

RAZOR.

Say, here's to you, Maſter Quidnunc.

QUIDNUNC.

What have you heard? What have you heard?

RAZOR.

The Conſumers of Oats are to meet next week.

QUIDNUNC.

Thoſe Conſumers of Oats have been meeting any time theſe ten years to my knowledge, and I never could find what they are about.

RAZOR.

Things an't right, I fear: its enough to pull down a body's ſpirits--- *(drinks)*

No,

QUIDNUNC.

No, nothing to fear. I can tell you ſome good news. A certain great Potentate has not heard high maſs the Lord knows when.

RAZOR.

That puts a body in ſpirits again. (*drinks*) Here, drink no wooden ſhoes.

QUIDNUNC.

With all my heart----*(drinks)* Good liquor this, Maſter Razor; of a cold night.

RAZOR.

Yes, I put a quartern of Britiſh brandy in my beer. Whu!---Do you know what a rebel my wife is?

QUIDNUNC.

A rebel!

RAZOR.

Ay, a rebel---I earned nineteen-pence halfpenny to-day, and ſhe wanted to lay out all that great ſum upon the children. Whu---but I bought thoſe candles for the good of my country, to rejoice with as a body may ſay, a little *Virginy* for my pipe, and this ſup of hot. Whu. Bitter cold.

QUIDNUNC.

Ay, you're an honeſt man, and if every body were like you and me, what a nation we ſhould be!

RAZOR.

Very true! *(ſhakes his head)*

QUID-

QUIDNUNC.

I can give you the Gazette to read.

RAZOR.

Can you! a thouſand thanks. I'll take it home to you when I have done.---(*drinks and ſtaggers*)

QUIDNUNC.

Friend Razor, you begin to be a little in for't.

RAZOR.

Yes, I have a whirligigg of a head. But a body ſhou'd take a cheering glaſs ſometimes for the good of one's country.

QUIDNUNC.

Well, I ſhall be at home in half an hour!---Hark'ye.

RAZOR.

Anan!

QUIDNUNC.

I have made a rare diſcovery. Florida will be able to ſupply Jamaica with peet for their winters firings. I had it from a deep politician.

RAZOR.

Ay! I am glad the poor people of Jamaica will have Florida peet to burn. They may now have a little firing in the winter. I don't know what the news is, but I have been rejoicing for the good of my country. I'll go and read the Gazette, to ſee a little what it's about. After all is ſaid and done, O rare Old England! (*goes into his houſe*)

QUID

QUIDNUNC.

Ay! rare Old England! ſtrong enough ſtill for all our enemies; we ſhan't be a bankrupt nation yet, and that's ſome comfort---I will now go and ſee who is up at our coffee-houſe, and diſcuſs points with our political club. [*Exit.*

Scene the UPHOLSTERER'S HOUSE.

Enter HARRIET *and* BELLMOUR.

HARRIET.

I don't know what to ſay Mr. Bellmour. It is difficult to refuſe you. A heart touched as mine has been, cannot eaſily reſolve to give you a moment's uneaſineſs. And yet your propoſal---

BELLMOUR.

It is a fair and honourable propoſal. It ſprings from eſteem and true affection. You cannot doubt my honour.

HARRIET.

No, Mr. Bellmour: to form an ill opinion of you is impoſſible: but you may judge otherwiſe of me. What will be your ſentiment hereafter, ſhould I now be wanting in that duty, which I owe my father?

BELLMOUR.

You have promiſed me your hand. Your father unreaſonably withholds it. To all his juſt commands you owe obedience: but when the whims and oddities of a wild diſordered imagination have no other tendency than to involve you in the ruin, which has unhappily befallen himſelf, why muſt you be

be a ſacrifice to his humours? And why muſt I be rendered miſerable, Harriet?

HARRIET.

But then, to comply with your ſolicitations, and leave my father in a ſcene of trouble and misfortune---

BELLMOUR.

It will be the means of making his misfortunes lighter. In his moments of reflection he will feel with pleaſure that his conduct has not prevented your happineſs. You will then have the means of behaving to him with gratitude and generoſity.

HARRIET.

But my uncle Feeble what will he ſay?

BELLMOUR.

You may depend upon his approbation. I will be anſwerable for it: a coach is now waiting at the end of the ſtreet to receive you. Harriet, will you refuſe me your hand?

HARRIET.

Muſt I give it? I don't know what to ſay. Why don't you take it?

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Undone, undone! Oh! my ſtars, I am all over in ſuch a tribulation. The old newſmonger is coming.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Diſtraction!--- what brings him here ſo ſoon?

TERMAGANT.

Oh! Mr. Bellmour, this overpowers me quite. What can I ſay to him?

TERMAGANT.

The devil is in it! this is ſuch a croſs accident. I am at my wit's end. No; that's not true neither. I have it: I'll tell you what to do. Don't *fruſtrate* yourſelf, ma'am. Away, Mr. Bellmour, into that room. He never will find you out. Away, fly Mr. Bellmour. Do you ſtay, Miſs Harriet, and talk to the old gentleman. When you have ſeen him, and wiſhed him a good night, you may ſlip down ſtairs, and ſo make the beſt of your way to the coach at the end of the ſtreet---I ſhall find ſome nonſenſe news for the old politician, and when I get him to bed, Mr. Bellmour may follow you, madam. Why don't you go, Mr. Bellmour? You are enough to ruin a body.

BELLMOUR.

I am gone, I'll be govern'd by you. [*Exit.*

HARRIET.

Oh! Termagant, I ſhall never be able to go through this buſineſs: my ſtrength fails me.

TERMAGANT.

Have courage, madam. I hear him coming. Let me ſee: have I nothing in my pocket to amuſe him? Yes, yes; this will do; never fear, Miſs Harriet. Now let the old walking Gazette come as ſoon as he will. I am ready for him, I warrant me.

Enter QUIDNUNC.

QUIDNUNC.

Fy upon it, fy upon it! All the coffee-houſes ſhut up. Harriet, what makes you out of bed at this late hour?

TERMAGANT.

A rejoicing night, Sir: but this love of her country does not agree much with her. She is quite ſick for the good of Old England----Speak to him, madam.

HARRIET.

I am frightened out of my wits, Termagant. I ſhall faint.

QUIDNUNC.

It is well we have not a female Parliament. Late debates would be too much for her ſpirits. Get to reſt, Harriet; get to bed.

HARRIET.

I wiſh you a good night, Sir. [*Exit.*

TERMAGANT. (*going with her*)

This will do purely, ma'am.

QUIDNUNC.

Where is my *Salmon's Gazetteer*, and my maps of the world? I muſt ſee all theſe places before I ſleep. They are in that room, I believe.

(*going towards the door*)

TERMAGANT. (*returning*)

What is he about now?---Sir, Sir, Sir---Here has been

been Mr.---I forget his name---He that writes letters in the news-papers about paying off the national debt---Mr. RUIN, Sir---he has been here, and he desires you'll read his new project, and give him your thoughts about it.

QUIDNUNC.

Give me the paper; let me see it.

TERMAGANT.

The deuce fetch it. Here is something that so catches and hitches in my pocket. There, there it is. (*gives him the paper, and drops a letter*) Had not you better go and read it in bed, Sir? Bed is a pure place for thinking.

QUIDNUNC.

So it is Termagant. Go and lock the street door, and then---

TERMAGANT.

Yes, Sir. I'll be with you in an instant. And so now I shall get Miss Harriet clear off--- [*Exit.*

QUIDNUNC.

Po! the foolish jade! this is an old paper. Hey; what have we here? (*takes up a letter*) How, how is this? "*To Miss Harriet Quidnunc.*" Let me see; let me see. (*reads eagerly*)---"*My dearest Harriet---no longer in* "*suspence---given you every proof---constancy and love* "*----your happiness---father's obstinacy*"----Here's a "villain for you----*convey you to a family*"-----Will you so?---"*and there you may remain in perfect secu-* "*rity, till you resign your person to the arms of your* "*eternal admirer---Bellmour.*"---So, so! This is as good as a state paper: here is Machiavel at work: Why daughter Harriet, where is she? Harriet I

ſay (*bawls violently*) A Plot! A Conſpiracy! Gunpowder Treaſon! Robbery! Murder!

Enter TERMAGANT.

TERMAGANT.

Law, Sir, what is the matter now?

QUIDNUNC.

I have found you out, traitreſs. Here is Mr. Bellmour's letter. Rob me of my daughter! where is Harriet? Search the houſe; call the watch; alarm the neighbours; I'll go and rouze the whole world. [*Exit.*

TERMAGANT.

I am all over in ſuch a *quandary*. Dear me! what ſhall I do?

BELLMOUR. (*peeping in*)

Blundering buſy-body! you have marr'd all. This is your doing. What poſſeſſed you to give him that letter?

TERMAGANT.

I did not do it on purpoſe; as I hope for mercy, I did not. Don't be angry with me, Sir. (*cries*)

BELLMOUR.

Why do you ſcreem ſo? Is the woman crazy?

TERMAGANT.

I did not go for to give it him; (*cries*) I would have ſeen him gibbeted firſt. I found the letter in my miſtreſs's bed-chamber, and my CURIOSITY did make me peep into it. Says my CURIOSITY, "Now "Ter-

" Termagant you may gratify yourſelf by finding " out the contents of that letter; which you have " had ſuch a plaguy itching for." My CURIOSITY did ſay ſo; and then I own my reſpect for my miſtreſs did ſay to me, " Huſſey, how dare you to " meddle with what does not belong to you? Keep " your diſtance, and let your miſtreſs's ſecrets " alone." And then upon that in comes my unlucky CURIOSITY again, " Read it, I tell you, Ter- " magant; a woman of ſpirit ſhould know every " thing."---Let it alone, you jade," ſays my Reſpect; " its as much as your place is worth."---- " What ſignifications a place with an old bankrupt- " per?" ſays my CURIOSITY, " there's more places " than one; and ſo read it, I tell you, Termagant"--- And I did ſo. (*cries bitterly*) I did read it, what could I do, Heaven help me? I did read it; I don't go to deny it, I don't, I don't.---

(*cries very bitterly*)

BELLMOUR.

Huſh; haye you a mind to ruin me?

TERMAGANT.

And after I had read it, thinks me I, I'll give it ſafe into Miſs Harriet's own hand, and her crazy old father ſhan't ſee it; and ſo as my ill ſtars would have it, as I was giving him a newſpaper, I run my hand full into the lyon's mouth. (*cries*)

A loud rap at the door.

BELLMOUR.

There, there; you have rouzed the neighbourhood, and I ſhall be detected.

QUID-

QUIDNUNC. (*within*)

Bring him along; bring the villain in.

BELLMOUR.

Death and diſtraction! our whole ſcheme is ruin'd.

Enter QUIDNUNC, *leading* HARRIET.

QUIDNUNC.

Walk in, Jezabel; I have caught you. Lead that traitor this way.

TERMAGANT.

Oh! my dear, young miſtreſs. (*taking her by the hand*)

QUIDNUNC.

Let me ſee the plunderer, that would rob me of my daughter.

WATCHMAN. (*within*)

Ay, ay; this way, Sir.

RAZOR. (*within*)

Rob my maſter Quidnunc! ſecure him; knock him down.

Enter RAZOR *and* WATCHMEN, *leading in* ROVEWELL.

WATCHMAN.

We have him faſt: now who are you?

RAZOR.

RAZOR.

Ay, who are you? Whence come you?

QUIDNUNC.

Away with him to the round-houſe. I'll go with him: I may meet a Parliament-man in the round-houſe to tell me ſome news. What buſineſs have you with my daughter?

ROVEWELL.

Wounds! if your daughter will walk the ſtreets at this late hour, a gentleman has a right to conſider her as fair game.

BELLMOUR.

Rovewell, was this well done? What unlucky planet ſent you this way?

QUIDNUNC.

How! Bellmour here! the enemy in my very camp.

BELLMOUR.

I am no enemy, Sir. My deſigns are honourable. You ſee I ſcorn to conceal myſelf.

QUIDNUNC.

I ſee you do: a bold-faced ruffian! Here, ſeize 'em both. I charge them both. Away with them.

RAZOR.

Put 'em both in irons; handcuff 'em; ſecure 'em this moment.

BELL-

BELLMOUR.

Don't frighten the lady: here is my ſword: I ſurrender.

RAZOR. (*ſtrips off his coat*)

Lay hold of that traitor. (*attacking* Rovewell) Seize him; bind him faſt.

ROVEWELL.

Daſtards! villains! ſtand off.

RAZOR.

Fall on him neighbours; that's right; now we have him. [Rovewell *is ſeized.*

ROVEWELL.

Raſcals, you have overpower'd me.

RAZOR.

Victory!---I have conquered. (*puts on his coat*) Here, Maſter Quidnunc, I have brought you back the Gazette.

TERMAGANT.

I believes as ſure as any thing that he is a *highwareman*, and as how it was he that robbed the mail.

QUIDNUNC.

Rob the mail, and ſtop all the news! ſearch him: he may have the letters belonging to the mail in his pocket. Here, here; here's a letter. What is it? (*reads*) "To Mr. Abraham Quidnunc." How! how is this? (*opens and reads*)---"*Your dutiful ſon, John Quidnunc.*" Quidnunc! is that your name?

ROVE-

ROVEWELL.

Quidnunc is my name, Sir, and Rovewell was but aſſumed; a travelling title.

QUIDNUNC.

And are you my ſon?

RAZOR. *(looking at him)*

Oh! my dear Sir; it is he, (*embraces him, and powders him all over*) it is he ſure enough---I remember the mole on his cheek. I ſhaved his firſt beard.

QUIDNUNC.

What, juſt returned from the Weſt Indies?

ROVEWELL.

Even ſo, and the owner of a rich plantation.

QUIDNUNC.

By being a great politician, I ſuppoſe.

ROVEWELL.

By marrying a planter's widow. I have now fortune ſufficient to afford you, Sir, the comforts and enjoyments of life.

RAZOR.

This is true joy. You'll let Razor ſhave you, I hope, maſter.

ROVEWELL.

Honeſt Razor, I ſhan't forget you. This is a lucky diſcovery. I have both ability and inclination, Sir, to convince you that I know and feel the

duty I owe to a father. I ſhall now atone for the irregularities of my youth. Bellmour, give me your hand. He is an honeſt fellow, Sir, and if you will beſtow my ſiſter upon him, you will add to the joy of this unexpected meeting.

QUIDNUNC.

Why, I think it will make a good paragraph in the papers.

TERMAGANT.

There, Madam, *calcine* your perſon to him.

ROVEWELL.

What do you heſitate, Bellmour? Here, take her, man; take her at once. I hope to know her better, and to find that ſhe is worthy of ſo honeſt a fellow.

QUIDNUNC.

Pray now, what are the Spaniards doing in the Bay of Honduras?

ROVEWELL.

Truce with politicks for the preſent, if you pleaſe, Sir. We will think of our own affairs, before we concern ourſelves about the ballance of power.

RAZOR.

With all my heart: I am pure happy now.

Come, Maſter Quidnunc, now with news have done,
Bleſs'd in your wealth, your daughter and your ſon.
May diſcord ceaſe; faction no more be ſeen;
Be *high* and *low* for COUNTRY, KING, and QUEEN.

THE

OLD MAID;

A

COMEDY,

In TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

Tempus erit, quo tu, quæ nunc excludis amantem,
Frigida Desertâ Nocte jacebis Anus.

Ovid.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Clerimont,	Mr. Obrien.
Capt. Cape,	Mr. King.
Mr. Harlow,	Mr. Kennedy.
Mr. Heartwell,	Mr. Phillips.
Footman,	Mr. Castle.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Harlow,	Miss Haughton.
Miss Harlow,	Mrs. Kennedy.
Trifle,	Miss Hippisley.

THE

OLD MAID.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW *and Miſs* HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

MY dear ſiſter, let me tell you---

Miſs HARLOW.

But, my dear ſiſter, let me tell you it is in vain; you can ſay nothing that will have any effect.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Not if you won't hear me; only hear me.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I know you love to hear yourſelf talk, and ſo pleaſe yourſelf; talk on at your uſual rate, if your fancy ſo inclines you; but I have taken my reſolution, and nothing ſhall alter it.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And yet, upon due reflection your mind may change.

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Never, ſiſter, never.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You can't be ſure of that, ſiſter; when you have conſidered every thing---

Miſs HARLOW.

Upon no conſideration.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You don't know how that may be: recollect, ſiſter, that you are no chicken: you are not now in that ſprightly ſeaſon of life, when giddineſs and folly are excuſable, nay becoming. Your age, ſiſter---

Miſs HARLOW.

Age, ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do but hear me, ſiſter; do but hear me. A perſon of your years---

Miſs HARLOW.

My years, ſiſter!---Upon my word---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay, no offence, ſiſter---

Miſs HARLOW.

But there is offence, ma'am: I don't underſtand what you mean by it. Always thwarting me with my years; my years, indeed! when perhaps, ma'am, if I was to die of old age, ſome folks might have reaſon to look about them.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

She feels it, I ſee---oh! how I delight in mortifying her---(*aſide*)---ſiſter, if I did not love you, I am ſure I ſhould not talk to you in this manner. But how can you make ſo unkind a return as to alarm me about myſelf?---In ſome ſixteen or eighteen years after you, to be ſure, I own I ſhall begin to think of making my will. How could you be ſo ſevere?---

Miſs HARLOW.

Some ſixteen or eighteen years, ma'am!---if you you would own the truth, ma'am,---I believe ma'am, ---you would not find, ma'am, that the diſparity, ma'am, is not ſo very great, ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I vow paſſion becomes you inordinately: It blends a few roſes with the lillies of your cheek, and---

Miſs HARLOW.

And though you are married to my brother, ma'am, I would have you to know, ma'am, that you are not thereby any way authoriſed, to take unbecoming liberties with his ſiſter. I am independent of my brother, ma'am: my fortune is in my own hands, ma'am, and ma'am---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! do you know when your blood circulates a little, that I think you look mighty well? But you was in the wrong not to marry at my age. Sweet three and twenty! you can't conceive what a deal of

good

good it would have done your temper and your ſpirits, if you had married early.

Miſs HARLOW.

Inſolent! provoking, female malice!

Mrs. HARLOW.

But to be waiting till it is almoſt too late in the day, and force one's ſelf to ſay ſtrange things; with the tongue and heart at variance all the time----" I don't mind the hideous men" " I am very happy as I am."---" I don't deſire to change my condition"---and while thoſe words are at your tongue's end, the heart murmurs inwardly, and flutters upon the tenter-hooks of expectation.

Miſs HARLOW.

I upon tenter-hooks!

Mrs. HARLOW.

And to be at this work of four grapes, till one is turned of three and forty!

Miſs HARLOW.

Three and forty, ma'am!---I deſire, ſiſter---I deſire, ma'am---three and forty, ma'am!

Mrs. HARLOW.

Nay---nay---nay---don't be angry; don't blame me; blame my huſband; he is your own brother, and he knows your age: he told me ſo.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I ſee your drift: but you need not give yourſelf thoſe airs, ma'am---the men don't ſee with your eyes, ma'am---years, indeed!---Three and

and forty, truly!---I'll assure you---upon my word---very fine!---But I see plainly, ma'am, what you are at---Mr. Clerimont, madam!---Mr. Clerimont, sister! that's what frets you. A young husband, ma'am; younger than your husband, ma'am: Mr. Clerimont, let me tell you---

Enter TRIFLE.

TRIFLE.

Oh! rare news, ma'am, charming news: we have got another letter.

Miss HARLOW.

From whom?---from Mr. Clerimont?---where is it?

TRIFLE.

Yes, ma'am! from Mr. Clerimont, ma'am.

Miss HARLOW.

Let me see it; let me see it; quick; quick;

(*reads*)

" Madam,

" The honour of a letter from you has so filled " my mind with joy and gratitude, that I want " words of force to reach but half my meaning. I " can only say that you have revived a heart that " was expiring for you, and now beats for you " alone"---

There sister, mind that! years indeed!

(*reads to herself*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wish you joy, sister: I wish I had not gone to

Ranelagh with her laſt week. Who could have thought that her faded beauties would have made ſuch an impreſſion? *(aſide)*

Miſs HARLOW.

Mind here again, ſiſter. --- *(reads)* "Ever ſince I "had the good fortune of ſeeing you at Ranelagh, "your idea has been ever preſent to me; and "ſince you now give me leave, I ſhall, without "delay, wait upon your brother. The terms he may "think proper to demand, I ſhall readily ſubſcribe to; "for to be your ſlave is dearer to me than liberty. I "have the honour to remain

"The humbleſt of your admirers,

"CLERIMONT."

There, ſiſter!

Mrs. HARLOW

Well! I wiſh you joy again: but remember I tell you, take care what you do. He is young, and of courſe giddy and inconſtant.

Miſs HARLOW.

He is warm, paſſionate, and tender.

Mrs. HARLOW.

But you don't know how long that may laſt; and here are you going to break off a very ſuitable match, which all your friends liked and approved, a match with captain Cape, who to be ſure---

Miſs HARLOW.

Don't name captain Cape, I beſeech you, don't name him.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Captain Cape, let me tell you, is not to be deſpiſed. He has acquired by his voyages to India a very pretty fortune: has a charming box of a houſe upon Hackney-Marſh, and is of an age every way ſuitable to you.

Miſs HARLOW.

There again now!---age! age! age! for ever!---years---years---my years! But I tell you once for all, Mr. Clerimont does not ſee with your eyes. I am determined to hear no more of captain Cape. Odious Hackney-Marſh! ah! ſiſter, you would be glad to ſee me married in a middling way.

Mrs. HARLOW,

I, ſiſter!---I am ſure nobody will rejoice more at your preferment. I am reſolved never to viſit her if Mr. Clerimont marries her. (*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

To cut the matter ſhort, ſiſter, Mr. Clerimont has won my heart: young, handſome, rich, town houſe, country houſe, equipage! To him, and only him will I ſurrender myſelf. Three and forty, indeed!---ha! ha!---you ſee, my dear, dear ſiſter, that theſe features are ſtill regular and blooming; that the love-darting eye has not quite forſook me; and that I have made a conqueſt which your boaſted youth might be vain of.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! ma'am, I beg you pardon, if I have taken too much liberty, it has all ariſen from affection and regard: your good is all I aim at, ſiſter.

Miſs HARLOW.

I humbly thank you for your advice, my ſweet dear friendly ſiſter; but don't envy me, I beg you won't; don't fret yourſelf; you can't conceive what a deal of good ſerenity of mind will do your health. I'll go and write an anſwer directly to this charming, charming letter. Siſter, yours. I ſhall be glad to ſee you, ſiſter, at my houſe in Hill-ſtreet, when I am Mrs. Clerimont. And remember what I tell you: ſome faces retain their bloom and beauty longer than you imagine, my dear ſiſter. Come, Trifle, let me fly this moment. Siſter, your ſervant.

[*Exit with* Trifle.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Your ſervant, my dear!---Well! I am determined to lead the gayeſt life in nature, if ſhe marries Clerimont.---I'll have a new equipage, that's one thing: and I'll have greater routs than her, that's another; Poſitively, I muſt outſhine her there; and I'll keep up a polite enmity with her; go and ſee her, may be once or twice in a winter; Ma'am, I am really ſo "hurried with ſuch a number of acquaintances, that "I can't poſſibly find time." And then to provoke her, "I wiſh you joy, ſiſter, I hear you are breeding." Ha! ha!---that will ſo mortify her---"I "wiſh it may be a boy, ſiſter." Ha! ha!---And then when her huſband begins to deſpiſe her; "really, ſiſter, I pity you; had you taken my ad-"vice, and married the India captain---your caſe is "a compaſſionate one"---Compaſſion is ſo inſolent when a body feels none at all. Ha! ha! it is the fineſt way of inſulting.

Enter

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, my dear; how are my ſiſter's affairs going on?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, my dear, ſhe has had another letter from Mr. Clerimont. Did you ever hear of ſuch a ſtrange unaccountable thing patched up in a hurry here?

Mr. HARLOW.

Why it is ſudden, to be ſure.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Upon my word, I think you had better adviſe her not to break off with captain Cape.

Mr. HARLOW.

No, not I---I wiſh ſhe may be married to one or other of them. Her temper is really grown ſo very ſour, and there is ſuch eternal wrangling between you both, that I wiſh to ſee her in her own houſe, for the peace and quiet of mine.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Do you know this Mr. Clerimont?

Mr. HARLOW.

No; but I have heard of the family. There is very fine fortune. I wiſh he may hold his intention

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wiſh he may, but I doubt it.

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

And truly ſo do I; for between ourſelves, I ſee no charms in my ſiſter.

Mrs. HARLOW.

For my part I can't comprehend it. How ſhe could ſtrike his fancy, is to me the moſt aſtoniſhing thing: After this, I ſhall be ſurpriſed at nothing.

Mr. HARLOW.

Well! ſtrange things do happen. So ſhe is but married out of the way, I am ſatisfied. An old maid in a houſe is the devil.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Clerimont, Sir, to wait on you.

Mr. HARLOW.

Shew him in. (*Exit* Servant) How comes this viſit, pray?

Mrs. HARLOW.

My ſiſter wrote to him to explain himſelf to you. The affair ſeems now to grow ſerious. The gentleman ſeems in earneſt, and in a hurry too. Well, I ſuppoſe he wants to talk to you: I'll leave you to yourſelves. (*aſide as ſhe goes out*) The man muſt be mad to think of her. He muſt have a ſtrange taſte indeed. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter CLERIMONT.

Mr. HARLOW.

Your moſt obedient, Sir: be pleaſed to walk in.

CLERIMONT.

I preſume, Sir, you are no ſtranger to the buſineſs that occaſions this viſit.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, the honour you do me and my family---

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Sir, to be allied to your family by ſo tender a tie as a marriage with your ſiſter, will at once reflect a credit upon me, and conduce to my happineſs in the moſt eſſential point. I adore your ſiſter, Sir: my ſentiments are not to be expreſſed: ſhe charmed me at the very firſt ſight.

Mr. HARLOW. (*aſide*)

The devil ſhe did!

CLERIMONT.

The ſenſibility of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the ſweetneſs of her manner---

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, you are pleaſed to---compliment!

CLERIMONT.

Compliment! I ſpeak the language of the heart. Where merit is ſo apparent, ſo tranſcending all praiſe, he muſt have great ſkill in flattery, who can give an air of compliment to that juſtice, which your ſiſter claims from all.

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

The ſweetneſs of my ſiſter's manner. (*aſide*) Ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

I ſaw her, for the firſt time, a few nights ago at Ranelagh: though there was a croud of beauties in the room, thronging and preſſing all around, yet ſhe ſhone amongſt them with ſuperior luſtre. She was walking arm in arm with another lady. No opportunity offered for me to form an acquaintance amidſt the hurry and buſtle of the place. I enquired their names as they were going into their chariot: I was told they were Mrs. and Miſs Harlow. From that moment ſhe won my heart. At one glance I became the willing captive of her beauty.

Mr. HARLOW.

A very candid declaration, Sir!---how can this be? The bloom has been off the peach any time theſe fifteen years, to my knowledge. (*aſide*)---You ſee my ſiſter with a favourable eye, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

A favourable eye! He muſt greatly want diſcernment, who has not a quick perception of her merit.

Mr. HARLOW.

You do her a great deal of honour. But this affair---is it not ſomewhat ſudden, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

I grant it. You may indeed be ſurprized at it, Sir; nor ſhould I have been hardy enough to make any overtures to you,---at leaſt yet awhile,---if ſhe herſelf had not condeſcended to liſten to my paſſion.

She

She has authorized me under her own fair hand to apply to her brother for his conſent.

Mr. HARLOW.

I ſhall be very ready, Sir, to give my approbation to my ſiſter's happineſs.

CLERIMONT.

No doubt you will. But let me not cheriſh an unavailing flame, a flame that already lights up all my tendereſt paſſions.

Mr. HARLOW.

To you, Sir, there can be no exception. I am not altogether a ſtranger to your family and fortune. His language is warm, conſidering my ſiſter's age; but I won't hurt her preferment. (*aſide*)---You will pardon me, Sir, if I obſerve one thing: you are, as one may ſay, juſt coming into life. Have you left the Univerſity?

CLERIMONT.

Left it, Sir?---above a year. I am almoſt two and twenty.

Mr. HARLOW.

And yet, this is a delicate point: have you conſulted your friends?

CLERIMONT.

I have: my uncle, Mr. Heartwell, who propoſes to leave me a very handſome addition to my fortune, which is conſiderable already, he, Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Well, Sir, if he has no objection, I can have none.

CLERIMONT.

He has none, Sir; he has given his conſent; he deſires me to loſe no time. I will bring him to pay you a viſit. He approves my choice. You ſhall have it out of his own mouth. Name your hour, and he ſhall attend you.

Mr. HARLOW.

Any time to-day. I ſhall ſtay at home on purpoſe.

CLERIMONT.

In the evening I will conduct him hither. In the mean time I feel an attachment here: the lady, Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Oh! you want to ſee my ſiſter. I will ſend her to you, Sir, this inſtant. I beg your pardon for leaving you alone. Ha! ha! who could have thought of her making a conqueſt at laſt? [*Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Your politeneſs, Sir, upon this occaſion, will lay me under the moſt laſting obligation.---Now, Clerimont, now your heart may reſt content: your doubts and fears may all ſubſide, and joy and rapture take their place. Miſs Harlow ſhall be mine: ſhe receives my vows; ſhe approves my paſſion. *(ſings and dances)* Soft! here ſhe comes---her very appearance controuls my wildeſt hopes, and huſhes my proud heart into reſpect and ſilent admiration.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I beg your pardon, Sir, I intrude, perhaps.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Madam, (*bows reſpectfully*) you never can intrude, Madam. You---you muſt be ever welcome.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I thought Mr. Harlow was here, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, he is but juſt gone. How a ſingle glance of that deluding eye overaws and checks each wiſh that flutters in my heart. (*aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I wonder he would leave you alone, Sir. That is not ſo polite in his own houſe.

CLERIMONT.

How her modeſty throws a veil over her inclinations!---My tongue faulters!---I can't ſpeak to her. (*aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

He ſeems in confuſion. A pretty man too!---- That this ſhould be my ſiſter's luck!--- (*aſide*)

CLERIMONT.

Madam!---(*embarraſſed*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

I imagine you have been talking to him on the ſubject of the letter you ſent this morning.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I have preſumed to---

Mrs. HARLOW.

You are the only perſon, Sir, that will call it preſumption. Mr. Harlow has no objection, I hope.

CLERIMONT.

She hopes! Heavens bleſs her for the word---(*aſide*)---Madam, he has frankly conſented, if his ſiſter will do me that honour.

Mrs. HARLOW.

You do his ſiſter a great deal of honour, Sir,---(*aſide*) a great deal more than ſhe deſerves, if he knew all.

CLERIMONT.

How her modeſty makes her turn aſide that lovely countenance!---Mr. Harlow, Madam, encouraged me to entertain a gleam of hope.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I think you need not deſpair, Sir, if I may venture to hazard my ſentiment.

CLERIMONT.

No doubt you may.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Then, without doubt---(*turns away*) Her ſucceſs is too provoking---(*turns to him*) I believe, Sir,---I think you may entertain ſome degree of hope.

CLERIMONT.

How coyly ſhe pronounces it!---"Oh! ſweet reluctant amorous delay."---Madam, you make me happy.

happy. If any thing could add to the ardour of my affection, you have done it. (*turns from her*) Generous Miſs Harlow!

Mrs. HARLOW.

A propoſal ſo honourable on your part, claims attention, and cannot eaſily be rejected; Mr. Harlow has too much regard for his ſiſter; and the whole family hold themſelves much obliged to you.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, this extreme condeſcenſion has added rapture to the ſentiments I felt before: it ſhall be the endeavour of my life to prove deſerving of the amiable object I have dared to aſpire to.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Sir, I make no doubt of your ſincerity. I have already declared my ſentiments. You know Mr. Harlow's; and if my ſiſter gives her approbation, nothing will be wanting to conclude this buſineſs. If no difficulties ariſe from her-----her temper is uncertain---as to my conſent, Sir, your air, your manner have commanded it. Sir, your moſt obedient: I'll ſend my ſiſter to you. [*Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Madam, (*bowing*) I ſhall endeavour to repay this goodneſs with exceſs of gratitude. She is an angel!---and yet, ſtupid that I am, I could not give vent to the tenderneſs with which my heart is ready to diſſolve. It is ever ſo with ſincere and generous love; it fills the ſoul with rapture, and then denies the power of uttering what we ſo exquiſitely feel. Generous Miſs Harlow! who could thus ſee thro' my confuſion, interpret all appearances favourably, and with a dignity ſuperior to her ſex's little

little arts, forego the idle ceremonies of coquetting, teazing, and tormenting her admirer. I hear ſomebody. Oh! here comes Miſtreſs Harlow: what a gloom ſits upon her features!---She aſſumes authority here I find. But I'll endeavour by inſinuation and reſpect to make her my friend, or at leaſt to ſoften prejudices, and get the better of that ſour, ill-natured temper.

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

My ſiſter has told me, Sir---

CLERIMONT.

Ma'am---(*bowing chearfully*)

Miſs HARLOW.

He is a ſweet figure, (*aſide*)

CLERIMONT.

She rather looks like Miſs Harlow's mother than her ſiſter-in-law---(*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

He ſeems abaſh'd----his reſpect is the cauſe----(*aſide*)---My ſiſter told me, Sir, that you was here. I beg pardon for making you wait ſo long.

CLERIMONT.

Oh, ma'am, (*bows*) the gloom diſappears from her face, but the lines of ill-nature remain. (*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

In his confuſion I ſee the ardour of his paſſion.---He has not recovered himſelf!---I'll cheer him with af-

affability---(*aside*)---Sir, the letter you was pleaſed to ſend, my ſiſter has ſeen, and---

CLERIMONT.

And has aſſured me that ſhe has no objection.

Miſs HARLOW.

I am glad of that, Sir---I was afraid---

CLERIMONT.

No objection. And Mr. Harlow---I have ſeen him too. He has honoured me with his conſent. Now, madam, the only doubt remains with you. May I be permitted to hope---

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, you appear like a gentleman,---and---

CLERIMONT.

Madam, believe me, never was love more ſincere, more juſtly founded on eſteem, or kindled into higher admiration.

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, with the reſt of the family I hold myſelf much obliged to you, and---

CLERIMONT.

Obliged!---'tis I that am obliged. There is no merit on my ſide: it is the conſequence of impreſſions made upon my heart; and what heart can reſiſt ſuch beauty, ſuch various graces!

Miſs HARLOW.

The warmth of your expreſſion, Sir---I wiſh my ſiſter heard him. (*aside*) I am afraid you are laviſh of

of your praiſe; and the ſhort date of your love, Sir---

CLERIMONT.

It will burn with unabating ardor. The ſame charms that firſt inſpired it, will for ever cheriſh, and add new fuel to the flame.---You cannot doubt me, Madam: no, you will not harbour an ungenerous ſuſpicion. You uſe this ſtile, to put my ſincerity to the proof. That, Madam, I perceive is your aim: but could you read the feelings of my heart, you would not thus cruelly keep me in ſuſpence.

Miſs HARLOW.

Heavens! if my ſiſter ſaw my power over him ---(*aſide*)---A little ſuſpence cannot be deem'd unreaſonable. Marriage is an important affair; an affair for life; and ſome caution you will allow to be neceſſary.

CLERIMONT.

Madam!---(*diſconcerted*)---Oh! I dread the ſourneſs of her look! (*aſide*)

Miſs HARLOW.

One thing, Sir, you will permit me to obſerve. You ſeem to dwell chiefly on articles of external and ſuperficial merit; whereas the more valuable qualities of the mind, prudence, good ſenſe, a well-regulated conduct---

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Ma'am, I am not inattentive to thoſe matters: ſhe has a notable houſehold underſtanding, I warrant her----(*aſide*)----But let me intreat you, Madam, to do juſtice to my principles, and believe that

that never yet a fond, fond heart declared itſelf with more ſincerity.

Miſs HARLOW.

Sir, I will frankly own that I have been trying you all this time, and from henceforth all doubts are baniſhed.

CLERIMONT.

Your words recall me to new life. I ſhall for ever ſtudy to merit this goodneſs. But your fair ſiſter, do you think I can depend upon her conſent? May I flatter myſelf ſhe will not change her mind?

Miſs HARLOW.

My ſiſter cannot be inſenſible of your merit, and the honour you do her and the whole family. And, Sir, as far as I can act with propriety in the affair, I will endeavour to keep them all in a diſpoſition to favour your pretenſions.

CLERIMONT.

Madam---*(bows.)*

Miſs HARLOW.

You have an intereſt in my breaſt that will be buſy for you.

CLERIMONT.

I am eternally devoted to you, Madam---*(bows.)*

Miſs HARLOW.

How modeſt, and yet how expreſſive he is!

(*Aſide.*)

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I ſhall be for ever ſenſible of this extreme condeſcenſion. I ſhall think no pains too great to prove the gratitude and eſteem I bear you. I beg my compliments to Mr. Harlow. I ſhall be here with my uncle in the evening; as early as poſſible I ſhall come. My reſpects to your ſiſter, Ma'am---and pray, Madam, keep her in my intereſt---Madam, your moſt obedient---I have managed the motherly lady finely, I think (*aſide*)

[*Bows, and Exit.*

MIſs HARLOW.

What will my ſiſter ſay now? I ſhall hear no more of her taunts. A malicious thing! I fancy ſhe now ſees that your giddy flirts are not always the higheſt beauties. Set her up, indeed! Had ſhe but heard him, the dear man! what ſweet things he ſaid! and what ſweet things he looked. Well, I am enchanted with him. I ſhall love him to diſtraction.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, ſiſter!---how!---what does he ſay?

MIſs HARLOW.

Say, ſiſter!---Every thing that is charming: he is the prettieſt man! and ſo polite, ſo ſenſible, ſo elegant, ſo every thing that is agreeable!

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! I am glad of it. But all's well that ends well.

MIſs

Miſs HARLOW.

Envy, ſiſter! Envy, and downright malice!--- Oh! had you heard all the tender things he uttered, and with that extaſy too! that tenderneſs! that delight reſtrained by modeſty!

Mrs. HARLOW.

All that is very true: but ſtill I feel, methinks, as if every thing was not right: I can't well explain myſelf; but there is to me ſomething odd in the whole buſineſs.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! I don't doubt but you will ſay ſo. You will find, however, that I have beauty enough left to make ſome noiſe in the world. The men, ſiſter, are the beſt judges of female beauty. Don't concern yourſelf about the affair, ſiſter: the men are the beſt judges; leave it all to them.

Mrs. HARLOW.

But only think of a lover you never ſaw but once at Ranelagh.

Miſs HARLOW.

Very true! but even then I ſaw what work I made in his heart. Don't you remember how he followed us up and down the room? Oh! I am in raptures with him, and he is in raptures with me, and in a few days, ſiſter, Mrs. Clerimont will be glad to ſee you.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, ſiſter! how ſtand matters now?

Miſs HARLOW.

As I could wiſh. I ſhall no more be a trouble to you. He has declared himſelf in the moſt warm and vehement manner; tho' my ſiſter has her doubts; ſhe is a good friend, ſhe is afraid of my ſucceſs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Pray, ſiſter, don't think ſo meanly of me. I underſtand that ſneer, Ma'am.

Miſs HARLOW.

And I underſtand you too, Ma'am.

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, I deſire we may have no quarrelling. You two are always wrangling. But when you are ſeparated, it is to be hoped you will then be more amicable. Things are now in a fair way. Tho', ſiſter, let me tell you I am afraid our India friend will think himſelf ill treated.

Mrs. HARLOW.

That's what I fear too: that's my reaſon for ſpeaking. Captain Cape, in my opinion, will have reaſon to think himſelf ill uſed.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! never throw away a thought on him. Mr. Clerimont has my heart; and now I think I am ſettled for life, ſiſter---I love to plague her *(aſide)* ---I ſay, ſiſter, whatever doubts you may have, you will ſee me ſettled for life, for life, for life, my dear ſiſter.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Dinner is ſerved, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Very well! come, ſiſter, I give you joy. Let us in to dinner.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! vulgar!---I can't eat---I muſt go and dreſs my head over again, and do a thouſand things;---for I am determined I'll look this afternoon as well as ever I can. [*Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

Is not all this amazing, my dear? her head is turned.

Mr. HARLOW.

Well, let it all paſs: don't you mind it: don't you ſay any thing. Let her get married if ſhe can. I am ſure I ſhall rejoice at it.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And upon my word, my dear, ſo ſhall I. If I interfere, it is purely out of friendſhip.

Mr. HARLOW.

Be adviſed by me: ſay no more to her. If the affair goes on, we ſhall fairly get rid of her. Her peeviſh humours, and her maiden temper, are become inſupportable. Come, let us in to dinner. If Mr. Clerimont marries her, which indeed will be odd enough, we ſhall then enjoy a little peace and quiet in our own houſe. [*Exit.*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What in the world could the man ſee in her? He will repent of his bargain in a week or a fortnight; that I am ſure he will. She is gone to dreſs now!---ha! ha!---

Oh! how ſhe rolls her pretty eyes in ſpite,
And looks delightfully with all her might!

Ha! ha! delightfully ſhe will look indeed!---

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Enter a SERVANT, *and* Capt. CAPE.

SERVANT.

YES, Sir, my maſter is at home: he has juſt done dinner, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well then; tell him I would ſpeak a word with him.

SERVANT.

I beg pardon, Sir; I am but a ſtranger in the family---who ſhall I ſay?

Capt. CAPE.

Capt. Cape, tell him.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

I can hardly believe my own eyes. S'death! I am almoſt inclined to think this letter, ſigned with Miſs Harlow's name, a mere forgery by ſome enemy, to drive me into an exceſs of paſſion, and ſo injure us both: I don't know what to ſay to it.

Enter

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Capt. CAPE.

I have waited on you about an extraordinary affair; I can't comprehend it, Sir. Here is a letter with your ſiſter's name---Look at it, Sir: is that her hand-writing?

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, Sir; I take it to be her writing.

Capt. CAPE.

And do you know the contents?

Mr. HARLOW.

I can't ſay I have read it; but---

Capt. Cape.

But you know the purport of it?

Mr. HARLOW.

Partly.

Capt. CAPE.

You do?---and is it not baſe treatment, Sir? Is it not unwarrantable? Can you juſtify her?

Mr. HARLOW.

For my part, I leave women to manage their own affairs. I am not fond of intermeddling.

Capt. CAPE.

But, Sir, let me aſk you: Was not every thing agreed upon? Are not the writings now in the lawyers hands? Was not next week fixed for our wedding?

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

I underſtood it ſo.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well then: you ſee how ſhe treats me. She writes me here in a contemptuous ſtile, that ſhe recalls her promiſe; it was raſhly given; ſhe has thought better of it; ſhe will liſten to me no more; ſhe is going to diſpoſe of herſelf to a gentleman with whom ſhe can be happy for life. There, that's free and eaſy, is not it? What do you ſay to that?

Mr. HARLOW.

Why really, Sir, it is not my affair. I have nothing to ſay to it.

Capt. CAPE.

Nothing to ſay to it!---Sir, I imagined I was dealing with people of honour.

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been dealing with a woman, and you know---

Capt. CAPE.

Yes, I know; I know the treachery of the ſex. Who is this gentleman, pray?

Mr. HARLOW.

His name is Clerimont. They have fixed the affair among themſelves, and amongſt them be it for me.

Capt. CAPE.

Very fine! mighty fine!---is Miſs Harlow at home, Sir?

Mr. HARLOW.

She is; and here ſhe comes this way.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well!---let me hear it from herſelf, that's all: I deſire to hear her ſpeak for herſelf.

Mr. HARLOW.

With all my heart. I'll leave you together: you know, Captain, I was never fond of being concerned in theſe affairs. [*Exit.*

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Capt. Cape, this is mighty odd: I thought my letter informed you---

Capt. CAPE.

Madam, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and, Madam, the uſage is ſo extraordinary, that I hold myſelf excuſable, if I refuſe to comply with the terms you impoſe upon me.

Miſs HARLOW.

Not comply? I don't underſtand you.

Capt. CAPE.

Miſtake me not; I am not come to whimper or to whine, and to make a puppy of myſelf again, That, Madam, is all blown over.

Miſs HARLOW.

Well, there is no harm done, and you will ſurvive this I hope.

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

Survive it!

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes;---you wont't grow deſperate: ſuppoſe you were to order ſomebody to take care of you, becauſe you know fits of deſpair are ſudden, and you may raſhly do yourſelf a miſchief. Don't do any ſuch thing, I beg you won't.

Capt. CAPE.

This inſult, Madam!---Do myſelf a miſchief! Don't flatter yourſelf that it is in your power to make me unhappy. It is not vexation brings me hither, that let me aſſure you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Then let vexation take you away. We were never deſigned for one another.

Capt. CAPE.

My amazement brings me hither; amazement that any woman can behave---but I don't want to upbraid---I only come to aſk---for I can hardly as yet believe it---I only come to aſk if I am to credit this pretty epiſtle?

Miſs HARLOW.

Every ſyllable: therefore take your anſwer, Sir, and truce with your importunity.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, Ma'am, very well---your humble ſervant, Madam---I promiſe you, Ma'am, I can repay this ſcorn with ſcorn; with tenfold ſcorn, Madam, ſuch as this treatment deſerves; that's

all: I ſay no more---your ſervant Ma'am---but let me aſk you---is this a juſt return for all the attendance I have paid you theſe three years paſt?

Miſs HARLOW.

Perfectly juſt, Sir; three years!---how could you be a dangler ſo long? I told you what it would come to: can you think that raiſing a woman's expectation, and tiring her out of all patience, is the way to make ſure of her at laſt? you ought to have been a briſker lover, you ought indeed, Sir. I am now contracted to another, and ſo there is an end of every thing between us.

Capt. CAPE.

Very well, Madam,---and yet I can't bear to be deſpiſed by her---and can you, Miſs Harlow, can you find it in your heart to treat me with this diſdain? have you no compaſſion?

Miſs HARLOW.

No, poſitively none, Sir, none; none.

Capt. CAPE.

Your own Capt. Cape, whom you------

Miſs HARLOW.

Whom I deſpiſe.

Capt. CAPE.

Whom you have ſo often encouraged to adore you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Pray Sir, don't touch my hand: it is now the property of another.

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

Can't you ſtill break off with him?

Miſs HARLOW.

No Sir, I can't; I won't; I love him, and if you are a man of honour, you will ſpeak to me no more; deſiſt, Sir, for if you don't, my brother ſhall tell you of it, and to-morrow Mr. Clerimont ſhall tell you of it.

Capt. CAPE.

Mr. Clerimont, Madam, ſhall fight me for daring------

Miſs HARLOW.

And muſt I fight you too moſt noble, valiant Captain?

Capt. CAPE.

Laughed at too!

Miſs HARLOW.

What a paſſion you are in!---I can't bear to ſee a man in ſuch a paſſion. Oh! I have a happy riddance of you: the violence of your temper is dreadful. I won't ſtay a moment longer with you; you frighten me: you have your anſwer,---and ſo your ſervant Sir. *Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

Ay! ſhe is gone off like a fury, and the furies catch her, ſay I. I will never put up with this: I will find out this Mr. Clerimont: he ſhall be accountable to me; Mr. Harlow too ſhall be accountable; and---

Enter

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. HARLOW.

Mr. Harlow, I am uſed very ill here, by all of you, and Sir, let me tell you---

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay; don't be angry with me. I was not to marry you.

Capt. CAPE.

But Sir, I can't help being angry. I muſt be angry: and let me tell you, you don't behave like a gentleman.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How can Mr. Harlow help it, Sir, if my ſiſter---

Mr. HARLOW.

You are too warm; you are indeed. Let us talk this matter over a bottle.

Capt. CAPE.

No, Sir: no bottle: over a cannon, if you will.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Mercy on me! I beg you won't talk in that terrible manner: you frighten me out of my wits.

Mr. HARLOW.

Be you quiet, my dear. Capt. Cape, I beg you will juſt ſtep into that room with me; and if, in the diſpatching of one bottle, I don't acquit myſelf of all ſiniſter dealing, why then---come, come, be a little moderate: you ſhall ſtep with me: I'll take it as a favour. Come, come, you muſt.

Capt.

Capt. CAPE.

I always found you a gentleman, Mr. Harlow, and ſo with all my heart, I don't care if I do talk the matter over.

Miſs HARLOW.

That's fair, and I am obliged to you. Come, I'll ſhew you the way. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

Juſt as I foreſaw: my ſiſter was ſure of him, and now is ſhe going to break off for a young man, who will deſpiſe her in a little time. I wiſh ſhe would have Capt. Cape.

Enter Miſs. HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Is he gone, ſiſter?

Mrs. HARLOW.

No; and here is the deuce and all to do. He is for fighting every body: upon my word you are wrong: you don't behave genteelly in the affair.

Miſs HARLOW.

Genteelly! I like that notion prodigiouſly: an't I going to marry genteelly?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well, follow your own inclinations. I won't intermeddle any more, I promiſe you. I'll ſtep into the parlour, and ſee what they are about. [*Exit.*

Miſs

Miſs HARLOW.

As you pleaſe, Ma'am. I ſee plainly the ill-natured thing can't bear my ſucceſs. Heavens! here comes Mr. Clerimont.

Enter Mr. CLERIMONT.

Miſs HARLOW.

You are earlier than I expected, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

I have flown, Madam, upon the wings of love. I have ſeen my uncle: he will be here within this half hour. Every thing ſucceeds to my wiſhes. I hope there is no alteration here ſince I ſaw you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Nothing of moment, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

You alarm me: Mr. Harlow has not changed his mind, I hope.

Miſs HARLOW.

No, he continues in the ſame opinion.

CLERIMONT.

And your ſiſter---I tremble with doubt and fear---ſhe does not ſurely recede from the ſentiments ſhe flattered me with.

Miſs HARLOW.

Why there, indeed, I can't ſay much. She ſeems to---

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

How!

Miſs HARLOW.

She---I don't know what to make of her.

CLERIMONT.

I am on the rack: in pity, do not torture me.

Miſs HARLOW.

How tremblingly ſolicitous he is---Oh! I have made a ſure conqueſt. (*aſide*)---Why, ſhe, Sir---

CLERIMONT.

I am all attention, Madam. (*diſconcerted*)

Miſs HARLOW.

She does not ſeem entirely to approve.

CLERIMONT.

You kill me with deſpair.

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! he is deeply ſmitten. (*aſide*)---She thinks another match would ſuit better.

CLERIMONT.

Another match!

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes, another; an India captain, who has made his propoſals; but I ſhall take care to ſee him diſmiſſed.

CLERIMONT.

Will you?

Miſs HARLOW.

I promiſe you I will. Though he runs much in my ſiſter's head, and ſhe has taken great pains to bring the family over to her opinion.

CLERIMONT.

How cruel! I could not have expected that from her. But has ſhe fixed her heart upon a match with this other gentleman?

Miſs HARLOW.

Why, truly I think ſhe has: but my will in this affair ought, and ſhall be conſulted.

CLERIMONT.

It is highly proper, Madam. Your long acquaintance with the world---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Long acquaintance, Sir! I have a few years experience only.

CLERIMONT.

That is, your good ſenſe, ma'am---Oh! confound my tongue! how that ſlipt from me. (*aſide*)---Your good ſenſe,---your early good ſenſe,---and---and---inclination ſhould be conſulted.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And they ſhall, Sir. Hark! I hear her coming. I'll leave you this opportunity to ſpeak to her once more,

more, and try to win her over by perſuaſion. It will make things eaſy if you can. I am gone, Sir.

[*Curtſies affectedly and Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

The happineſs of my life will be owing to you, Madam. The woman is really better-natured than I thought. She comes, the lovely tyrant comes.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW.

CLERIMONT.

She triumphs in her cruelty, and I am ruined.

(*Aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

You ſeem uneaſy, Sir. I hope no misfortune---

CLERIMONT.

The ſevereſt misfortune!---you have broke my heart.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I break your heart, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

Yes, cruel fair, you---you have undone me.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How can that be, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

And you ſeem unconſcious of the miſchief you have made.

Mrs. HARLOW

Pray unriddle.

CLERIMONT.

Your ſiſter has told me all.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! what has ſhe told you, Sir?

CLERIMONT.

It may be ſport to you, but to me 'tis death.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What is death?

CLERIMONT.

The gentleman from India, Madam---I have heard it all---you can give him a preference; you can blaſt my hopes, my fond delighted hopes, which you yourſelf had cheriſhed.

Mrs. HARLOW.

The gentleman is a very good ſort of a man.

CLERIMONT.

She loves him, I ſee---(*aſide*)---Madam, I perceive my doom is fixed, and fixed by you.

Mrs. HARLOW.

How have I fixed your doom?---If I ſpeak favourably of Captain Cape, it is no more than he deſerves.

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

Diſtraction! I cannot bear this---*(aſide)*

Mrs. HARLOW.

I believe there is nobody that knows the gentleman, but will give him his due praiſe.

CLERIMONT.

Love! love! love! *(aſide)*

Mrs. HARLOW.

And beſides, his claim is in fact prior to yours.

CLERIMONT.

And muſt love be governed, like the buſineſs of mechanics, by thy laws of tyrant cuſtom? Can you think ſo, Madam?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Why, Sir, you know I am not in love.

CLERIMONT.

Confuſion!---No, Madam, I ſee you are not.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And really, Sir, reaſonably ſpeaking, my ſiſter is for treating Capt. Cape very ill. He has been dancing attendance here theſe three years.

CLERIMONT.

Yet that you knew, when you were pleaſed to fan the riſing flame that matchleſs beauty had kindled in my heart.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Matchleſs beauty!----ha! ha!----I cannot but laugh at that. (*aſide*)

CLERIMONT.

Laugh, Madam, if you will at the pangs you yourſelf occaſion: yes, triumph, if you will: I am reſigned to my fate, ſince you will have it ſo.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I have it ſo!---you ſeem to frighten yourſelf without cauſe. If I ſpeak favourably of any body elſe, what then? I am not to marry him, you know.

CLERIMONT.

An't you?

Mrs. HARLOW.

I!---No, truly; thank Heaven!

CLERIMONT.

She revives me. (*aſide*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

That muſt be as my ſiſter pleaſes.

CLERIMONT.

Muſt it?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Muſt it! To be ſure it muſt.

CLERIMONT.

And may I hope ſome intereſt in your heart?

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

My heart, Sir!

CLERIMONT.

While it is divided, while another has poſſeſſion of but part of it---

Mrs. HARLOW.

I don't underſtand him! Why, it has been given away long ago.

CLERIMONT.

I pray you do not tyrannize me thus with alternate doubts and fears. If you will but bleſs me with the leaſt kind return---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Kind return! what, would you have me fall in love with you?

CLERIMONT.

It will be generous to him who adores you.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Adore me!

CLERIMONT.

Even to idolatry.

Mrs. HARLOW.

What can he mean? I thought my ſiſter was the object of your adoration.

CLERIMONT.

Your ſiſter, Ma'am! I ſhall ever reſpect her as my

my friend on this occaſion, but love---no--no---ſhe is no object for that.

Mrs. HARLOW.

No!

CLERIMONT.

She may have been handſome in her time, but that has been all over long ago.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Well! this is charming---I wiſh ſhe heard him now, with her new-fangled airs. (*aſide*) But let me underſtand you, Sir: adore me?

CLERIMONT.

You!---you! and only you! by this fair hand--- (*kiſſes it*)

Mrs. HARLOW.

Hold, hold. This is going too far. But pray, Sir, have you really conceived a paſſion for me?

CLERIMONT.

You know I have; a paſſion of the tendereſt nature.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And was that your drift in coming hither?

CLERIMONT.

What elſe could induce me?

Mrs. HARLOW.

And introduced yourſelf here to have an opportunity of ſpeaking to me?

CLE-

CLERIMONT.

My angel! don't torment me thus.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Angel! and what do you ſuppoſe Mr. Harlow will ſay to this?

CLERIMONT.

Oh! Ma'am---he! he approves my paſſion.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Does he really? I muſt ſpeak to him about that.

CLERIMONT.

Do ſo, Ma'am, you will find me a man of more honour than to deceive you.

Miſs HARLOW.

Well! it will be whimſical enough if he does. And my ſiſter too, this will be a charming diſcovery for her. *(aſide)*---Ha! ha! well! really, Sir, this is mighty odd. I'll ſpeak to Mr. Harlow about this matter, and you ſhall know his anſwer. (*going.*)

CLERIMONT.

And may I then flatter myſelf?

Mrs. HARLOW.

Oh! to be ſure: ſuch an honourable project! I'll ſtep to him this moment; and then, ſiſter, I ſhall make ſuch a piece of work for you. *Exit.*

CLERIMONT.

Very well, Ma'am, ſee Mr. Harlow: he will confirm it all. While there is life there is hope. To loſe

that matchleſs beauty, were the worſt miſery in the power of fortune to heap upon me.

Enter Miſs HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

I beg pardon for leaving you all this time---Well, Sir, what ſays my ſiſter?

CLERIMONT.

She has given me ſome glimmering hopes.

Miſs HARLOW.

Don't be uneaſy about her; it ſhall be as I pleaſe---

CLERIMONT.

But with her own free conſent it would be better: however, to you I am bound by every tie, and thus let me ſeal a vow---*(kiſſes her hand.)*

Miſs HARLOW.

He certainly is a very paſſionate lover. He is ready to eat my hand up with kiſſes. I wiſh my ſiſter ſaw this. (*aſide.*) Huſh! I hear Captain Cape's voice. The hideous Sea-monſter! he is coming this way. I would not ſee him again for the world. I'll withdraw for a moment, Sir. You'll excuſe me: (*kiſſes her hand and curtſies very low*) your moſt obedient---Oh! he is a charming man.

[*Curtſeys and Exit.*

Enter Capt. CAPE.

Capt. CAPE.

There ſhe goes, the perfidious! Sir, I underſtand your name is Clerimont.

CLERIMONT.

CLERIMONT.

At your ſervice, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

Then, draw this moment.

CLERIMONT.

Draw, Sir! for what?

Capt. CAPE.

No evaſion, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Explain the cauſe.

Capt. CAPE.

The cauſe is too plain: your making love to that lady, who went out there this moment.

CLERIMONT.

That lady! not I upon my honour, Sir.

Capt. CAPE.

No ſhuffling, Sir, draw.

CLERIMONT.

Sir, I can repel an Injury like this: but your quarrel is groundleſs. And, Sir, if ever I made love to that lady, I will lay my boſom naked to your ſword. That lady!---I reſign all manner of pretenſion to her.

Capt. CAPE.

You reſign her?

CLERIMONT.

Entirely.

Capt. CAPE.

Then I am pacified. (*puts up his ſword.*)

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Sir, I never ſo much as thought of the lady.

Enter Mr. HARLOW.

Mr. HARLOW.

So, Sir, fine doings you have been carrying on here!

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

You have been attempting my wife, I find.

CLERIMONT.

Upon my word, Mr. Harlow---

Mr. HARLOW.

You have behaved in a very baſe manner, and I inſiſt upon ſatisfaction. (*draws his ſword*)

CLERIMONT.

This is the ſtrangeſt accident! I aſſure you, Sir, ---only give me leave.

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

I will not give you leave---I inſiſt---

Capt. CAPE.

Nay, Mr. Harlow. This is neither time or place: and beſides, hear the gentleman; I have been over-haſty, and he has ſatisfied me: only hear him.

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, I will believe my own wife. Come on, Sir.

CLERIMONT.

Without cauſe I cannot: I have no quarrel, Sir. You may believe me, Mr. Harlow, when I aſſure you, that I came into this houſe upon honourable principles: induced, Sir, by my regard for Miſs Harlow.

Capt. CAPE.

For Miſs Harlow!---wounds! draw this moment.

CLERIMONT.

Again! this is downright madneſs: two upon me at once! you will murder me between you.

Mr. HARLOW.

There is one too many upon him ſure enough: and ſo, captain, put up your ſword.

Capt. CAPE.

Reſign your pretenſions to Miſs Harlow.

CLERIMONT.

CLERIMONT.

Reſign Miſs Harlow!---not for the univerſe: in her cauſe, I can be as ready as any bravo of ye all. (*draws his ſword.*)

Mr. HARLOW.

For heaven's ſake, Captain Cape, moderate your anger; this is neither time nor place. I have been too raſh myſelf: I beg you will be pacified. (*He puts up.*)---Mr. Clerimont ſheath your ſword.

CLERIMONT.

I obey, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

Captain Cape, how can you? you promiſed me you would let things take their courſe? if my ſiſter will marry the gentleman, how is he to blame?

Capt. CAPE.

Well argued, Sir: I have done:---ſhe is a worthleſs woman, that's all.

CLERIMONT.

A worthleſs woman, Sir!

Capt. CAPE.

Ay! worthleſs.

CLERIMONT.

Damnation!---Draw, Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

Nay, now, Mr. Clerimont, you are too warm; and

and there's a gentleman coming---this is your uncle, I ſuppoſe.

CLERIMONT.

It is, and he comes opportunely.

Enter Mr. HEARTWELL.

Mr. HARLOW. (*aſide.*)

I'll wave all diſputes now, that I may conclude my ſiſter's marriage.

HEARTWELL.

My nephew has informed me, Sir, of the honor you have done him, and I am come to ratify the treaty by my conſent.

Mr. HARLOW.

I thought it neceſſary to have the advice of Mr. Clerimont's Friends, as he is very young, and my ſiſter not very handſome.

She is an angel, Sir.

HEARTWELL.

Patience, Charles, patience. My nephew's eſtate will provide for his eldeſt born, and upon the younger branches of his marriage, I mean to ſettle my fortune.

Mr. HARLOW.

Generouſly ſpoken, Sir, and after that declaration, there is no occaſion for delay. Who waits there? ---tell the ladies they are wanted.

HEARTWELL.

HEARTWELL.

I have ever loved my nephew, and ſince he tells me he has made a good choice, I ſhall be glad to ſee him happy.

Capt. CAPE.

But, Sir, let me tell you, that your nephew has uſed me baſely, and Sir---

Mr. HARLOW.

Po! Captain Cape, now you are wrong again: every thing was ſettled between us in the other room: recollect yourſelf; I beg you will---Oh! here come the ladies.

Enter Mrs. HARLOW *and Miſs* HARLOW.

Miſs HARLOW.

Now, ſiſter, you ſhall ſee that I have completed my conqueſt.

CLERIMONT.

At length, I am happy indeed! my lovely, charming bride! thus let me ſnatch thee to my heart, and thus, and thus---(*embraces Mrs. Harlow.*)

Mr. HARLOW.

Death and diſtraction! before my face---
(*puſhing him away*)

CLERIMONT.

Prithee indulge my tranſport: my life, my angel!

Mr.

Mr. HARLOW.

I desire you will desist, Sir: these liberties may provoke me too far.

CLERIMONT.

Nay, nay, prithee be quiet: my charming, charming wife!

Mr. HARLOW.

That lady is not your wife.

CLERIMONT.

How my wife, not my wife!---extasy and bliss!

Mr. HARLOW.

Come, come, Sir, this is too much: I desire---

CLERIMONT.

Ha! ha! you are very pleasant, Sir.

Mr. HARLOW.

This is downright madness, but it shall not excuse you: that lady is my wife.

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

I say, Sir, that lady is my wife.

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! I see through this: it is a comedy of errors, I believe. (*sings*)

HEARTWELL.

What does all this mean?

CLERIMONT.

Your wife, Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

Yes, my wife: and there is my ſiſter, if you pleaſe to take her.

CLERIMONT.

Sir!

Mr. HARLOW.

Sir, this is the lady whom you have deſired in marriage.

CLERIMONT.

Who I, Sir? I beg your pardon: that lady I took to be your wife (*pointing to Miſs Harlow.*)---and that lady (*pointing to Mrs. Harlow.*) I took to be your ſiſter.

Capt. CAPE *and* Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! ha!---

Miſs HARLOW.

How! how is this? have I been made a fool of all this time? furies! torture! madneſs!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha!---my lady fair is taken in, I think.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Siſter, the men don't ſee with my eyes---ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Ha! ha! the gentleman is no dangler, Ma'am.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOW.

This is a complete conqueſt my ſiſter has made.

Miſs HARLOW.

I can't bear this---Sir, I deſire I may not be made a jeſt of----did not you ſolicit me? importune me?

CLERIMONT.

For your intereſt in that lady, whom I took for Miſs Harlow. I beg your pardon if I am miſtaken: I hope there it no harm done.

Miſs HARLOW.

Yes, Sir, but there is harm done. I am made ſport of; expoſed to deriſion---Oh! I cannot bear this---I cannot bear it---*(cries)*

Mrs. HARLOW.

Don't cry, ſiſter: ſome faces preſerve their bloom longer than others you know---ha! ha!

Capt. CAPE.

Loll toll loll---

HEARTWELL.

This is all a riddle to me: is that lady your wife, Sir?

Mr. HARLOW.

She is, Sir.

HEARTWELL.

And pray nephew; you took that lady for Mr. Harlow's ſiſter, I ſuppoſe.

CLERIMONT.

I did, Sir. I beg pardon for the trouble I have given---I am in ſuch confuſion, I can hardly---

HEARTWELL.

Well, well! the thing is cleared up, and you have been proceeding upon a miſtake. But you ſhould have known what ground you went upon---ha! ha! I can't help laughing neither.

Mr. HARLOW.

Why faith, nor I---ha! ha!

CLERIMONT.

Since matters have turned out ſo unexpectedly, I beg pardon for my miſtake, and Sir, I take my leave---*(going)*

Miſs HARLOW.

And will you treat me in this manner, Sir? Will you draw me into ſuch a ſcrape, and not---

CLERIMONT.

Madam, that gentleman would cut my throat: his claim is prior to mine; and I dare ſay, he will be very glad to be reconciled.

Miſs HARLOW.

You are a baſe man then, and I reject you. Captain Cape I ſee my error, and I reſign myſelf to you.

Capt. CAPE.

No, Madam, I beg to be excuſed. I have been a dangler too long. I ought to have been a briſker lover. I ſhall endeavour to ſurvive it, Madam; I won't

won't do myſelf a miſchief: I have my anſwer, and I am off, Madam. Loll toll loll---

Mrs. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! I told you this my dear ſiſter.

CLERIMONT.

Madam, I dare ſay the gentleman will think better of it. Mr. Harlow, I am ſorry for all this confuſion, and I beg pardon of the whole company for my miſtake. Mrs. Harlow, I wiſh you all happineſs, Ma'am---Angelic creature! what a misfortune to loſe her! [*Bows and Exit.*

Capt. CAPE.

And I will follow his example---Miſs Harlow I wiſh you all happineſs. Angelic creature! what a misfortune to loſe her!---Upon my ſoul I think you a moſt admirable jilt, and ſo now you may go, and bewail your virginity in the mountains---loll toll loll--- [*Exit.*

Miſs HARLOW.

Oh! oh! I can't bear to be thus diſgraced. I'll go and hide myſelf from the world for ever. The men are all ſavages, barbarians, monſters, and I hate the whole ſex. [*Exit.*

Mrs. HARLOW.

My dear ſiſter, with her beauty and her conqueſts, ha! ha!

Mr. HARLOW.

Ha! ha! whimſical and ridiculous!

HEART-

HEARTWELL.

Sir, my nephew is young: I am ſorry for this ſcene of errors, and I hope you'll aſcribe the whole to his inexperience.

Mr. HARLOW.

I certainly ſhall, Sir.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I cautioned my ſiſter ſufficiently about this matter, but vanity got the better of her, and leaves her now a whimſical inſtance of folly and affectation.

In vain the FADED TOAST her mirror tries,
And counts the cruel murders of her eyes;
For Ridicule, fly-peeping o'er her head,
Will point the roſes and the lillies dead;
And while, fond ſoul! ſhe weaves her myrtle chain,
She proves a ſubject of the comic ſtrain.

THE

CITIZEN:

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

HOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

OLD PHILPOT,	Mr. SHUTER.
GEORGE, his Son,	Mr. WOODWARD.
Sir JASPER WILDING,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
YOUNG WILDING,	Mr. DYER.
BEAUFORT,	Mr. BAKER.
DAPPER,	Mr. COSTOLLO.
QUILDRIVE,	Mr. PERRY.

WOMEN.

MARIA,	Miſs ELLIOT.
CORINNA,	Miſs COCKAYNE.

SERVANTS, &c.

THE

CITIZEN.

ACT the FIRST.

YOUNG WILDING, BEAUFORT, *and* WILL *following*.

WILDING.

HA, ha, my dear Beaufort! a fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a ſighing, love-ſick dangler after a high heel, a well-turned ancle, and a ſhort petticoat!

BEAUFORT.

Pr'ythee, my dear Wilding, ſpare your raillery. Maria's charms---

WILDING.

Maria's charms! And ſo now you would fain grow wanton in her praiſe, and make me liſten to your raptures about my own ſiſter! Ha! ha, poor Beaufort! Is my ſiſter at home, Will?

WILL.

She is, Sir.

WILDING.

How long has my father been gone out?

WILL.

This hour, Sir.

WILDING.

Very well. Pray give Mr. Beaufort's compliments to my ſiſter. If ſhe is viſible this morning, he will wait upon her. (*Exit* WILL.) You will be glad to ſee her I ſuppoſe, Charles.

BEAUFORT.

I live but in her preſence.

WILDING.

Live but in her preſence! How the devil could the young baggage raiſe this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her ſex.

BEAUFORT.

Nay, you have no reaſon to complain. You are come up to town, poſt-haſte, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only ſaw you laſt ſeaſon at Tunbridge, and has been languiſhing for you ever ſince.

WILDING.

That's more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe ſhe does for me. This is a match of prudence, man! bargain and ſale! My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finiſhed the buſineſs at Lloyd's coffee-houſe by inch of candle: a mere transfer of property!---"Give your ſon to "my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your "ſon." That's the whole affair, and ſo I am juſt arrived to conſummate the nuptials.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Thou art the happieſt fellow!

WILDING.

Happy! ſo I am. What ſhould I be otherwiſe for? If Miſs Sally---upon my ſoul I forget her name.

BEAUFORT.

Well! that is ſo like you---Miſs Sally Philpot.

WILDING.

Ay! very true: Miſs Sally Philpot. She will bring fortune ſufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family-eſtate, and my father is to ſettle handſomely upon me. I have reaſon to be contented have not I?

BEAUFORT.

And are you willing to marry her without one ſpark of love for her?

WILDING.

Love! Why I make myſelf ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I, without being in love into the bargain? What! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me? Love of all things! My dear Beaufort, one ſees ſo many people breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and dinning their inſipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance; "My dear Ma'am, don't you think "him a ſweet man? a charminger creature never "was." Then he, on his ſide---"My life, my an-"gel, oh! ſhe's a paradiſe of ever blooming ſweets!" And then in a month's time, "He's a perfidious

" wretch! I wiſh I had never ſeen his face: the devil " was in me when I had any thing to ſay to him." " A plague go with her for an inanimated piece; I " wiſh ſhe had poiſoned herſelf with all my heart." That is ever the way; and ſo you ſee love is all nonſenſe; well enough to furniſh romances for boys and girls at circulating libraries; that is all, take my word for it.

BEAUFORT.

Pho! this is all idle talk; and, in the mean time, I am ruin'd.

WILDING.

How ſo?

BEAUFORT.

Why, you know the old couple have bargain'd for your ſiſter.

WILDING.

Bargain'd for her! And will you pretend you are in love? Can you look tamely on and ſee her bartered away at Garraway's, like cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it a ſecret till my affair is over.

BEAUFORT.

My dear Wilding, will you propoſe it to her?

WILDING.

With all my heart. She is very long a coming. I'll tell you what, if ſhe has a fancy for you, carry her off at once. But, perhaps, ſhe has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miſs Sally's brother.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Oh, no! he's her averſion.

WILDING.

I have never ſeen any of the family but my wife that is to be: my father-in-law, and my brother-in-law, I know nothing of them. What ſort of a fellow is the ſon?

BEAUFORT.

Oh! a diamond of the firſt water; a buck, Sir, a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he ſneaks about the 'Change, in a little bit of a frock and a bob-wig, and looks like a ſedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

WILDING.

Upon my word, a gentleman of ſpirit.

BEAUFORT.

Spirit! He drives a phaeton two ſtory high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-Garden.

WILDING.

Oh, brave!---and the father?

BEAUFORT.

The father, Sir---But here comes Maria; take his picture from her. (*ſhe ſings within*)

WILDING.

Hey! ſhe is muſical this morning; ſhe holds her uſual ſpirits, I find.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Yes, the ſpirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

WILDING.

Ay! and ſuch a lover as you too! Though ſtill in her teens, ſhe can play upon all your foibles, and treat you as ſhe does her monkey, tickle you, torment you, enrage you, ſooth you, exalt you, depreſs you, pity you, laugh at you---*Ecce ſignum!*

Enter MARIA. (*ſinging*)

WILDING.

The ſame giddy girl! Come, my dear ſiſter, have done with your fooling.

MARIA.

Be quiet, brother; let me have my own way; I will go through my ſong. (*ſings*)

WILDING.

I have not ſeen you this age; aſk me how I do?

MARIA.

I won't aſk you how I do: I won't take any notice of you, I don't know you.

WILDING.

Do you know this gentleman then? Will you ſpeak to him?

MARIA.

No, I won't ſpeak to him; I'll ſing to him; it's my humour to ſing. (*ſings*)

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

Be ſerious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

MARIA.

Oh! ſweet Sir, you are dying, are you? Then poſitively I will ſing the ſong; for it is a deſcription of yourſelf. (*She ſings a little*) Brother, how do you do? (*kiſſes him*) Say nothing, don't interrupt me. (*ſings*)

WILDING.

Have you ſeen your city lover yet?

MARIA.

No; but I long to ſee him; I fancy he is a curioſity.

BEAUFORT.

Long to ſee him, Maria!

MARIA.

Yes, long to ſee him---(Beaufort *fiddles with his lip, and looks thoughtful)* Brother, brother! (*goes to him ſoftly, beckons him to look at* Beaufort) do you ſee that? (*mimicks him*) Mind him; ha, ha.

BEAUFORT.

Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria; ſo do you don't make me unhappy, by marrying this citizen.

MARIA.

And would not you have me marry, Sir? What, I muſt lead a ſingle life to pleaſe you, muſt I? Upon

on my word you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. *(ſings)*

Can it be, or by law, or by equity ſaid,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

WILDING.

Come, come, Miſs Pert, compoſe yourſelf a little: this will never do.

MARIA.

My croſs, ill-natured brother! But it will do. Lord! what do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't ſtay among ye---*à l'honeur, à l'honeur* ---*(running away) à l'honeur.*

WILDING.

Hey, hey, Miſs Notable! come back; you muſt ſtay. *(forces her back)*

MARIA.

Well, well; what do you want?

WILDING.

Come, truce with your frolicks, Miſs Hoyden, and behave like a ſenſible girl; we have ſerious buſineſs with you.

MARIA.

Have you? Well, come, I will be ſenſible. There, I blow all my folly away: 'tis gone, gone, and now I'll talk ſenſe. Is that a ſenſible face?

WILDING.

Po, be quiet, and hear what we have to ſay to you.

MARIA.

MARIA.

I will, I am quiet. It is charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

WILDING.

Ridiculous! how can you be ſo ſilly?

MARIA.

Bleſs me! I never ſaw any thing like you. There is no ſuch thing as ſatisfying you. I am ſure it was very good ſenſe, what I ſaid. Papa talks in that manner. Well! I'll be ſilent then: I won't ſpeak at all; will that ſatisfy you? (*looks ſullen*)

WILDING.

Abſurd! no more of this folly, but mind what is ſaid to you. You have not ſeen your city lover, you ſay?

(Maria *ſhrugs her ſhoulders, and ſhakes her head*)

WILDING.

Why don't you anſwer?

BEAUFORT.

My dear Maria, put me out of pain.

(Maria *ſhrugs her ſhoulders again*)

WILDING.

I'll pinch a piece out of your arm, if you don't anſwer.

MARIA.

Why, no, then; no, no, no, no, no, no; I tell you no.

WILDING.

Ridiculous! Don't be a girl always.

MARIA.

Why don't I tell you I have not ſeen him? But I am to ſee him this very day.

BEAUFORT.

To ſee him this day, Maria?

MARIA.

Ha, ha!---look there, brother; he is beginning again. But don't frighten yourſelf, and I'll tell you all about it. My papa comes to me this morning---by the by, he makes a fright of himſelf with this ſtrange dreſs---Why does he not dreſs as other gentlemen do, brother?

WILDING.

He dreſſes like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltſhire.

MARIA.

But when he comes to town, I wiſh he would do as other gentlemen do here. I am almoſt aſhamed of him. But he comes to me this morning---"Hoic! "hoic! our Moll---Where is the ſly puſs? Tally "ho!"---Did you want me papa?---"Come hither, "Moll, I'll *gee* you a huſband, my girl; one that "has mettle enow; he'll take cover, I warrant un; "blood to the bone."

BEAUFORT.

There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

WILD-

WILDING.

Where are you to ſee the young citizen?

MARIA.

Wy, papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the ſweet creature is to be introduced to me. The old gentleman, his father, is delighted with me: but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

WILDING.

I never ſaw him: what ſort of a being is he?

MARIA.

Why, he looks like the picture of Avarice, ſitting with pleaſure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body ſhould come and take it away. He has got ſquare-toed ſhoes, and little tiny buckles, a brown coat, with ſmall round braſs buttons, that looks as if they were new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all ſhrivelled and pinched with care, and he ſhakes his head like a Mandarine upon a chimney-piece---" Ay, ay, Sir Jaſper, you are " right---and then he grins at me---I profeſs ſhe is " a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my ſon " Bob is a very ſenſible lad---ay, ay! I will under- " write their happineſs for one and a half per " cent."

WILDING.

Thank you, my dear girl; thank you for this account of my relations.

BEAUFORT.

Deſtruction to my hopes! Surely, my dear angel, if you have any regard for me---

MARIA.

There, there, there he is frightened again.
(*ſings* Deareſt creature, *&c.*)

WILDING.

No more of theſe airs: liſten to me, and I'll inſtruct you how to manage them all.

MARIA.

Oh! my dear brother, you are very good. But don't miſtake yourſelf; though juſt come from a boarding-ſchool, give me leave to manage for myſelf. There is in this caſe a man I like, and a man I don't like---It is not you I like (*to* Beaufort) No---I hate you----But let this little head alone; I I know what to do: I ſhall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

BEAUFORT.

What will you do, Maria?

MARIA.

Ho! ho! that face is enough to make me die with laughing. (*ſings*)

Do not grieve me,
Oh! relieve me, &c.

WILDING.

Come, come, you ſhall liſten to me. The old cit, you ſay, admires you for your underſtanding; and his ſon would not marry you, unleſs he found you a girl of ſenſe and ſpirit?

MARIA.

MARIA.

Even ſo: that is the character of your giddy ſiſter.

WILDING.

Why then I'll tell you. You ſhall make him hate you for a fool, and ſo let the refuſal come from himſelf.

MARIA.

But how---how, my dear brother? Tell me how?

WILDING.

Why you have ſeen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

MARIA.

Very well---what then?---what then?---Oh! I have it; I underſtand you; ſay no more; 'tis charming; I like it of all things; I'll do it, I will; and I will ſo plague him, that he ſhan't know what to make of me. He ſhall be a very toad-eater to me; the ſour, the ſweet, the bitter, he ſhall ſwallow all, and all ſhall work upon him alike for my diverſion. Say nothing of it: it's all among ourſelves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature, and then who knows but I may take a fancy to him?

BEAUFORT.

Why will you alarm me thus?

MARIA.

Oh! now you are beginning again.

[*Sings*, Voi Amanti, &c. *and Exit.*

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

'Sdeath, Wilding, I ſhall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

WILDING.

Pſhaw, follow me; don't be apprehenſive. I'll give her further inſtructions, and ſhe will execute them I warrant you. The old fellow's daughter ſhall be mine, and the ſon may go ſhift for himſelf elſewhere. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. OLD PHILPOT'S HOUSE.

Enter OLD PHILPOT, DAPPER, *and* QUILLDRIVE.

OLD PHILPOT.

Quilldrive, have thoſe dollars been ſent to the Bank, as I ordered?

QUILLDRIVE.

They have, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Very well!---Mr. Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your requeſt---

DAPPER.

You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

OLD PHILPOT.

I believe it. Well, ſtep with me to my cloſet, and I will look at your policy. How much do you want upon it?

DAP-

DAPPER.

Three thouſand; you had better take that ſum; there are very good names upon it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Well, well, ſtep with me, and I'll talk to you. Quillrive, run with thoſe bills for acceptance. This way, Mr. Dapper, this way. [*Exeunt.*

QUILLDRIVE *ſolus.*

QUILLDRIVE.

A miſerly old curmudgeon! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind; conſtantly ſcraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrit! and yet under his veil of ſanctity, he has a liquoriſh tooth left; running to the other end of the town ſlily every evening, and there he has his ſolitary pleaſures in holes and corners.

GEORGE *peeping in.*

GEORGE PHILPOT.

Hiſt, hiſt!---Quilldrive!

QUILLDRIVE.

Ha, Maſter George!

GEORGE.

Is Square-toes at home?

QUILLDRIVE.

He is.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Has he aſked for me?

QUILLDRIVE.

He has.

GEORGE. *(walks in on tip-toe)*

Does he know I did not lie at home?

QUILLDRIVE.

No; I ſunk that upon him.

GEORGE.

Well done; I'll give you a choice gelding to cry you to Dulwich of a Sunday. Damnation! up all night; ſtripped of nine hundred pounds; pitty well for one night!---Picqued, repicqued, ſlam'd, and capotted every deal!---Old Dry-beard ſhalbay all. Is forty-ſeven good? No---Fifty good? Io! no, no, no---to the end of the chapter---Cruel luk! Damn me, its life tho'---this is life---'ſdeath! I har him coming *(runs off and peeps)*---no, all's ſafe--I muſt not be caught in theſe cloaths, Quilldrive.

QUILLDRIVE.

How come you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

GEORGE.

I was afraid of being too late for old Square-oes, and ſo I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bum-biley. ---Pretty cloaths, an't they?

QUIL-

QUILLDRIVE.

Ah! Sir---

GEORGE.

Reach me one of my mechanic city frocks. No ---ſtay---it's in the next room, an't it?

QUILLDRIVE.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

I'll run and ſlip it on in a twinkle. [*Exit.*

QUILLDRIVE *ſolus.*

QUILLDRIVE.

Mercy on us! what a life does he lead? Old Cojer within here will ſcrape together for him, and the moment young maſter comes to poſſeſſion, "Ill "got, ill gone," I warrant me. A hard card I have to play between 'em both: drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one. The father is a reſervoir of riches, and the ſon a fountain to play it all away in vanity, vice, and folly.

Re-enter GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Now I'm equipp'd for the city. Damn the city: I wiſh the Papiſhes would ſet fire to it again. I hate to be beating the hoof here among them. Here comes father---no;---it's Dapper---Quildrive, I'll give you the gelding.

QUILLDRIVE.

Thank you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPPER.

DAPPER.

Why you look like a devil, George.

GEORGE.

Yes, I have been up all night; loſt all my money, and I am afraid I muſt ſmaſh for it.

DAPPER.

Smaſh for it! What have I let you into the ſecret for? Have not I adviſed you trade upon your own account? and you feel the ſweets of it. How much do you owe in the city?

GEORGE.

At leaſt twenty thouſand.

DAPPER.

Poh, that's nothing! Bring it up to fifty or ſixty thouſand, and then give 'em a good blow up at once. I have enſured the ſhip for you.

GEORGE.

Have you?

DAPPER.

The policy's full; I have juſt touched your father for the laſt three thouſand.

GEORGE.

Excellent! Are the goods re-landed?

DAP-

DAPPER.

Every bale. I have had them up to town, and ſold them all to a packer for you.

GEORGE.

Bravo!---and the ſhip is loaded with rubbiſh, I ſuppoſe.

DAPPER.

Yes; and is now proceeding on her voyage.

GEORGE.

And to-morrow, or next day, we ſhall hear of her being loſt on the Goodwin Sands, or ſunk between the Needles.

DAPPER.

Certainly.

GEORGE.

Admirable! and then we ſhall come upon the Underwriters.

DAPPER.

Directly.

GEORGE.

My dear Dapper! *(embraces him)*

DAPPER.

Yes; I do a dozen every year. How do you think I can live as I do, otherwiſe?

GEORGE.

Very true; ſhall you be at the club after 'Change?

DAPPER.

Without fail.

GEORGE.

That's right; it will be a full meeting: we ſhall have Nat Pig-tail, the dry-ſalter, there; and Bob Reptile, the 'Change-broker; and Soberſides, the banker. We ſhall all be there. We ſhall have deep doings.

DAPPER.

Yes, yes; well, a good morning; I muſt go now, and fill up a policy for a ſhip that has been loſt theſe three days.

GEORGE.

My dear Dapper, thou art the beſt of friends.

DAPPER.

Ay, I'll ſtand by you. It will be time enough for you to break, when you ſee your father near his end; then give 'em a tumble; put yourſelf at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again---Good morning. [*Exit.*

GEORGE, *ſolus.*

Dapper, adieu---Who now in my ſituation would envy any of your great folks at the court-end! A Lord has nothing to depend upon but his eſtate: he can't ſpend you a hundred thouſand pounds of other people's money. No---no. I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms. Commiſſioner! The King has not ſo good a thing in his gift, as a commiſſion of bankruptcy. Don't we ſee them all with their

their country ſeats at Hogſden, and Kentiſh-town, and Newington-butts, and Iſlington; with their flying Mercuries tipt on the top of the houſe, their Apollos, their Venus's and their leaden Hercules's in the garden; and themſelves ſitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digeſtion? Wounds! here comes old Muckworm! Now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wiſdom, to prove myſelf a ſcoundrel in ſentiment, and paſs in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

OLD PHILPOT.

Twelve times twelve is a hundred and forty-four.

GEORGE.

I'll attack him in his own way---Commiſſion at two and a half per cent---

OLD PHILPOT.

There he is, intent upon buſineſs! What, plodding, George?

GEORGE.

Thinking a little of the main chance, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

That's right; it is a wide world, George.

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir, but you inſtructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay! I inſtilled good principles into thee.

GEORGE.

So you did, Sir. Principal and intereſt is all I I ever heard from him. (*aſide*) I ſhall never forget the ſtory you recommended to my earlieſt notice, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

GEORGE.

It item'd how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was caſt away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to ſell her for a ſlave.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay, (*laughs*) I recollect it now.

GEORGE.

And when ſhe pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwiſe moved than to raiſe his price, and make her turn to better account.

OLD PHILPOT. (*burſts into a laugh*)

I remember it. Ha, ha!---there was the very ſpirit of trade! ay---ay---ha, ha!

GEORGE.

There was calculation for you---

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

The Rule of Three---If one gives me ſo much; what will two give me?

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay. (*laughs*)

GEORGE.

That was a hit, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

That was having his wits about him.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay! It is a leſſon for all young men. It was a hit indeed, ha! ha! (*both laugh*)

GEORGE.

What an old negro it is. (*aſide*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Thou art a ſon after my own heart, George.

GEORGE.

Trade muſt be minded. A penny ſaved, is a penny got.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay! *(ſhakes his head, and looks cunning)*

GEORGE.

He that hath money in his purſe, won't want a head on his ſhoulders.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

Rome was not built in a day. Fortunes are made by degrees. Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to loſe.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

He that lies in bed, his eſtate feels it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay, the good boy.

GEORGE.

The old Curmudgeon! *(aſide)* think nothing mean that brings in an honeſt penny.

OLD PHILPOT.

The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

GEORGE.

Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be

be cautious in this wide world. Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

OLD PHILPOT.

I profeſs it is a wiſe ſaying---I never heard it before; it is a wiſe ſaying; and ſhews how cautious we ſhould be of too much confidence in friendſhip.

GEORGE.

Very true.

OLD PHILPOT.

Friendſhip has nothing to do with trade.

GEORGE.

No---It only draws a man in to lend money.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

There was your neighbour's ſon, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at ſchool; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay---let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and ſee where he will get a pound ſterling for them.

GEORGE.

So I told him. I went to his garret in the Minories; and there I found him in all his miſery! and a fine ſcene it was. There was his wife in a corner of

the room, at a waſhing-tub, up to the elbows in ſuds; a ſolitary pork-ſtake was dangling by a bit of pack-thread, before a melancholy fire; himſelf ſeated at a three-legged table, writing a pamphlet againſt the German war; a child upon his left knee, his right leg employed in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it. And ſo there was buſineſs enough for them all. His wife rubbing away, *(mimicks a waſherwoman)* and he writing on, "The King of "Pruſſia ſhall have no more ſubſidies; Saxony ſhall "be indemnified---He ſhan't have a foot in Sileſia." There's a ſweet little baby! *(to the child on his knee)* then he rock'd the cradle, huſh ho! huſh ho! ---then twiſted the griſkin, *(ſnaps his fingers)* huſh ho! "The Ruſſians ſhall have Pruſſia." *(writes)* Huſh ho! huſh ho! --- round goes the griſkin again, *(ſnaps his finger---writes)*---and ſo you have a picture of the whole family.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ha! ha! what becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parſnips. He had no money from you, I ſuppoſe, George?

GEORGE.

Oh! no; charity begins at home, ſays I.

OLD PHILPOT.

And it was wiſely ſaid. I have an excellent ſaying when any man wants to borrow of me. I am ready with my joke---"A fool and his money are "ſoon parted"---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Ha, ha! A wittier ſaying there never was.

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

No; that's the truth of wit. A fool and his money are ſoon parted---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Now if I can wring a handſome ſum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he ſays. (*aſide*) And yet trade has its inconveniencies. Great houſes ſtopping payment!

OLD PHILPOT.

Hey---what! you look chagrin'd!---Nothing of that ſort has happened to thee, I hope?

GEORGE.

A great houſe at Cadiz---Don John de Alvarada ---The Spaniſh Galleons not making quick returns ---and ſo my bills are come back.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay!---(*ſhakes his head*)

GEORGE.

I have indeed a remittance from Meſſina. That voyage yields thirty per cent. profit: but this blow coming upon me---

OLD PHILPOT.

Why this is unlucky: how much money?

GEORGE.

Three and twenty hundred.

OLD PHILPOT.

George, too many eggs in one baſket. I tell thee,

George, I expect Sir Jaſper Wilding here preſently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: huſh this up, ſay nothing of it, and in a day or two you may pay theſe bills with his daughter's portion.

GEORGE.

The old rogue! (*aſide*) That will never do, I ſhall be blown upon 'Change: Alvarada will pay in time: he has opened his affairs; he appears a good man.

OLD PHILPOT.

Does he?

GEORGE.

A great fortune left; will begin to pay in ſix monhts; but I muſt crack before that.

OLD PHILPOT.

It is unlucky! A good man you ſay he is?

GEORGE.

Nobody better.

OLD PHILPOT.

Let me ſee: ſuppoſe I lend this money.

GEORGE.

Ah, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

How much is your remittance from Meſſina?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Seven hundred and fifty.

OLD PHILPOT.

Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

GEORGE.

Exactly.

OLD PHILPOT.

Don Alvarada is a good man you say?

GEORGE.

Perfectly good.

OLD PHILPOT.

I will venture to lend the money. You must allow me commission upon those bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer.

GEORGE.

Agreed.

OLD PHILPOT.

Lawful interest, while I am out of my money.

GEORGE.

I subscribe.

OLD PHILPOT.

A power of attorney to receive the money from Alvarada, when he makes a payment.

PHIL-

PHILPOT.

You ſhall have it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Your own bond.

GEORGE.

To be ſure.

OLD PHILPOT.

Go and get me a check. You ſhall have a draught on the bank.

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir. (*going*)

OLD PHILPOT.

But ſtay. I had forgot: I muſt ſell out for this. Stocks are under *par*. You muſt pay the difference.

GEORGE.

Was ever ſuch a leech! (*aſide*) By all means, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Step and get me a check.

GEORGE.

A fool and his money are ſoon parted. (*aſide.*)

[*Exit.*

OLD PHILPOT, *ſolus.*

What with commiſſion, lawful intereſt, and his pay-

paying the difference of the ſtocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I ſhall be in the rareſt ſpirits for this new adventure I am re-recommended to. Let me ſee what is the lady's name. (*takes a letter out*) Corinna! Ay, ay, by the deſcription ſhe is a bale of goods. I ſhall be in rare ſpirits. Ay, this is the way, to indulge one's paſſions and yet conceal them, and to mind one's buſineſs in the city, as if one had no paſſions at all. I long for the evening methinks. Body o'me---I am a young man ſtill.

Enter QUILLDRIVE.

QUILLDRIVE.

Sir Jaſper Wilding, Sir, and his daughter.

OLD PHILPOT.

I am at home.

Enter SIR JASPER *and* MARIA.

(SIR JASPER *dreſſed as a fox-hunter, and ſinging*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Sir Jaſper, your very humble ſervant.

SIR JASPER.

Maſter Philpot, I be glad to zee ye, I be indeed.

OLD PHILPOT.

The like compliment to you, Sir Jaſper. Miſs Maria, I kiſs your fair hand.

MARIA.

Sir, your moſt obedient.

SIR

SIR JASPER.

Ay, ay, I ha brought un to zee you. There's my girl: I ben't aſhamed of my girl.

MARIA.

That's more than I can ſay of my father. Luckily theſe people are as much ſtrangers to decorum as my old gentleman, otherwiſe this viſit from a lady to meet her lover would have an odd appearance. Though ſo lately a boarding-ſchool girl, I know enough of the world for that. (*aſide*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Truly ſhe is a blooming young lady, Sir Jaſper, and I verily ſhall like to take an intereſt in her.

SIR JASPER.

I ha brought her to zee ye, and zo your zon may ha' her as ſoon as he will.

OLD PHILPOT.

Why ſhe looks three and a half per cent. better than when I ſaw her laſt.

MARIA.

Then there is hopes that in a little time I ſhall be above *par*. He rates me like a lottery-ticket. (*Aſide*)

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay, I like her, Sir Jaſper: Miſs has the appearance of a very ſenſible, diſcreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that, ſhe would not do for my ſon. George is a ſhrewd one; I have often heard him declare, no conſideration ſhould ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Ay, you have told me ſo before, old gentleman, but I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't ſoon give Maſter George a ſurfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. *(aſide)*

Enter GEORGE.

GEORGE.

A good clever old cuff this; after my own heart. I think I'll have his daughter, if it is only for the pleaſure of hunting with him.

SIR JASPER.

Zon-in-law, gee us your hand. What zay you? Are you ready for my girl?

GEORGE.

Say grace as ſoon as you will, Sir, I'll fall to.

SIR JASPER.

Well zaid. I like you. I like un Maſter Philpot. I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

OLD PHILPOT.

And ſo he ſhall. George, ſhe is a bale of goods; ſpeak her fair now, and then you'll be in caſh. *(aſide)*

GEORGE.

I think I had rather not ſpeak to her now. I hate ſpeaking to your modeſt women. Sir,---Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind, by advertiſing for her in a newſpaper?

OLD PHILPOT.

Talk ſenſe to her, George; ſhe is a notable girl. I'll give you a draft upon the bank preſently.

SIR JASPER.

Come along, Maſter Philpot, come along; I ben't afraid of my girl: come along.

[*Exeunt* Sir Jaſper *and* Old Philpot.

MARIA.

A pretty ſort of a lover they have found for me. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

How ſhall I ſpeak my mind to her? She is almoſt a ſtranger to me. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

Ay, ſhe is as ſharp as a needle, I warrant her. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

When will he begin?---Ah, you fright! You rival Mr. Beaufort! I'll give him an averſion to me, that's what I will; and ſo let him have the trouble of breaking off the match himſelf: not a word yet? He is in fine confuſion. (*looks fooliſh*) I think I may as well ſit down, Sir.

GEORGE.

Ma'am---I---I---I---(*frighted*)---I'll hand you a chair, Ma'am---there, Ma'am. (*bows awkwardly*)

MARIA.

MARIA.

Many thanks to you, Sir.

GEORGE.

I'll ſit down too. (*in confuſion*)

MARIA.

Heigho!

GEORGE.

Ma'am!

MARIA.

Sir!

GEORGE.

I thought---I---I---did not you ſay ſomething, Ma'am?

MARIA.

No, Sir; nothing.

GEORGE.

I beg your pardon, Ma'am.

MARIA.

Oh! you are a ſweet creature. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

The ice is broke now; I have begun, and ſo I'll go on.

(*ſits ſilent, looks fooliſh, and ſteals a look at her*)

MARIA.

An agreeable interview this!

GEORGE.

Pray, Ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

MARIA.

Concerts! what's that, Sir?

GEORGE.

A muſic meeting.

MARIA.

I have been at a quaker's meeting, but never at a muſick meeting.

GEORGE.

Lord, Ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts. She notable! I'll take courage, ſhe's nobody. Will you give me leave to preſent you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, Ma'am?

MARIA. (*looking ſimple and awkward*)

A ticket! what's a ticket?

GEORGE.

There, Ma'am, at your ſervice.

MARIA. (*curtſys awkwardly*)

I long to ſee what a ticket is.

GEORGE.

What a curtſy there is for the St. James's end of the

the town! I hate her; ſhe ſeems to be an ideot. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

Here's a charming ticket he has given me. (*aſide*) And is this a ticket, Sir?

GEORGE.

Yes, Ma'am---And is this a ticket, Sir?
(*mimicks her aſide*)

MARIA. (*reads*)

For ſale by the candle, the following goods---thirty cheſts ſtraw hats; fifty tubs chip hats; pepper, ſago, borax---ha---ha! ſuch a ticket!

GEORGE.

I---I---I have made a miſtake Ma'am. Here, here is the right one.

MARIA.

You need not mind it, Sir: I never go to ſuch places.

GEORGE.

No, Ma'am? I don't know what to make of her. Was you ever at the White-Conduit houſe?

MARIA.

There's a queſtion! (*aſide*) Is that a nobleman's ſeat?

GEORGE. (*laughs*)

Simpleton!---No Miſs---it is not a nobleman's ſeat---Lord! it's at Iſlington.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Lord Iſlington!---I don't know he.

GEORGE.

The town of Iſlington.

MARIA.

I have not the honour of knowing his Lordſhip.

GEORGE.

Iſlington is a town, Ma'am.

MARIA.

Oh! it's a town?

GEORGE.

Yes, Ma'am.

MARIA.

I am glad of it. (*laughs*)

GEORGE.

What is ſhe glad of?

MARIA.

A pretty huſband my papa has choſe for me. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

What ſhall I ſay to her next? Have you been at the burletta, Ma'am?

MARIA.

Where?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

The burletta?

MARIA.

Sir, I would have you to know that I am no ſuch a perſon. I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for.

GEORGE.

Ma'am?

MARIA.

I'm come of good people, Sir; and have been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.

GEORGE.

What a damn'd fool ſhe is. *(aſide)*---The burletta is an opera, Ma'am.

MARIA.

Opera, Sir! I don't know what you mean by this uſage; to affront me in this manner!

GEORGE.

Affront! I mean quite the reverſe, Ma'am; I took you for a connoiſſeur.

MARIA.

Who me a connoiſſeur, Sir! I deſire you won't call me names; I'm ſure I never ſo much as thought of ſuch a thing. Sir, I won't be called a connoiſſeur ---I won't---I won't---I won't.

(burſts out a crying)

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Ma'am, I meant no offence. A connoiſſeur is a virtuoſo.

MARIA.

Don't virtuoſo me! I am no virtuoſo, Sir, I would have you to know it. I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I never will be a virtuoſo. (*cries bitterly*)

GEORGE.

But, Ma'am, you miſtake me quite.

MARIA.

(*In a paſſion, choaking her tears and ſobbing*)

Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England. My family was always remarkable for virtue. My mamma (*burſts out*) was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget (*ſobbing*) was a virtuous woman too; and there's my ſiſter Sophy makes as good and virtuous wife as any at all. And ſo, Sir, don't call me a virtuoſo. I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't---I won't---I won't. (*cries bitterly*)

GEORGE.

The girl's a natural. So much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up. Ma'am, upon my word you miſunderſtand me.

MARIA.

Sir, (*drying her tears*) I won't be called connoiſſeur by you nor any body. I am no virtuoſo, and I'd have you to know it.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Ma'am, connoiſſeur and virtuoſo are words for a perſon of taſte

MARIA.

Taſte! *(ſobbing)*

GEORGE.

Yes, Ma'am.

MARIA.

And did you mean to ſay as how I am a perſon of taſte?

GEORGE.

Undoubtedly.

MARIA.

Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant; Oh! that's another thing. I have a taſte to be ſure.

GEORGE.

I know you have, Ma'am. O you're a curſed ninny. *(aſide.)*

MARIA.

Yes, I know I have. I can read tolerably; and I begin to write a little.

GEORGE.

Upon my word, you have made a great progreſs; What could old Square-Toes mean by paſſing her upon me for a ſenſible girl? And what a fool I was to be afraid to ſpeak to her? I'll talk to her openly

at once. Come ſit down, Miſs. Pray are you inclined to matrimony?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir. (*ſmiling*)

GEORGE.

Are you in love?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

Your naturals are always amorous. (*aſide*) How ſhould you like me?

MARIA.

Of all things. (*ſmiling at him*)

GEORGE.

A girl without ceremony. (*aſide*) Do you love me?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

But you don't love any body elſe?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir. (*ſmiling at him*)

GEORGE.

Frank and free. (*aſide*) But not ſo well as me?

MARIA.

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

Better may hap?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir.

GEORGE.

The devil you do! (*aſide*) And, perhaps, if I ſhould marry you, I ſhould have a chance to be made a---

MARIA.

Yes, Sir. (*looks at him and laughs*)

GEORGE.

The caſe is clear; Miſs Maria, your very humble ſervant; you are not for my money I promiſe you.

MARIA.

Sir.

GEORGE.

I have done, Ma'am, that's all, and I take my leave.

MARIA.

But you'll marry me?

GEORGE.

No, Ma'am, no; no ſuch thing. You may provide yourſelf a huſband elſewhere, I am your humble ſervant.

MARIA.

Not marry me, Mr. Philpot? But you muſt: my papa ſaid you muſt; and I will have you.

GEORGE.

There's another proof of her nonſenſe. *(aſide)* Make yourſelf eaſy, for I ſhall have nothing to do with you.

MARIA.

Not marry me, Mr. Philpot? *(burſts out in tears)* but I ſay you ſhall, and I will have a huſband, or I'll know the reaſon why. You ſhall, you ſhall---

GEORGE.

A pretty ſort of wife they intend for me here!

MARIA.

I wonder you an't aſhamed of yourſelf to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa ---I will---I will---I will. *(crying bitterly)*

GEORGE.

And ſo you may. I have no more to ſay to you; and ſo your ſervant, Miſs; your ſervant.

MARIA.

A vile barbarous man! *(cries very bitterly)* Ay! and, by goles! my brother Bob ſhall fight you.

GEORGE.

What care I for your brother Bob? *(going)*

MA-

MARIA.

How can you be ſo cruel, Mr. Philpot? How can you---Oh---(*cries and ſtruggles with him. Exit* George) (*burſts into a laugh*) I have carried my brother's ſcheme into execution charmingly. Ho! ho! he will break off the match now of his own accotd---Ha! ha! this is charming; this is fine; this is like a girl of ſpirit.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Enter CORINNA, TOM *following her.*

CORINNA.

AN elderly gentleman did you ſay?

TOM.

Yes; that ſays he has got a letter for you, Ma'am.

CORINNA.

Deſire the gentleman to walk up ſtairs. [*Exit* Tom.] Theſe old fellows will be coming after a body. But they pay well, and ſo---Servant, Sir.

Enter OLD PHILPOT.

OLD PHILPOT.

Fair lady, your very humble ſervant. Truly a blooming young girl! Madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I preſume, you know.

CORINNA.

Yes, Sir, I know Bob Poacher. He is a very good friend of mine; (*reads to herſelf*) he ſpeaks ſo handſomely of you, Sir, and ſays you are ſo much of the gentleman, that, to be ſure, Sir, I ſhall endeavour to be agreeable.

OLD

OLD PHILPOT.

Really you are very agreeable. You ſee I am punctual to my hour. (*looks at his watch*)

CORINNA.

That is a mighty pretty watch, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

Yes, Madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time. This is a mighty pretty lodging. I have twenty guineas here in a purſe, here they are; (*turns them out upon the table*) as pretty golden rogues as ever fair fingers played with.

CORINNA.

I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

OLD PHILPOT.

There are (*aſide*) ſome light guineas among them. I always put off my light guineas in this way. You are exceedingly welcome, Madam. Your fair hand looks ſo tempting, I muſt kiſs it. Oh! I could eat it up. Fair lady, your lips look ſo cherry, they actually invite the touch; (*kiſſes*) really it makes the difference of cent. per cent. in one's conſtitution. You have really a mighty pretty foot. Oh, you little rogue! I could ſmother you with kiſſes. You little delicate, charming---(*kiſſes her*)

GEORGE *within.*

GEORGE.

Gee-houp!---Awhi!---Awhi! Gallows! Awhi!

OLD.

OLD PHILPOT.

Hey---what is all that? Somebody coming!

CORINNA.

Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my ſervants will or no.

OLD PHILPOT.

What ſhall I do? I would not be ſeen for the world. Can't you hide me in that room?

CORINNA.

Dear heart! no, Sir: theſe wild young fellows take ſuch liberties. He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected. Get under the table: he ſhan't remain long, whoever he is. Here, here, Sir, get under here.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; that will do. Don't let him ſtay long. Give me another buſs. Wounds! I could---

CORINNA.

Huſh! Make haſte.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; I will, fair lady. (*creeps under the table and peeps out*) Don't let him ſtay long.

CORINNA.

Huſh! ſilence! you will ruin all elſe.

Enter GEORGE, *dreſſed out.*

GEORGE.

Sharper do your work---Awhi! Awhi! So my girl; how doſt do?

CORINNA.

I did not expect to ſee you ſo ſoon. I thought you was to be at the club. The ſervants told me you came back from the city at two o'clock to dreſs, and ſo I concluded you would have ſtaid all night as uſual.

GEORGE.

No; the run was againſt me again, and I did not care to purſue ill-fortune. But I am ſtrong in caſh, my girl.

CORINNA.

Are you?

GEORGE.

Yes, yes; caſh in plenty.

OLD PHILPOT. *(peeping)*

Ah the ungracious! Theſe are your haunts, are they?

GEORGE.

Yes, yes; I am ſtrong in caſh. I have taken in old curmudgeon ſince I ſaw you.

CORINNA.

As how, pray?

OLD PHILPOT. (*peeping out*)

Ay, as how; let us hear, pray.

GEORGE.

Why, I'll tell you.

OLD PHILPOT. (*peeping*)

Ay! let us hear.

GEORGE.

I talked a world of wiſdom to him.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay!

GEORGE.

Tipt him a few raſcally ſentiments of a ſcoundrelly kind of prudence.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay!

GEORGE.

The old curmudgeon chuckled at it.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; the old curmudgeon! ay, ay.

GEORGE.

He is a ſad old fellow!

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay! go on.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

And ſo I appeared to him as deſerving of the gallows as he is himſelf.

OLD PHILPOT.

Well ſaid boy, well ſaid; go on.

GEORGE.

And then he took a liking to me. Ay, ay, ſays he, ay, friendſhip has nothing to do with trade. George, thou art a ſon after my own heart; and then as I dealt out little maxims of penury, he grinn'd like a Jew broker, when he has cheated his principal of an eighth per cent. Ay, ay, that is the very ſpirit of trade. A fool and his money are ſoon parted. (*mimicking him*) And ſo, on he went, like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himſelf into a good humour, till, at laſt, I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

OLD PHILPOT.

I have a mind to riſe and break his bones. But then I diſcover myſelf. Lie ſtill, Iſaac, lie ſtill.

GEORGE.

I underſtand trap. I talked of a great houſe ſtopping payment. The thing was true enough, but I had no dealing with them.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay.

GEORGE.

And ſo, for fear of breaking off a match with an

ideot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me into the bargain.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, you have found it out; have ye?

GEORGE.

No old uſurer in England, grown hard-hearted in his trade, could have dealt worſe with me. I muſt have commiſſion upon theſe bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer; your bond; lawful intereſt, while I am out of my money; and the difference for ſelling out of the ſtocks. An old miſerly good for nothing ſkin-flint.

OLD PHILPOT.

My blood boils to be at him. Go on, can you tell us a little more?

GEORGE.

Po! he is an old worthleſs miſer, and ſo I will talk no more about him. Come give me a kiſs.

(*they kiſs*)

OLD PHILPOT.

The young dog, how he faſtens his lips to her!

GEORGE.

You ſhall go with me to Epſom next Sunday.

CORINNA.

Shall I? That's charming.

GEORGE.

You ſhall: in my chariot; I drive.

Co-

CORINNA.

But I don't like to see you drive.

GEORGE.

But I like it. I am as good a coachman as any in England. There was my lord---What d'ye call him---He kept a stage-coach for his own driving, but, Lord! he was nothing to me.

CORINNA.

No!

GEORGE.

Oh! no; I know my road-work, my girl, when I have my coachman's hat on---Is my hat come home?

CORINNA.

It hangs up yonder! but I don't like it.

GEORGE.

Let me see it. Ay! the very thing. Mind me when I go to work: throw my eyes about a few; handle the braces; take the off-leader by the jaw; here you, how have you curbed this horse up? Let him out a link, do you blood of a---whoo eh!---Jewel---Button!---whoo eh! Come here, you Sir, how have you coupled Gallows? You know he'll take the bar of Sharper. Take him in two holes, do. There's four pretty little knots as any in England---Whoo eh!

CORINNA.

But can't you let your coachman drive?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

No, no; ſee me mount the box, handle the reins, my wriſt turned down, ſquare my elbows, ſtamp with my foot---Gee up! off we go. Button, do you want to have us over! Do your work do---Awhi! awhi!---There we bowl away; ſee how ſharp they are---Gallows!---ſofty up hill! (*whiſtles*) there's a public-houſe. Give 'em a mouthful of water, do; and fetch me a dram---drink it off---Gee up! awhi! awhi!---There we go ſcrambling altogether: reach Epſom in an hour and forty-three minutes, all Lombard-ſtreet to an egg-ſhell, we do. There's your work my girl!---Eh! damn me.

OLD PHILPOT.

Mercy on me! What a profligate debauched young dog it is.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

WILDING.

Ha! my little Corinna---Sir, your ſervant.

GEORGE.

Your ſervant, Sir.

WILDING.

Sir, your ſervant.

GEORGE.

Any commands for me, Sir?

WILDING.

For you, Sir?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Yes, for me, Sir?

WILDING.

No, Sir, I have no commands for you.

GEORGE.

What's your buſineſs?

WILDING.

Buſineſs!

GEORGE.

Ay, buſineſs.

WILDING.

Why, very good buſineſs I think---My little Corinna---My life---My angel!

GEORGE.

Is that your buſineſs?---Pray, Sir, not ſo free, if you pleaſe.

WILDING.

Not ſo free!

GEORGE.

No, Sir! that lady belongs to me.

WILDING.

To you?

GEORGE.

Yes, to me.

WILD-

WILDING.

Who are you?

GEORGE.

As good a man as you.

WILDING.

Upon my word! Who is this fellow, Corinna? Some journeyman-taylor, I ſuppoſe, who chuſes to try on the gentleman's cloaths before he carries them home.

GEORGE.

Taylor!---What do you mean by that? You lie! I am no taylor.

WILDING.

You ſhall give me ſatisfaction for that!

GEORGE.

For what?

WILDING.

For giving me the lie.

GEORGE.

I did not,

WILDING.

You did, Sir.

GEORGE.

You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not. But if

if you have a mind for a frolick, let me put by my fword: now, Sir, come on. *(in a boxing attitude)*

WILDING.

Why, you ſcoundrel, do you think I want to box? Draw, Sir, this moment.

GEORGE.

Not I---come on.

WILDING.

Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

GEORGE.

I'll give you ſatisfaction this way.
(clenches his fiſt)

WILDING.

Draw, Sir, draw; you won't draw! There, take that, Sirrah, and that, and that, you ſcoundrel.

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay, ay; well done; lay it on---*(peeps out)*

WILDING.

And there, you raſcal; and there.

OLD PHILPOT.

Thank you; thank you. Could not he find in his heart to lay him on another for me?

CORINNA.

Pray, don't be in ſuch a paſſion.

WILDING.

My dear Corinna, don't be frighten'd; I ſhall not murder him.

OLD PHILPOT.

I am ſafe here---lie ſtill Iſaac, lie ſtill: I am ſafe.

WILDING.

The fellow has put me out of breath. *(ſits down)* (Old Philpot's *watch ſtrikes under the table*) Whoſe watch is that? (*looks round*) Hey! what is all this? (*looks under the table*) Your humble ſervant, Sir! Turn out, pray, turn out. You won't? then I'll unſhell you. *(takes away the table)* Your very humble ſervant, Sir.

GEORGE.

Confuſion! my father there all this time! *(aſide)*

WILDING.

I ſuppoſe you will give me the lie too?

OLD PHILPOT. (*ſtill on the ground*)

No, Sir; not I truly. But the gentleman there may divert himſelf again, if he has a mind.

GEORGE.

No, Sir, not I; I paſs.

OLD PHILPOT.

George, you are there I ſee.

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir, and you are there I ſee.

WILD-

WILDING.

Come riſe---Who is this old fellow?

CORINNA.

Upon my word I don't know. As I live and breathe I don't: he came after my maid, I ſuppoſe; I'll go and aſk her---let me run out of the way, and hide myſelf from this ſcene of confuſion.

[*Exit* Corinna.

GEORGE.

What an imp of hell ſhe is! (*aſide*)

WILDING.

Come, get up, Sir; you are too old to be beat.

OLD PHILPOT. (*riſing*)

In troth, ſo I am. But there you may exerciſe yourſelf again, if you pleaſe.

GEORGE.

No more for me, Sir, I thank you.

OLD PHILPOT.

I have made but a bad voyage of it. The ſhip is ſunk, and ſtock and block loſt. (*aſide*)

WILDING.

Ha, ha! upon my ſoul, I can't help laughing. As for you, Sir, you have had what you deſerv'd---And you, reverend dad, muſt come here, tottering after a punk, ha, ha!

OLD PHILPOT.

Oh! George! George!

GEORGE.

Oh! father! father!

WILDING.

Ha, ha! what father and ſon: And ſo you have found one another out, have you?---Well, you may have buſineſs, and ſo, gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourſelves. [*Exit.*

GEORGE.

This is too much to bear. What an infamous jade ſhe is! All her contrivance! Don't be angry with me, Sir. I'll go my ways this moment, tie myſelf up in the matrimonial nooſe, and never have any thing to do with theſe courſes again. *(going)*

OLD PHILPOT.

And hark you, George; tie me up in a real nooſe, and turn me off as ſoon as you will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BEAUFORT, *dreſſed as a lawyer, and* SIR JASPER WILDING, *with a bottle and glaſs in his hand.*

BEAUFORT.

No more, Sir Jaſper, I can't drink any more.

SIR JASPER.

Why you be but a weezen-fac'd drinker, Maſter Quagmire: come, man, finiſh this bottle.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT.

I beg to be excuſed: you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

SIR JASPER.

Wounds! it's all about out-houſes, and meſſuages, and barns, and ſtables, and orchards, and meadows, and lands and tenements, and woods and underwoods, and commons, and backſides. I am o'the commiſſion for Wilts, and I know the ley, and ſo truce with your jargon, Maſter Quagmire.

BEAUFORT.

But, Sir, you don't conſider, marriage is an affair of importance: it is contracted between perſons, firſt conſenting; ſecondly, free from canonical impediments; thirdly, free from civil impediments, and can only be diſſolved for canonical cauſes or levitical cauſes. See *Leviticus* xviii. and xxviii and 9th Harry VIII. chapter vii.

SIR JASPER.

You ſhall drink t'other bumper, an you talk of ley.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Philpot, Sir, and his ſon.

SIR JASPER.

I am glad of it: they will take me out of the hand of this lawyer here. [*Exit.*

BEAU-

BEAUFORT, *ſolus.*

BEAUFORT.

Well done, Beaufort! thus far you have play'd your part, as if you had been of the pumple-hoſe family of Furnival's-Inn.

SIR JASPER. (*entering*)

Maſter Philpot, I be glad you are come; this man here has ſo plagued me with his ley, but now we'll have no more about it, but ſign the papers at once.

Enter OLD PHILPOT *and* GEORGE.

OLD PHILPOT.

Sir Jaſper, twenty thouſand pounds you know is a great deal of money; a large fortune to give to your ſon with my daughter: but as George likes Maria, to forward the buſineſs, I'll advance the caſh, provided you allow me diſcount for prompt payment, and ſo then we conclude a double match.

GEORGE.

Sir, I muſt beg to ſee the young lady once more before I embark; for to be plain, ſhe appears to me a mere natural.

SIR JASPER.

I tell you what, youngſter, I find my girl a notable wench: and here, here's zon Bob.

Enter YOUNG WILDING.

SIR JASPER.

Bob, gee us your hand. I ha' finiſhed the buſi-

neſs

neſs; and zo now, here, here, here's your vather-in-law.

OLD PHILPOT.

Of all the birds in the air, is that he? *(aſide)*

SIR JASPER.

Go to un man: that's your vather:

WILDING.

This is the ſtrangeſt accident---Sir---Sir---*(ſtifling a laugh)*---I---I---Sir---upon my ſoul, I can't ſtand this. *(burſts out a laughing)*

OLD PHILPOT.

I deſerve it: I deſerve to be laughed at. *(aſide)*

GEORGE.

He has behaved like a relation to me already. *(aſide)*

SIR JASPER.

What's the matter, Bob? I tell you this is your vather-in-law. *(pulls* Old Philpot *to him)* Maſter Philpot, that's Bob---ſpeak to un Bob; ſpeak to un.

WILDING.

Sir---I---I am *(ſtifles a laugh)* I ſay, Sir---I am, Sir---extremely proud---of---

GEORGE.

Of having beat me, I ſuppoſe. *(aſide)*

WILDING.

Of the honour, Sir---of---of---*(laughs)*

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Ay! that's what he means. *(aſide)*

WILDING.

And, Sir---I---I----this opportunity----I cannot look him in the face---*(burſts out into a laugh)* Ha, ha! I cannot ſtay in the room---*(going)*

SIR JASPER.

Why the volks are all mad, I believe. You ſhall ſtay, Bob; you ſhall ſtay. *(holds him)*

WILDING.

Sir I---I cannot poſſibly---*(whiſpers his father)*

OLD PHILPOT.

George, George! what a woeful figure do we make!

GEORGE.

Bad enough of all conſcience, Sir.

SIR JASPER.

An odd adventure, Bob. *(laughs heartily)*

OLD PHILPOT.

Ay! there now he's hearing the whole affair, and they are laughing at me.

SIR JASPER. *(to* Old Philpot*)*

Ha, ha! Po, never mind it: a did not hurt un.

OLD PHILPOT.

It's all diſcovered.

SIR

SIR JASPER.

Ha, ha!---I told ye zon Bob could find a hare ſquat upon her form with any he in Chriſtendom. Ha, ha! never mind it man, Bob meant no harm. Here, here, Bob, here's your vather, and there's your brother. I ſhould like to ha'zeen un under the table.

WILDING.

Gentlemen, your moſt obedient.

(ſtifling a laugh)

OLD PHILPOT.

Sir, your ſervant. He has lick'd George well, and I forgive him.

SIR JASPER.

Well, young gentleman, which way is your mind now?

GEORGE.

Why, Sir, to be plain, I find your daughter an ideot.

SIR JASPER.

Zee her again then: zee her again. Here, you, ſirrah, ſend our Moll hither.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir.

SIR JASPER.

And then we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and ſettle matters there. Hoic! hoic---Our Moll---Tally over.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

Did you call me, papa?

SIR JASPER.

There, the gentleman wants to ſpeak with you. Behave like a clever wench as you are. Come along good folks: Maſter Quagmire, come and finiſh the buſineſs.

[*Exit ſinging, with* Old Philpot *and* Beaufort, *manent* George *and* Maria.]

GEORGE.

I know ſhe is a fool, and ſo I will ſpeak to her without ceremony. Well, Miſs, you told me you could read and write.

MARIA.

Read, Sir, Heavens!---*(looking at him)* Ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

What does ſhe laugh at?

MARIA.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

What diverts you ſo, pray?

MARIA.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a fine tawdry figure you have made of yourſelf?

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Figure, Madam!

MARIA.

I ſhall die, I ſhall die! Ho! ho! ho!

GEORGE.

Do you make a laughing-ſtock of me?

MARIA.

No, Sir, by no means---(*laughs*)

GEORGE.

Let me tell you, Miſs, I don't underſtand being treated thus.

MARIA.

Sir, I can't poſſibly help it---I---I---ha, ha!

GEORGE.

I ſhall quit the room, and tell your papa if you go on thus.

MARIA.

Sir, I beg your pardon a thouſand times. I am but a giddy girl. I cannot help it---I---I---ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Ma'am, this is downright inſult.

MARIA.

Sir, you look ſomehow or other---I don't know how, ſo---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Did you never ſee a gentleman dreſs'd before?

MARIA.

Never like you---I beg your pardon, Sir---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Now here is an ideot in ſpirits. I tell you this is your ignorance: I am dreſs'd in high taſte.

MARIA.

Yes, ſo you are---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Will you have done laughing?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir, I will---I will---there---there---there ---I have done.

GEORGE.

Do ſo then, and behave as you ought to do.

MARIA.

I will, Sir;---I won't look at him, and then I ſhan't laugh.

GEORGE.

Let me tell you, Miſs, that nobody underſtands dreſs better than I do.

MARIA.

Ho! ho! ho!

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

She's mad.

MARIA.

No, Sir, I am not mad---I have done, Sir---I I have done---I aſſure you, Sir, that nobody is more averſe from ill manners. I ſhould be very ſorry to affront a gentleman---Ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

Again! What do you mean? You'll put me in a paſſion, I can tell you, preſently.

MARIA.

I can't help it---indeed I can't---Beat me if you will, but let me laugh---I can't help it---ha, ha, ha!

GEORGE.

I am not uſed to ſuch uſage, Miſs.

MARIA.

I ſhall die---Do, Sir, let me laugh---it will do me good---Ha, ha, ha!

(ſits down in a fit of laughing)

GEORGE.

If this is your way, I won't ſtay a moment longer in the room. I'll go this moment and tell your father.

MARIA.

Sir, Sir, Mr. Philpot, don't be ſo haſty, Sir. I have done, Sir; it's over now. I have had my laugh out. I am a giddy girl, but I'll be grave. I'll compoſe myſelf and act a different ſcene with him from

from what I did in the morning. I have all the materials of an impertinent wit, and I will now twirl him about the room, like a boy ſetting up his top with his finger and thumb. *(aſide)*

GEORGE.

Miſs, I think you told me you can read and write.

MARIA.

Read, Sir! Reading is the delight of my life. Do you love reading, Sir?

GEORGE.

Prodigiouſly. How pert ſhe is grown? I have read very little, and I'm reſolved for the future to read leſs. *(aſide)* What have you read, Miſs?

MARIA.

Every thing.

GEORGE.

You have?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir, I have.

GEORGE.

Oh! brave---and do you remember what you read, Miſs?

MARIA.

Not ſo well as I could wiſh. Wits have ſhort memories.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

Oh! you are a wit too?

MARIA.

I am: and do you know that I feel myſelf provoked to a ſimile now?

GEORGE.

A ſimile! Let us hear it.

MARIA.

What do you think we are both like?

GEORGE.

Like! I played once at what's my thought like, and I could not make any thing of it.

MARIA.

We are like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

GEORGE.

Jenny in Dryden's fable!

MARIA.

The fanning breeze upon her boſom blows;
To meet the fanning breeze her boſom roſe.

That's me----now you.

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went [mimicks] *for want of thought.*

GEORGE.

This is not the ſame girl. *(diſconcerted)*

MA-

MARIA.

Mark again, mark again:

The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that teſtified ſurprize.
(*He looks fooliſh, ſhe laughs at him*)

GEORGE.

I muſt take care how I ſpeak to her; ſhe is not the fool I took her for. (*aſide*)

MARIA.

You ſeem ſurprized, Sir: but this is my way. I I read, Sir, and then I apply. I have read every thing; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Llandſdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addiſon, Pope, Young, Thompſon.

GEORGE.

Hey! the devil---what a clack is here!
[*He walks away.*

MARIA. (*following him eagerly*)

Shakeſpear, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wicherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanbrugh, Steel, in ſhort every body; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, ſpirit, genius, taſte, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and ſentiment.---Well done, Miſs Notable! you have played your part like a young actreſs in high favour with the town. (*aſide*)

GEORGE.

Her tongue goes like a water-mill.

MA-

MARIA.

What do you ſay to me now, Sir?

GEORGE.

Say!---I don't know what the devil to ſay.
(*Aſide*)

MARIA.

What's the matter, Sir? Why you look as if the ſtocks were fallen; or like London-bridge at low water; or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen; or like a politician without news; or like a prude without ſcandal; or like a great lawyer without a brief; or like ſome lawyers with one---or---

GEORGE.

Or like a poor devil of a huſband hen-peck'd by a wit, and ſo ſay no more about it. What a capricious piece here is! (*aſide*)

MARIA.

Oh, fy! you have ſpoil'd all. I had not half done.

GEORGE.

There is enough of all conſcience. You may content yourſelf.

MARIA.

But I am not ſo eaſily contented. I like a ſimile half a mile long.

GEORGE.

I ſee you do.

MARIA.

And I make verſes too; verſes like an angel; off hand, extempore. Can you give me an extempore?

GEORGE.

What does ſhe mean!---No, Miſs, I have never a one about me.

MARIA.

You can't give an extempore? Oh! for ſhame, Mr. Philpot. I love an extempore of all things; and I love the poets dearly, their ſenſe ſo fine, their invention rich as Pactolus.

GEORGE.

A poet rich as Pactolus! I have heard of Pactolus in the city.

MARIA.

Very like.

GEORGE.

But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

MARIA.

As who?

GEORGE.

Pactolus---he was a great Jew merchant; lived in the ward of Farringdon without.

MARIA.

Pactolus, a Jew merchant! Pactolus is a river.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

A river!

MARIA.

Yes---don't you underſtand geography?

GEORGE.

The girl's crazy!

MARIA.

Oh! Sir---if you don't underſtand geography, you are nobody. I underſtand geography, and orthography; you know I told you I can write: and I can dance too---Will you dance a minuet?

(*ſings and dances*)

GEORGE.

You ſhan't lead me a dance, I promiſe you.

MARIA.

Oh! very well, Sir: you refuſe me? Remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'll be ready to hang yourſelf.

GEORGE.

Not I, I promiſe you.

MARIA.

Oh! mighty well: remember my words---I'll do it---you ſhall ſee---ha, ha!

(*Runs off in a fit of laughing*)

GEORGE.

Marry you! I would as ſoon carry my wife to live in Bow-ſtreet, and write over the door "Phil-"pot's punch-houſe."

Enter OLD PHILPOT *and* SIR JASPER.

SIR JASPER. (*ſinging*)

"*So rarely ſo bravely we'll hunt him over the downs,* "*and we'll hoop and we'll hollow.*" Gee us your hand, young gentleman; well, what zay ye to un now? Ben't ſhe a clever girl?

GEORGE.

A very extraordinary girl indeed.

SIR JASPER.

Did not I tell un zo? Then you have nothing to do but to conſummate as ſoon as you will.

GEORGE.

No, you may keep her, Sir: I thank you: I'll have nothing to do with her.

OLD PHILPOT.

What's the matter now, George?

GEORGE.

Po! ſhe is a wit.

SIR JASPER.

Ay! I told un zo.

GEORGE.

And that's worſe than t'other. I had rather marry a fool by half.

SIR JASPER.

Odds heart! I am afraid you are no great wit.

Enter

Enter MARIA.

MARIA.

Well, papa, the gentleman won't have me.

OLD PHILPOT.

The numſkull won't do as his father bids him; and ſo, Sir Jaſper, with your conſent I'll make a propoſal to the young lady myſelf.

MARIA.

How! what does he ſay?

OLD PHILPOT.

I am in great vigour, and can be a briſk lover ſtill. Fair lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning ſun in the ſpring: it melts away the froſt of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature.

(falls a coughing)

MARIA.

Delightfull! I ſhould like to have a ſcene with him.

SIR JASPER.

Hey! what's in the wind now? This won't take. My girl ſhall have fair play. No old fellow ſhall totter to her bed. What ſay you, my girl, will you rock his cradle?

MARIA.

Sir, I have one ſmall doubt. Pray can I have two huſbands at a time?

GEORGE.

There's a queſtion now! She is grown fooliſh again.

OLD PHILPOT.

Fair lady, the law of the land---

SIR JASPER.

Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of law; I know the law better nor any on ye. Two huſbands at once? No; no; men are ſcarce, and that's downright poaching.

MARIA.

I am ſorry for it, Sir: for then I can't marry him, I ſee.

SIR JASPER.

Why not?

MARIA.

I am contracted to another.

SIR JASPER.

Contracted! To whom?

MARIA.

To Mr. Beaufort, that gentleman, Sir.

OLD PHILPOT.

That gentleman!

BEAUFORT.

Yes, Sir, (*throws open his gown*) my name is BEAU-

Beaufort. And I hope, Sir Jaſper, when you conſider my fortune, and my real affection for your daughter, you will generouſly forgive the ſtratagem I have made uſe of.

SIR JASPER.

Maſter Quagmire! what are you young Beaufort all this time?

OLD PHILPOT.

All a trick; this will never do.

BEAUFORT.

But it will do, Sir. You have ſigned the deeds for your daughter's marriage to my friend Wilding; and Sir Jaſper by this inſtrument has made me his ſon-in-law.

OLD PHILPOT.

How is this? How is this? Then, Sir Jaſper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I ſuppoſe, for you know---

SIR JASPER.

Catch me at that, an ye can! I fulfilled my promiſe, and your ſon refuſed, and ſo the wench has looked out ſlily for herſelf elſewhere. Did I not tell you ſhe was a clever girl? I ben't aſham'd o' my girl. Our Moll, you have done no harm, and Mr. Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll ſtand to what I have ſigned, though you have taken me by ſurprize.

WILDING.

Bravo! my ſcheme has ſucceeded rarely.

OLD PHILPOT.

And ſo here I am bubbled and chouſed out of my money. George! George! what a day's work have we made of it? Well, if it muſt be ſo, be it ſo. I deſire, young gentleman, you'll come and take my daughter away to-morrow morning. And, I'll tell you what, here, here---Take my family watch into the bargain; and I wiſh it may play you juſt ſuch another trick as it has me; that's all. I'll never go intriguing with a family watch again.

MARIA.

Well, Sir! (*to* George) what do you think of me now? An't I a connoiſſeur, Sir! and a virtuoſo? Ha! ha!

GEORGE.

Yes; and much good may it do your huſband. I have been connoiſſeured among ye to ſome purpoſe. Bubbled at play; duped by my wench; cudgeled by a rake; laughed at by a girl; detected by my father; and there is the ſum total of all I have got at this end of the town.

OLD PHILPOT.

This end of the town! I deſire never to ſee it again while I live. I'll pop into a hackney-coach this moment, drive to Mincing-lane, and never venture back to this ſide of Temple-bar. (*going*)

GEORGE.

And, Sir, Sir!---ſhall I drive you? I'll overturn him at the firſt corner. (*going*)

SIR

SIR JASPER.

No, no; you ſhan't go zo, neither. You ſhall ſtay and crack a bottle. [*ſtops them both.*

OLD PHILPOT *and* GEORGE *come forward and ſpeak the*

EPILOGUE:

FATHER.

OH! George, George, George! *'tis ſuch young rakes as you,*
That bring vile jokes, and foul diſhonour too,
Upon our city youth.

GEORGE.

'Tis very true.

FATHER.

St. James's end o' th' town---

GEORGE.

No place for me.

FATHER.

No truly, no: their manners diſagree
With ours intirely: yet you there muſt run,
To ape their follies.

GEORGE.

And am ſo undone.

FATHER.

There you all learn a vanity in vice,
You turn mere fops; you game.

GEORGE.

Oh damn the dice.

FATHER.

Bubbled at play---

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir.

FATHER.

By every common cheat.

GEORGE.

Ay! here's two witneſſes---(pulls out his pockets)

FATHER.

You get well beat.

GEORGE.

A witneſs too of that, (ſhews his head) *and there's another.* (*to* Young Wilding)

FATHER.

You dare to give affronts.

GEORGE.

Wounds ſuch a pother!---

FATHER.

Affronts to gentlemen!

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

'Twas a raſh action.

FATHER.

Damn me, you lie! I'll give you ſatisfaction.
(mimicking)
Drawn in by ſtrumpets, and detected too!

GEORGE.

That's a ſad thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you.

FATHER.

The dog, he has me there.

GEORGE.

Think you it right,
Under a table------

FATHER.

Miſerable plight!

GEORGE.

For grave threeſcore to ſculk with trembling knees,
And envy each young lover that he ſees!
Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam?

FATHER.

Wou'd I had ſtay'd to caſt accounts at home.

GEORGE.

Ay! there's another vice! With anxious care---

FATHER.

Sirrah, have done: theſe taunts I cannot bear.

GEORGE.

You brood for ever o'er your much-lov'd ſtore,
And ſcraping cent. per cent. *ſtill pine for more.*

At Jonathan's, where millions are undone,
Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your ſon.

FATHER.

Raſcal, enough!

GEORGE.

I could but I am loth---

FATHER.

Enough! This jury (to the Audience*) will convict us both.*

GEORGE.

Then to the court we'd better make ſubmiſſion.
Ladies and gentlemen, with true contrition,
I here repent my faults. Ye courtly train,
Farewel!---farewel, ye giddy and ye vain!
I now take up; forſake the gay and witty,
To live henceforth a credit to the city.

FATHER.

You ſee me here quite cover'd o'er with ſhame,
I hate long ſpeeches, but I'll do the ſame.
Come, George, *to mend is all the beſt can boaſt.*

GEORGE.

Then let us in---

FATHER.

And this ſhall be our toaſt:
May Britain't thunder on her foes he hurl'd,

GEORGE.

And London prove the market of the world!

No One's Enemy but his Own.

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.

PERSIUS.

Plenus rimarum ſum: hac atque illac perfluo.

TER.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

BOLD was the man, and fenc'd in ev'ry part
With oak, and ten-fold braſs about his heart,
To build a Play who tortur'd firſt his brain,
And then dar'd launch it on this ſtormy main.
What tho', at firſt, he ſpreads his little ſails
To Heav'n's indulgent and propitious gales?
As the land gradual leſſens to his eye,
He finds a troubled ſea, and low'ring ſky:
Envy, detraction, calumny, and ſpite,
Raiſe a worſe ſtorm than when the winds unite.
Around his bark, in many a dang'rous ſhoal,
Thoſe monſters of the deep, the critics, prowl.
" *She's a weak veſſel, for theſe ſeas unfit,*
" *And has on board her not a ſpice of wit:*
" *She's French-built too; of foreign make,*" *they cry;*
Like geeſe, ſtill cackling that the Gauls are nigh.
If thrown on rocks by the hoarſe daſhing wave,
Th' unhappy crew no hand is ſtretch'd to ſave;
But round the wreck, like Moors, with furious joy,
The witlings crowd, to murder and deſtroy.
Theſe are known dangers; and, ſtill full as certain,
The bard meets other ills behind the curtain.
Little you think, ere yet you fix his fate,
What previous miſchiefs there in ambuſh wait;
What plagues ariſe from all the mimic throng:
" *My part's too ſhort;---and, Sir, my part's too long.*"
This calls for incident; that repartee.
" *Down the back ſtairs pen an eſcape for me.*
" *Give me a ladder, Mr. Bayes, of rope;*
" *I love to wear the breeches, and elope.*
" *Something for me the groundlings ears to ſplit.*
" *Write a dark cloſet, or a fainting fit.*
" *Fix* Woodward *in ſome whimſical diſgrace:*
" *Or be facetious with* Ned Shuter's *face.*"

This

This is our way, and yet our bard to-night
Removes each obſtacle, and ſprings to light.
Some ſcenes, we hope, he brings to nature true,
Some gleams of humour, and a moral too;
No forms, groteſque and wild, are here at ſtrife:
He boaſts an etching from the real life;
Exerts his efforts in a poliſh'd age,
To drive the Smithfield muſes from the ſtage;
By eaſy dialogue would win your praiſe
And on fair decency graft all his bays.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CARELESS,	Mr. WOODWARD.
SIR PHILIP FIGUREIN,	Mr. SHUTER.
WISELY,	Mr. ROSS.
BELLFIELD,	Mr. SMITH.
BLUNT,	Mr. CLARKE.
BRAZEN, ſervant to WISELY,	Mr. CUSHING.
CRIB, a Taylor,	Mr. COSTOLLO.
LA JEUNESSE, a French barber,	Mr. HOLTOM.
TOM, ſervant to CARELESS,	Mr. ****.

WOMEN.

LUCINDA,	Miſs ELLIOT.
HORTENSIA,	Mrs. WARD.

Scene WINDSOR.

No One's Enemy but his Own.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter CARELESS *and* BLUNT.

CARELESS.

OH! ho! ho!---that laſt ſtroke I ſhall never ſurvive. My dear Blunt, you are no reader of character: the ſcience is beyond you: you don't know me.

BLUNT.

No man knows his own houſe better than I do you.

CARELESS.

Wrong, poſitively wrong.

BLUNT.

You may flatter yourſelf, Careleſs, but I wiſh you had a little of our friend Wiſely in your compoſition.

CARELESS.

Wrong again! Wiſely indeed has the name of a good ſort of a ſenſible kind of man; but the heart is never concerned in any one action of his life.

BLUNT.

Why, as to his heart---

CARELESS.

He has none; no heart at all: his affections are all contracted into a narrow regard for ſelf, and his underſtanding points for ever to ſchemes of intereſt.

BLUNT.

And your heart has made a window in your breaſt, where every body may look and ſee what paſſes within. Shakeſpeare has touched you to the life: "Your heart upon your ſleeve, for daws to "peck at.

CARELESS.

There again! You obſervers of character are the ſtrangeſt characters yourſelves! I am grown very ſecret of late: I don't believe there's even a uſurer about town can hold his tongue better.

BLUNT.

S'death, man! you are the very ſieve of your own intentions; the marplot of your own deſigns; I would as ſoon truſt a ſecret with the printer of a daily paper. How did you loſe your election?

CARELESS.

Po! an old ſtory: but that has taught me wiſdom.

BLUNT.

And your wiſdom conſiſts in repenting of one folly, to commit a new one the next moment. Have you ſaid nothing of Lucinda lately.

CARELESS.

Not a ſyllable.

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

You have not ſhewn her letter?

CARELESS.

Letter!---I!

BLUNT.

You have ſhewn it, and there is Bellfield in a rage about a paragraph relating to himſelf.

CARELESS.

Well, now, that is very hard. I never ſhewed that letter to any body but Jack Tattle.

BLUNT.

It was not he that betrayed you: when did you ſee Lady Betty Gabble?

CARELESS.

My Lady Betty? I---I repeated a paſſage to my Lady *Betty Gabble*, only by way of converſation.

BLUNT.

And by way of converſation you are ever working your own ruin.

CARELESS.

Confuſion! there is no truſting any body. My Lady Betty told me the whole affair between her and Sir George---

BLUNT.

And you told it to Lucinda; ſhe whiſpered half a dozen intimates, and ſo the ſtory has gone on gathering like a ſnow ball.

CARELESS.

'Sdeath! the people that liſten to idle ſtories ſhould be all hung up by the ear---

BLUNT.

So the old poet has ſaid; but he adds, that all who fetch and carry ſtories ſhould be hung up by the tongue. Caution is neceſſary: ridicule is the taſte of the age: every man you meet is a pleaſant fellow: he has picked up a character, an incident, a ſtory, a damned high ſtory; he goes to the play with it; tells it in a ſide box; buzz, it goes round the houſe; whiſks away to the card table, and ſo flies all over the town.

CARELESS.

All this is true, but I am a new man---

BLUNT.

Po!---Bellfield has outwitted you: he will marry Lucinda.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! now you ſee I can keep a ſecret. I have been engaged upon a better proſpect this week paſt; you have been here at Windſor in the ſame houſe with me for three days, and yet not the wiſer.

BLUNT.

Three entire days!

CARELESS.

Yes; three entire days; and I have been cloſe as oak. Ha! ha! you will be ſurprized. Ha! ha! the

the greateſt thing in the world! Ha! ha!---you will never gueſs it---ha! ha! a prodigious hit!

BLUNT.

Thou art an honeſt fellow, Careleſs, and no one's enemy but your own.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!---I ſhall have the command of a borough.

BLUNT.

Very well! Keep your ſecret---

CARELESS.

The charming, blooming widow---

BLUNT.

Why ſpeak of it?

CARELESS.

Only to you, man; only to you; my dear Blunt, if you will promiſe me---

BLUNT.

No; I promiſe nothing: I muſt ſtep and write a letter: Wiſely carries it to town for me: he will be here preſently---

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!---Hortenſia, my dear boy---

BLUNT.

There now!---how did you gain acceſs to her?

CARE-

CARELESS.

I knew it would ſurprize you. Ha! ha!---I am ruined, if a ſyllable takes wind.

BLUNT.

Why ſhe has broke off ſeveral matches already, becauſe her fools were ſo imprudent as to make her the town talk.

CARELESS.

Very true: but ſhe is come-at-able for all that: a warm amorous widow I can tell you, and---

Enter TOM.

TOM.

Your Honour's taylor from London, and your peruke-maker.

CARELESS.

Shew them in. [*Exit* Tom] Ha! ha!---Blunt---preparations for my wedding! Bellfield may marry Lucinda; I ſhall loſe no prize by it---ha! ha!---have not I managed it well?

BLUNT.

You begin your triumph before the victory is gained.

Enter CRIB *and* LA JEUNESSE, *and Man with a Wig.*

CARELESS.

Walk in, Mr. Crib---Ha! La Jeuneſſe---Blunt, Blunt---a ſeal upon your lips.

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

Keep your own ſecrets, if you can. [*Exit.*

LA JEUNESSE.

Monſieur, I have l'honneur to make you ſuch wig as will be de wonder of de town.

CRIB.

And I have brought you ſuch a ſuit of cloaths! I ſhall ſo admire them, when your Honour has them on: the greateſt pleaſure of my life is to admire my own cloaths.

LA JEUNESSE.

Me go to de Mall every Sunday to ſee my wig it walk by.

CRIB.

And I go as often as I can to ſee my cloaths make a figure.

CARELESS.

Oh! you are both eminent in your vocations---

CRIB.

Ah! Sir---you will be ſuch a handſome bride-groom in this ſuit. Will your Honour try it on?

CARELESS.

I dare ſay it is elegance itſelf.---Monſieur La Jeuneſſe, you may fit on the wig.

LA JEUNESSE.

De tout mon cœur.---A ça---wid dis wig, you will look comme *un ange*.---Dis wig! It is not wig---it is head of hair---has it de honneur to ſit eaſy upon your head?

CARE-

CARELESS.

Perfectly eaſy.

LA JEUNESSE.

It is nature make dat, and not me.

CRIB.

When my cloaths are on, Madam Lucinda will ſo admire you---

CARELESS.

You think I am to be married to her, do you?

LA JEUNESSE.

It is all de talk of de great vorl.

CARELESS.

You are two very fooliſh fellows.

Enter BLUNT, *liſtening.*

LA JEUNESSE.

She will be ſo *en amour* wid my wig.

CARELESS.

You are a French coxcomb. An intrigue with Lucinda might amuſe a body's time, and perhaps I am not without hopes of ſucceſs.

LA JEUNESSE.

By gar, you may hope for intrigue wid who you will. My wig it is not eaſy reſiſt. My wig it have more intrigue dan any gentleman in all de town. My Lady Brilliante,----my Lady Carmine,----my Lady Bell-

Bellair,---Madam Lurewell, it was my wig ruin dem all.

CRIB.

And my cloaths have had ſo many fine women---

CARELESS.

Well, when you hear of a rich blooming widow---

BLUNT.

'Sdeath! going to blab.---So: I have writ my letter---

CARELESS.

Have you?---Gentlemen, I have no further occaſion---

CRIB.

Your Honour's moſt obedient--- [*Exit.*

LA JEUNESSE.

By gar I long to know my wig who it is to be marry to--- [*Exit.*

BLUNT.

Going to truſt theſe fellows!---

CARELESS.

Po! two ſilly raſcals! they will think no more about it.

BLUNT.

And thus you reconcile yourſelf to your follies. Hortenſia will require different behaviour.

CARELESS.

Oh! yes, ſo ſhe tells me in a dear charming letter ---*(ſearches his pockets)* Hey!---what have I done with it? Confuſion!---If it is loſt---Here, Tom, Richard, George---run to my dreſſing-room, and ſee if I left a letter upon the table---

BLUNT.

This is being qualified for a ſecret.

CARELESS.

Diſtraction!---I was upon the Terras laſt night---If I dropt it there---no---no---no---I have it ſafe; you ſee, Blunt, I am cloſe; now you ſhall hear---

Enter WISELY.

WISELY.

Careleſs your ſervant: Blunt, is your letter ready?

CARELESS.

My dear Wiſely, I am ſorry we are to loſe you: but before you go, liſten, thou dear rogue, to this divine epiſtle----(*reads*) "Hortenſia preſents her "compliments"

WISELY.

Hortenſia to him!---Well, Sir.

CARELESS.

"Preſents her compliments to Mr. Careleſs: ſhe "will meet him this evening at Sir PHILIP FIGURE-"IN's Maſk; and in the mean time expects he will "hide from the world this declaration of her heart, "which

" which his merit has extorted from her."---There's a billet doux!

BLUNT.

You obey the lady's commands moſt admirably.

CARELESS.

Po! this is only among ourſelves.

WISELY.

Nothing more: he is very ſafe with us;---(*aſide*) not if I can help it---

Enter TOM.

TOM.

SIR PHILIP FIGUREIN has ſent to know if your Honour will meet him on the Terras before dinner---

CARELESS.

I'll wait on him. [*Exit* Tom] Blunt, will you take a turn with the Knight?

BLUNT.

No, I am tired of his abſurdities, and your's too. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

Well ſaid philoſopher!---Ha! ha!---he calls me the *Marplot* of my own deſigns; but I can confide in you.

WISELY.

I am obliged to you for the intelligence, and I ſhall make a very proper uſe of it.

CARELESS.

Come and take a turn with me on the Terras, before you ſet out: I will tell you more as we walk along: pleaſure itſelf is inſipid unleſs imparted to a friend. It is a rare conqueſt, is not it? This is enough to make Hortenſia's diſcarded lovers challenge me, fight me, kill me---Oh! ho! ho!---

[*Exeunt.*

Scene the TERRAS.

Enter LUCINDA *and* BELLFIELD.

BELLFIELD.

You may depend upon it, Lucinda: in ſpite of all this raillery, you will make me the happy man at laſt.

LUCINDA.

Can you go on, Sir?

BELLFIELD.

And ſo, like a good-natured General, I invite you to capitulate, when the town can hold out no longer.

LUCINDA.

You miſtake, Mr. Bellfield: the citadel (*laying her hand to her breaſt*) is ſtill proof againſt all the artillery you have played off. I think you have not been able to throw in much fire, Mr. Bellfield.

BELLFIELD.

I have a ſecret friend there will betray the place to me.

LU-

LUCINDA.

What if you have a ſecret enemy there? Nature, you will allow, knows where to plant her antipathies.

BELLFIELD.

Oh! certainly: ſhe delights in blending contradictions to embelliſh the fair, and give her the graces of variety. A ſort of Moſaic work, where folly is inlaid with talents; a love of pleaſure with virtue, or with pride; a power of pleaſing with a perverſe delight in giving pain; and as the poet ſays,

"Fix'd principles with fancy ever new;
"Shakes all together, and produces---you."

LUCINDA.

Upon my word, this is a little extraordinary: by convincing me that you can with curious diſcernment ſpy out every little foible, you think to recommend yourſelf to my notice. Take care, Sir: you know how Apollo ſerved the critic, who collected all the faults in a celebrated poem.

BELLFIELD.

As how?

LUCINDA.

Why, from a parcel of wheat he ordered him to ſeparate the chaff, and take it for his pains.

BELLFIELD.

Oh! that was becauſe the man had no reliſh for the beauties, whereas my admiration---

LUCINDA.

Is all engroſſed by yourſelf; and for that reaſon, you have been in my black liſt---let me ſee how long (*takes out a pocket book*)---" A liſt of the men I never " will marry"---Let me ſee---(*turns over the leaves*) let me ſee----(*reads*) Mr. Worthleſs condemned May the 19th.---

BELLFIELD.

Worthleſs !---he married a rich heireſs, I think---

LUCINDA.

And took on prodigiouſly at her death---he made love to me in his weepers, and I hated him for an impoſtor, worſe than Maria does Doctor Wolf in the Nonjuror.---(*reads*) Lord Hazard ! he had a pale quality-face, and a genteel emaciated figure. I ſaw that the queen of trumps was the greateſt beauty in his eyes, and ſo I diſmiſſed him from my ſervice, and he told the world that he reſigned.

BELLFIELD.

Ha ! ha !---I ſee ſhe will drop into my arms.

LUCINDA.

Where the deuce is your name ?---Morelove---Dorimant--Blackacre.--Oh ! this Mr. Blackacre was a curioſity !---Not one civil word to my perſon, but all about my eſtate, and when the preſent leaſes expire, he would let it at an improved rent.

BELLFIELD.

A fellow fit only to be the ſteward of your manor.

LU-

LUCINDA.

The man was counted handſome, but I never thought ſo---a florid bloom, and a certain inſipidity that I hated---He brought me all the news---

BELLFIELD.

Ay!

LUCINDA.

Oh! all; but none that I valued; no news about the little victories this figure obtained in the world; no advices of what was ſaid about my laſt new cap; he never came with "We hear from Ranelagh that Lucinda's eyes ſcattered death and torment among the beaux laſt Friday night"-----his was all political intelligence---At ten in the morning a battle was fought, and the French loſt three Princes of the Blood, and five Mareſhalls of France.---At twelve, the news was doubtfull---At two, an expreſs arrived at the Secretary of State's office.---In the evening the victory was not quite ſo compleat, and a noble Lord was heard to ſay, if a certain General had done his duty, the ballance of Europe had been ſettled.---At night, the whole report was falſe, and there was no battle at all.

BELLFIELD.

You would have had a mere newſpaper for your huſband.

LUCINDA.

Oh! horrid! So I told him, and that whenever he was out of hand, or not beſpoke, that I ſhould order my ſervants to take him in by way of the Morning Chronicle, or the Gazetteer.

BELL-

BELLFIELD.

A pretty group of humouriſts you have collected.

LUCINDA.

Enough to furniſh out a comedy. The vain, the proud, the dull, the briſk, every ſpecies of abſurdity has been my moſt humble ſervant. But where is your name?---Oh! here---Mr. Bellfield!---

BELLFIELD.

Now bring him on the ſtage---

LUCINDA.

Condemned for looking at himſelf in the glaſs for a full half hour, while he was directing his diſcourſe to me---

BELLFIELD.

How can you run on thus? You know I have worſhipped you even to idolatry, and have offered up vows on my very knees.

LUCINDA.

But I require true devotion in your prayers. Would it not provoke the patience of a ſaint, to have a powdered fop kneel at his ſhrine, with "There's a "handſome fellow for you; mind my dreſs, Bruſ-"ſels' lace, diamond ring, ſaucy ſnuff-box, and im-"pudent face." And this too under the notion of aſking a bleſſing.

BELLFIELD.

I never knew you ſo much out: would not you have me approach you with a good conſcience? And what are the pleaſures of a good conſcience? Self-appro-

approbation. Beſides, darts and flames, and Cupid are all out of faſhion now, and therefore in plain Engliſh, I love you: I ſhall ſtudy your happineſs; and ſo let me call the parſon.

LUCINDA.

I am frightened at you: you are a very free-thinker in love: preach this doctrine to the ladies, and you will be thought an infidel. Love's religion is a ſort of popery, and requires penance, and faſting, and prayers in a language almoſt unintelligible. But you ſay your prayers in the vulgar tongue; "and ſo let me call the parſon."---

BELLFIELD.

And as ſighs, verſes, and fine things, muſt end in that at laſt, you may as well wave ceremony, for as to Careleſs,---

LUCINDA.

Careleſs! I deſire you will never mention him.--- Even from ſuch a wretch as *La Jeuenſſe*, I could hear the ſcandal he talks of me.

BELLFIELD.

Scandal of you!

LUCINDA.

An intrigue will ſerve his turn, and my character enſures him ſucceſs.

BELLFIELD.

He ſhall anſwer it to me: pronounce me unworthy of your love, if the injury is not redreſſed within this hour. [*Exit*,

LUCINDA.

A ſcurrilous wretch!----Hey!----Mr. Bellfield gone!---Did not he talk of calling the baſe man to an account?---I hope he will not be ſo mad.---So---ſo---Mr. Careleſs this way---I believe I ſhall reſign my perſon to Bellfield in order to pique the wretch. [*Exit.*

Enter CARELESS *and* WISELY.

CARELESS.

Ha! ha!---poor Sir Philip---I am glad we have got rid of him. A paſſion for dancing when the uſe of his limbs has almoſt left him! He is ſeventy, is not he?

WISELY.

Not very ſhort of it, and in high ſpirits ſtill.

CARELESS.

Spirits! he dances about the world as if he was bit by a tarantula. He has not a ſingle idea but what is derived from dancing. Aſk what ſort of a place ſuch a town is---"They have a very good "Monday night Aſſembly."---How many miles from London?---"They often dance forty couple."

WISELY.

You have him exactly.

CARELESS.

Well, but now we have a moment to ourſelves, have not I ſucceeded rarely with Hortenſia?

WISE-

WISELY.

To my aſtoniſhment.

CARELESS.

I thought ſo. Now, as you are going to town, here is a ſnuff-box with her picture in it: ſhe gave it to me as a pledge of her love: I let it fall laſt night upon the Terras, and have damaged it a little: leave it at *Deards'* as you paſs by, and order it to be mended.

WISELY.

With all my heart: let me ſee.

CARELESS.

There---is not it a beautiful picture?

WISELY.

Admirable!---This picture (*aſide*) ſhall be his ruin.

CARELESS.

But not a word, my dear fellow.---(Sir Philip *ſings*) 'Sdeath!---Sir Philip again to interrupt us. He gives a maſked ball to-night: I ſhall have ſome buſineſs upon my hands there: he little ſuſpects his lady: I could tell you a ſecret about her---

WISELY.

She is young, he is old, and you are well with her ladyſhip--

CARELESS.

Yes, I am much her in her good graces: if you ſee hereafter the likeneſs of your humble ſervant in

a boy of her's, tip me a ſmile, but keep your mind to yourſelf---Huſh! here comes Sir Philip, with St. Vitus ſtrong upon him---

Enter SIR PHILIP FIGUREIN.

SIR PHILIP. *(in a minuet ſtep)*

I forgot to tell you, Careleſs; Mr. Wiſely, I forgot to tell you; the maſk begins at ſix in the evening.

CARELESS.

So your lady has informed me.

SIR PHILIP.

Has ſhe?---*(turning out his toes)* I recollect; ſo ſhe told me---a little *Fete Champetre* that I have deviſed---You intend to---La! loll *(ſinging and dancing)* you intend to come early---la! loll---

CARELESS.

By all means---

SIR PHILIP. *(advancing in a minuet ſtep)*

We ſhall be all gaiety, briſkneſs, and activity of ſpirit.---Mr. Wiſely, you intend to honour us?

WISELY.

I am afraid not, Sir: I have not your ſpirits---

SIR PHILIP.

(throwing back his ſhoulders, turning out his toes, and ſinking and riſing)

All owing to the exerciſe I take. I dance three thouſand miles a year.

WISE-

WISELY.

So much!

CARELESS.

More; he dances more; he danced to Italy and back again in a ſhorter time than ever was performed.

SIR PHILIP.

Yes, I was expeditious: did you never hear of it? I was reſolved to have a *cotillon* upon the continent: I was briſk in my career. I left England on the 15th of Auguſt, went over the Alps, reached Naples, ſaw the Veſuvius, and eat my Michaelmas gooſe in London.

CARELESS.

Beſides this, he goes to all the Aſſemblies within ſixty miles of London.

SIR PHILIP.

Yes, I go to all: I call it ſacrificing to the Graces. SOCRATES the philoſopher called it ſo before me.

CARELESS.

I ſhould like to ſee the old philoſopher turning out his toes.

SIR PHILIP.

The old philoſpher loved the elegant arts. And there was Scaliger---a great critic! he danced a Pyrrhic dance,---a dance well known to the ancients, ---to the aſtoniſhment of all Germany. We have his own word for it.

WISE.

WISELY.

And well they might be aſtoniſhed.

SIR PHILIP.

Why ſo, Sir, why ſo?

CARELESS.

Very true, Knight. It is a noble exerciſe---

SIR PHILIP.

Give me your hand: do you know Miſs Charlotte Cherry?

CARELESS.

She is the youngeſt daughter, is not ſhe?---

SIR PHILIP.

The ſame, Sir: juſt turned of fourteen: I danced with her at the laſt Aſſembly at Sunning Hill. Was it not bold to undertake her ſo young? I can match Hercules for labour in a country dance. I began the minuets with my Lady Portſoken: a comely, reſponſible woman my Lady Portſoken! ſhe moves a minuet like a cathedral: indeed a ſlight accident happened.

CARELESS.

What was that?

SIR PHILIP.

Why, Sir, as I was gliding along in the harmonious movement---you know my way---gliding along!---an unlucky hook in the great branch under the middle of the room took a fancy to my wig. I loſt

loſt the honours of my head, but did not know it. I moved on; the room tittered and laughed; I did not mind; loſt none of my dignity, and finiſhed my dance before I made the diſcovery.

CARELESS.

My dear Knight, an unlucky diſaſter.

SIR PHILIP.

Oh! no; nothing; a few lampoons, epigrams, and ſlight luteſtring verſes for the ſummer ſeaſon flew about: I danced on, and anſwered them out of Horace, *Nunc pede libero*---Hey! lads!

CARELESS.

Very well, Knight; an excellent repartee.

WISELY.

I think I heard ſomething of this from your daughter Harriet.

SIR PHILIP.

Ay! poor girl---Heigho! *(ſinks and riſes)* ſhe did not live long *(turning out his toes)* never took to her dancing; it was the death of her.

WISELY.

I beg pardon for mentioning her, ſince it ſeems to grieve you ſo much.

SIR PHILIP. *(in a minuet ſtep)*

It was a great ſhock.

CARELESS.

But my favourite, your ſon, I hope is well.

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

He is at ſchool at *Stockbridge*, but he learns nothing; when he comes home, I ſhall take care of his dancing myſelf.

CARELESS.

Vive la dance, Sir Philip.

SIR PHILIP.

Ay, Sir, vive la dance. Well, you will be at the Maſk: Wiſely, I ſhall expect you: you may go to town to-morrow. Be in at the diverſions of the place, man; Careleſs, you won't fail; *Nunc pede libero*---Toll-der-a. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

Ha! ha! was there ever ſuch a ridiculous character? But not a word of Hortenſia. You ſee it all depends upon ſecreſy. Take care of my picture; yours---I muſt follow the Knight. [*Exit.*

WISELY. *(alone)*

Yes, I ſhall take care of the picture. Succeſsful coxcomb! how could he bring her to this?

Enter BRAZEN.

BRAZEN.

The horſes are put to, and the chaiſe is waiting.

WISELY.

Very well, Brazen: they may be put up again: I ſhan't leave Windſor to-day.

BRA-

BRAZEN.

No, your Honour?

WISELY.

No: I have buſineſs for you. I have found out my rival.

BRAZEN.

Joy, Sir, victory! To know him, is to defeat him. What's his name?

WISELY.

Careleſs.

BRAZEN.

The gentleman I have heard you laugh at ſo often? I ſaw him go down ſtreet yeſterday evening: ---comely, well built, good figure!

WISELY.

Slave, villain!---(*collars him*)

BRAZEN.

For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't ſtrangle me---

WISELY.

Raſcal! he handſome!---

BRAZEN.

That is, Sir---a little more tenderly on my windpipe---that is to ſay, Sir---not quite ſo hard---he ſeems at a diſtance---a little too tight ſtill---but when you are near him---that will do, Sir---he looks quite another thing, and very unpromiſing---

WISELY.

What am I doing?---The rage of jealouſy---

BRAZEN.

Lord, Sir, he will be nothing in our hands.

WISELY.

Well, raſcal, how to counterplot him?

BRAZEN.

Only think what you expect of me, Sir: to ſtop the courſe of a river, a bird in the air, or a lawyer at Weſtminſter, or thunder and lightning, or a poet repeating his own verſes, or a critic abuſing them, or---in ſhort, Sir, any one of theſe things is eaſier than to ſilence a coxcomb of wit and parts.

WISELY.

Wit and parts, villain!

BRAZEN.

Wit and parts to expoſe himſelf: NO real parts.

WISELY.

To the purpoſe:---what muſt be done?

BRAZEN.

With ſubmiſſion, Sir, I am but a poor, ingenious good clever kind of a fellow, who pretend to no more than a tolerable ſhare of mother-ſenſe, to obey the happier talents of my maſter.

WISE-

WISELY.

Oh! Hortenſia, to favour this coxcomb, and ſend me a letter of diſmiſſion, in ſuch abrupt terms! (*reads*) "To liſten any longer to your addreſſes, "when I cannot comply with them, would be un- "generous. I muſt, therefore, by this letter, which "will be my laſt, wiſh you all happineſs, and freely "declare I never can be yours,---Hortenſia." I cannot loſe her thus:---a lucky thought! I'll ſend this letter under a cover directed to Careleſs.---Right! right!---and this ſnuff-box ſhall be conveyed back to Hortenſia. Well, hit off! Brazen, I have work for you.

BRAZEN.

The more the better, Sir: I love an active campaign.

WISELY.

Follow me this moment: can you procure a livery from one of Careleſs's ſervants?

BRAZEN.

I can give one of them his doſe of liquor, and then---

WISELY.

That will do: come this way: I'll give you your inſtructions: an admirable project this, to ſupplant my rival,---to alarm Hortenſia,---to throw them all into confuſion, to---This way Brazen: Hortenſia ſtill is mine.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Enter LUCINDA *and* HORTENSIA.

LUCINDA.

MY dear Hortenſia, I am aſtoniſhed at you: how can you be ſo captious?---This is carrying it too far: there is no harm in a little raillery.

HORTENSIA.

Won't you allow me to be deeper in my own ſecrets, than any body elſe can pretend to be?

LUCINDA.

By no means: we are all very ingenious in deceiving ourſelves: our paſſions wear ſo many cunning diſguiſes, we hardly know them. Spleen ſhall paſs for wit; avarice for œconomy; and the love of a man ſhall often be thought nothing more than pure friendſhip, or perhaps a mere delight in hearing our own praiſe.

HORTENSIA.

So that if I ſuffer a civil thing to be ſaid to me, the pleaſure I feel from the compliment, converts itſelf into a liking of the man's perſon.

LUCINDA.

Inſtantly, and almoſt imperceptibly to ourſelves; and when we think we are putting him off with cold delay, it is, at the bottom, but mere coquetry to draw him on the more: like playing with edge tools, till we cut ourſelves.

HOR-

HORTENSIA.

Still I am not wounded.

LUCINDA.

I'll lay you a pot of coffee you have your ſecond huſband, before I yield to the firſt.

HORTENSIA.

You will loſe: there it no room to infer any thing of this ſort from my conduct.

LUCINDA.

I beg your pardon: there is in your ſerious people a demure love of pleaſure, which we giddy creatures never come up to. We receive ſlight impreſſions, and ſlight impreſſions wear away, and evaporate in the whirl of fancy. Now you are a young widow; you grieve for the loſs of your huſband, and grief is very amorous, my dear.

HORTENSIA.

Mighty well: this rattle ſeems to pleaſe you: but let me tell you, the man who prevails with me, muſt have extraordinary merit.

LUCINDA.

There again now! another of the maſquerade habits our paſſions wear:---when you are in love with a man's perſon, you fancy it is a refined eſteem for his merit.

HORTENSIA.

O fy, Lucinda!---

LUCINDA.

O fy, hypocrite!---I proteſt, I did not think a briſk widow ſo unlettered in matters of love.

HORTENSIA.

Oh! a few lectures on the ſubject from Mr. Careleſs will much improve a young lady's ideas.

LUCINDA.

That's right: do you know---Well,---I adore my own eaſe upon the occaſion---I forgot to tell you---Every thing is quite at an end between me and Careleſs.

HORTENSIA.

You amaze me: was not the wedding-day fixed?

LUCINDA.

Yes, I was under ſentence of matrimony, but he has ſent me a reprieve. He is going to be married to another.

HORTENSIA.

To another! no woman of delicacy would liſten to him, conſidering how far matters have been carried with you.

LUCINDA.

Oh! if there is any body ſo inclined, the diſpute between her love and her delicacy will not laſt long. ---Delicacy may talk of nice points of honour, but that will only reach the head, while every ſyllable from that ſly urchin Love, will make it's way directly to the heart; and while Delicacy is reading lectures, Love will perſuade, and ſo the buſineſs is over. But

pray,

pray, my dear, have not you heard that Careleſs and I have declared off?

HORTENSIA.

I, my dear!---I hope (*aſide*) ſhe does not ſuſpect me---no; I have heard nothing:---how can you aſk me ſuch a queſtion? I am not in a courſe of town news.

LUCINDA.

Well! let us change the ſubject. The man is not worth a moment's thought. His indiſcretion is the ſmalleſt of his faults.

HORTENSIA.

Give me your hand, Lucinda. If the falſe man deſerts you, ſhew yourſelf a girl of ſpirit upon the occaſion. To truſt him, is taking up water with a ſieve: ſo reſolve at once to look down with ſcorn both on him, and the proud beauty, who values herſelf for the conqueſt. Wiſh her joy of her bargain, and think no more about him.

Enter BRAZEN, *in a livery.*

BRAZEN.

Madam Hortenſia, my maſter preſents his compliments.

HORTENSIA.

To me!---who is your maſter?

BRAZEN.

Mr. Careleſs, Madam: upon conſulting his heart, he finds his inclinations fixed elſewhere, upon Madam Lucinda. (*bows to her*) I endeavoured to ſoften his proud heart---"Wont you conſider, Sir, "that

" that Madam Hortenſia has privately given you " every kind of encouragement?"

LUCINDA.

How! how! how!---This is worth hearing.

BRAZEN.

Raſcal, ſays my Maſter, do as I bid you, and ſo off he bruſhed to the tune of an old ſong.

LUCINDA.

Oh! ho! ho! this is worth all the diſcoveries of all the philoſophers for a thouſand years.

HORTENSIA.

Who bribed you, Sir, to be guilty of this rudeneſs? Lucinda, I aſſure you---

LUCINDA.

And ſo, you are the happy lady?

HORTENSIA.

Nay, if you won't give me leave to ſpeak---Begone, Sir, this moment: I know nothing of your maſter.

BRAZEN.

Before I go, Madam, permit me to return the preſent you made my maſter; this ſnuff-box here, with your picture in it---

LUCINDA.

Her picture too!---let me ſee, let me ſee.

HOR-

HORTENSIA. *(ſnatches it.)*

No, Madam, it is not my picture.

BRAZEN.

Carry back her ſnuff-box, ſays he, and as I have done it a miſchief, if ſhe will get it mended, and ſend in her bill, I will pay the damage.

LUCINDA.

Oh! ho! ho! I ſhall die; I ſhall die.

HORTENSIA.

Vexation!---this abſurd man. *(aſide)*

BRAZEN.

Any commands for my maſter, Madam?

HORTENSIA.

No more of your impertinence.

BRAZEN.

So I ſhall tell my maſter, Madam---Well done Brazen; you are a great officer in this buſineſs--- [*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

The man who prevails with you, muſt have extraordinary merit---Oh! ho! ho!

HORTENSIA.

Let me tell you, there is no argument in a laugh.

LUCINDA.

Very true; I will command myſelf---Do you

know (*ſtifling a laugh*) that I was weak enough to imagine, that no woman of delicacy (*ſtill ſtifling a laugh*)---conſidering---conſidering how far (*burſts into a laugh*) matters have been carried with me---Oh! ho ho!---

HORTENSIA.

Shame! diſtraction!---Will you liſten?

LUCINDA.

To truſt him, is taking up water with a ſieve.

HORTENSIA.

Inſupportable!---I will not ſtay to be inſulted thus---(*going*) If you will but hear me for a moment---

LUCINDA.

I can look down with ſcorn on the proud beauty---

HORTENSIA.

O very well---your ſervant--- [*Exit.*

LUCINDA. (*alone*)

And has your Æneas left you? Poor diſconſolate Dido!---Oh! I feel my heart much lighter. Certainly, revenge is the ruling paſſion of every female breaſt: it is the ſecond paſſion at leaſt. But---ſtay---ſtay---ſtay. What is to be done?---what's to be done?---Shall I,---to complete my triumph,---give my hand to Careleſs?---Why,---Revenge ſays, Yes: but Love ſlily whiſpers,---Have not you a *ſecret tendre* for Mr. Bellfield?---I don't know what to ſay to that?---Let me examine myſelf---How ſay you my heart? (*lays her hand to her breaſt*)---You ſhall true anſwer make to all ſuch queſtions as ſhall

be

be aſked of you.---Ah!---thoſe flutterings are ſuſpicious.---Eyes, how ſay you?---We have ſeen the gentleman---But is that all? Have not you indulged in many a ſtolen glance, and have not you gazed with pleaſure on him?---It is too true:---Lips, what do you ſay?---Why the gentleman has rudely forced a kiſs, and though we forbade him---Forbid him!---don't equivocate.---Have not you been pleaſed with his rudeneſs?---Guilty---Guilty.---What ſay my hands?---When he has drawn a glove on you *(looking at one hand)*---or, when he has claſped you *(looking at her other hand)* to lead me to my coach---Ah! thoſe tremblings were a ſoft ſymptom I fear.---Ears---Oh! they were delighted with his flattery---I muſt call no more witneſſes: fairly in for it.---Well, but what muſt be done?---Hortenſia will be ſo picqued if I marry Careleſs: yes, and ſo will Careleſs, if I marry Bellfield. One match has been talked of; ſo has the other. I have coquetted on this ſide: ſo I have on that. I am in a fine condition; Revenge and Love have got poor weak woman's will between them, and they beat it about like a ſhuttle-cock, to and fro, backwards and forwards; tick, tack; and on which ſide it will fall, Heaven only knows.

Enter CARELESS.

CARELESS. *(repeating)*

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly---

Hey! Lucinda here!---poor girl!---ſhe may now ſet her cap at me in vain.

LUCINDA.

You wretch what brings you?---Could not you ſtay till the game was out?---You have interrupted ſuch a battle about yourſelf.

CARELESS.

About me!

LUCINDA.

Yes, my head and my heart were at open war about you, but you would not let them fight it out. Well, I'll retire to ſolitude, and let them go to cuffs again. In my abſence, I ſuppoſe, my character will be finely handled by you.

CARELESS.

Madam, your character---

LUCINDA.

Is a ſtrange one; I know that is what you will ſay; have you no ſcraps and ends of verſe?

" *Moſt women have no character at all.*"

CARELESS.

You will prove an exception to the general rule---

LUCINDA. (*repeating affectedly*)

" *Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear*"---

CARELESS.

Wound up, I ſee, to your uſual extravagance of ſpirit.

LUCINDA.

That's a fault that will mend you know. My ſpirits in time will be under due reſtraint, as flowers contract with the ſetting ſun.

CARE-

CARELESS.

And folly will ſtill encreaſe, as ſhadows lengthen with the ſetting ſun.

LUCINDA.

Satyrical Careleſs! But you ſhould not have ſaid that to my face. Would not that do better for your friends at the tavern? And La Jeuneſſe, the *friſeur*, would not he be a proper perſon to hear your ſecrets?

CARELESS.

La Jeuneſſe!---He has not (*aſide*) repeated any thing, I hope---Another of your wild flights! Why you mount like a pheaſant---Whur!

LUCINDA.

And do you vainly hope to bring me down?

CARELESS.

The gun of wit may reach you: take care.

LUCINDA.

But you have not eſtate enough in Parnaſſus to entitle you to kill game.

CARELESS.

You ſhine, Ma'am, and it is a pity you have not a train of beaux to edify by all this.

LUCINDA.

You frighten them away: let the fruit be ever ſo fine, the birds will not nibble, when there is a ſcarecrow at hand.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Oh! you want no aſſiſtance to diſperſe them. A lover with you has as bad a time as a poor animal in a philoſopher's air-pump: when your falſe refinements are too thin for him to ſubſiſt upon, you let in a little ſubſtantial air of common ſenſe, merely to have the pleaſure of rarifying all away again, and ſo leave a poor deluded fellow panting for his exiſtence.

LUCINDA.

By way of experiment, you know, one does a number of things---Oh!---your experiment to-day was the very beſt that ever was heard of. I muſt laugh with you, though you don't deſerve it.

CARELESS.

What are you driving at?

LUCINDA.

And your ſervant played his part with ſuch addreſs, and ſhe did ſo bite her lips with vexation.

CARELESS.

I am in a wood here: unriddle pray.

LUCINDA.

Oh!---you have ſeen her ſince, perhaps, and made up the quarrel.

CARELESS.

May I never have the fan of enraged beauty lifted to my throat, if I underſtand one word of all this.

LUCINDA.

You don't underſtand? Then I'll leave you to medi-

meditate upon it, and ſo I'll go and prepare for the Maſquerade. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

A l'honneur---How that pretty face will fret itſelf into a thouſand wrinkles, when ſhe hears of Hortenſia!

Enter BELLFIELD *and* BLUNT.

BELLFIELD.

I have been in queſt of you, Sir.

CARELESS.

What, with that that frozen face of care?

BELLFIELD.

My buſineſs is ſerious: that gentleman is in your ſecrets, and will, I ſuppoſe, be your friend upon the occaſion: chuſe your weapon, Sir.

CARELESS.

Laconic!---for what? Explain the cauſe.

BELLFIELD.

The cauſe of injured beauty, injured innocence, and violated honor.

CARELESS.

Still I am in the dark.

BELLFIELD.

Lucinda! does light break in upon you now? You choſe your companions well, when you could traduce her to ſuch a powder-puff as La Jeuneſſe.

BLUNT.

BLUNT.

I foreſaw this. (*aſide*)

CARELESS.

I am glad you are ſo well with the lady, as to become her champion.

BELLFIELD.

I have the applauſe of my own heart for it. Every honeſt man is concerned, when calumny draws a tear from the ſoft eye of injured beauty.

CARELESS.

If I have injured the lady, I beg her pardon, but ſtrike me ſtupid if I can marry her.

BELLFIELD.

The lady, Sir, is worthy of---not marry her! Why not? Explain yourſelf.

CARELESS.

Would you compel me into a marriage?

BELLFIELD.

Compel! no---'ſdeath! what am I about? (*aſide*)

CARELESS.

It is impoſſible: I am engaged to Hortenſia.

BLUNT. (*aſide*)

Fool! blockhead! madman!

BELLFIELD.

Engaged to Hortenſia?

CARE

CARELESS.

Poſitively, fixed, determined: the licence is ſent for.

BELLFIELD.

Careleſs, give me your hand. Thou art an honeſt fellow.—I challenge you!---you have done Lucinda no injury, and ſo I ſhall tell her. Hey! here ſhe comes, and Sir Philip, and---

Enter SIR PHILIP, LUCINDA, HORTENSIA.

SIR PHILIP. *(ſinging)*

Lads for ſhame! not ready for the Maſk? Careleſs, I have made a new dance, ſince I ſaw you.

CARELESS.

You employ your time to advantage. Blunt, mind Hortenſia: how ſhe frowns upon me!---ſhe carries it with diſcretion, does not ſhe?

LUCINDA.

They take no notice of each other, but I will embroil them. *(aſide)*---Sir Philip, Mr. Careleſs has ſo peſtered me with fine things, and has talked of tender pain, and pleaſing anguiſh, and---

BELLFIELD.

How, Careleſs! *(aſide)*

CARELESS. *(to* BELLFIELD)

Never mind her: ſhe is pleaſed to be merry.

LUCINDA.

That air of indifference! Hortenſia, the wretch was down on his knees, ſighing, vowing, and proteſting that he loved me, and only me.

HORTENSIA.

Falſe, perfidious man! (*aſide*)

LUCINDA.

Are you aſhamed of your paſſion for a fine woman?

SIR PHILIP.

Refuſe to be his partner at Sunning Hill.

HORTENSIA.

Refuſe to be his partner every where.

CARELESS.

Bleſſings on her diſcretion!---Blunt, ſhe does not pretend the leaſt regard for me. (*aſide*)

HORTENSIA.

Come, Lucinda, we ſhall be too late---the ball begins preſently. [*Exit.*

LUCINDA.

Mr. Bellfield, won't you ſquire us?

[*Exit with* Bellfield.

SIR PHILIP.

That's right; make you ready. Careleſs, diſpatch; we ſhall want you in my new dance. I heard bad

bad news, and ſo I compoſed it to dance away thought.

BLUNT.

Hang him; a troubleſome coxcomb. *(aſide)*

SIR PHILIP.

All life; all vivacity: foot it at top, caſt off two couple, foot it at bottom, dance corners, croſs over, turn your partner, right hand and left.

(*ſings and dances away*)

CARELESS.

My affairs are in a fine train you ſee. We have both ſhewn our prudence.

BLUNT.

You'll be undone.

CARELESS.

Suſpicious to the laſt. Whom have we here?

Enter BRAZEN, *in a different livery.*

CARELESS.

Hortenſia's livery!---this is a meſſage from her.

BRAZEN.

Madam Hortenſia ordered me to deliver this letter into your own hands, Sir.

CARELESS.

A letter! let me preſs it cloſe, (*kiſſing it*)---

Here, friend, a reward for your diligence. (*gives him money*) You may wait an anſwer.

BRAZEN.

I dare not ſtay, Sir; ſecrecy is the word: I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

CARELESS.

You ſee I am in high favour. And here, here is a proof of my approaching joys. (*opens the letter*) Now—now—(*reads*) cannot comply—Ungenerous—be my laſt—never—yours—(*ſtands in confuſion*)

BLUNT.

What's the matter now?

CARELESS.

I never was ſo let down in all my days.

BLUNT. (*taking the letter*)

A proof of your approaching joys! (*reads*) "*To liſten any longer to your addreſſes, when I cannot* "*comply with them, would be ungenerous. I muſt,* "*therefore, by this letter, which will be my laſt, wiſh* "*you all happineſs, and freely declare I never can be* "*yours. Hortenſia.*"——Your affairs are in a fine train!

CARELESS.

This muſt be ſome buſy intermeddler.

BLUNT.

Your own tongue has intermeddled.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Hell and confuſion!—what does all this mean? I never ſhall be able to ſhew my face: my friends will blame me, my enemies will rejoice, and every female tongue will clack, clack.—I'll meet her at the maſk: this ſhall be explained. That's what ſhe means: it will be a renewal of love: Blunt, I ſhall ſucceed ſtill. Come, our dreſſes are at hand: and from this moment not one unguarded word ſhall eſcape me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, an APARTMENT *at* SIR PHILIP'*s.*

Enter SIR PHILIP, WISELY, BELLFIELD.

SIR PHILIP. (*in a minuet ſtep*)

You amaze me, Mr. Wiſely. Careleſs form a deſign upon my wife!

WISELY.

The plot lies as I tell you.

SIR PHILIP. (*turning out his toes*)

This is enough to put a man out of tune.

WISELY.

Be directed by me, and you ſhall have full proof, and at the ſame time prevent the miſchief.

SIR PHILIP. (*dancing*)

I never was ſo diſconcerted in all my days.

BELL-

BELLFIELD.

Your own eyes, your own ears ſhall convince you. Wiſely (*aſide to him*) I'll ſtep and ſee if Lucinda is ready.

WISELY. (*aſide to* BELLFIELD)

Does ſhe enter with ſpirit into the ſcheme?

BELLFFIELD.

Moſt chearfully: the frolick pleaſes her of all things: ſhe is dreſſed by this time.

WISELY.

Step and ſpeak to her once more. [*Exit* Bellfield] The folly of this man, Sir Philip, has put it in my power to do you this ſervice. Hark! he comes this way: I know his dreſs.

SIR PHILIP.

And here comes my wife to meet him: I know her dreſs. (*riſing and ſinking*)

WISELY.

Place yourſelf in this bow window: I'll let down the curtain: you may hear all unſeen and unſuſpected: quick, diſpatch; this will ſave you from diſhonour.

SIR PHILIP.

I ſhall be ever thankful to you.

(*walks in a minuet ſtep*)

WISE-

WISELY. *(letting down the curtain)*

Now, this is the very criſis of your fortune. So; I have ſtationed him, and now to find Hortenſia.

[*Exit.*

Enter CARELESS *and* LUCINDA, *at oppoſite doors, and both maſked.*

CARELESS. *(unmaſking)*

Her Ladyſhip is true to her appointment.—My Lady Figure-In, this is generous indeed.

LUCINDA.

The ball-room is quite full. *(in a feigned voice)*

CARELESS.

We are ſafe here: nobody will come this way. You may throw off all reſtraint: let me hear the accents of your own ſweet voice.

LUCINDA.

No; I love to practiſe.

SIR PHILIP. *(peeping)*

I never knew ſuch treachery.

CARELESS.

The opportunity is now favourable to our mutual loves: you have encouraged me to hope for one kind moment, and in return I here vow eternal conſtancy and love.

SIR

SIR PHILIP. *(peeping)*

You ſhall dance to another tune preſently.

LUCINDA.

How can I believe you, when you are upon the very brink of marriage with Lucinda?

CARELESS.

Lucinda! that will never be.—Marry her! a giddy inſolent, who over-rates both her beauty and her fortune—But ſhe never was to my taſte, I aſſure you.

LUCINDA.

You have had a lucky eſcape: her character, I fear, is not without a blemiſh.

CARELESS.

Mere broken china: but ſhe patches it up, and turns the beſt ſide to view, in order to conceal the flaw.

LUCINDA.

I am glad you know her: but then, Hortenſia will ſeduce you from me.

CARELESS.

She will be of no inconvenience to our happineſs. I begin to know her too: an artful, ſly, deſigning, amorous widow: ſhe occaſioned the death of her firſt huſband, and that is no encouraging circumſtance to a ſecond.

SIR

SIR PHILIP. (*peeping*)

Such a villain never entered a gentleman's houſe.

LUCINDA.

I am very faint all of a ſudden: the heat has overpowered me: draw up that curtain, and give me a little air.

CARELESS.

(*drawing up the curtain and looking at her*)

Your Ladyſhip will be well in a moment. Sir Philip will be buſy among the maſks; he will never ſuſpect us, and if he ſhould, he will dance away his horns. He will ſacrifice to the graces. (*making faſt the ſtring, he ſees Sir Philip*) Confuſion!

[*Walks away.*

SIR PHILIP. (*following him*)

Mr. Careleſs, this is the vileſt proceeding; the baſeſt uſage, Sir;—the moſt ungenerous deſign—it ſets me all on fire. (*dancing*)

CARELESS.

I am blown: what ſhall I do now?

SIR PHILIP.

I did not think you capable of this perfidy: nor did I think your Ladyſhip ſuch a Jezabel: come, ſhew your face, Madam, and let me ſee how guilt becomes it.

LUCINDA. (*unmaſking*)

How innocence becomes it.

SIR PHILIP.

Lucinda all this time!

CARELESS.

Ay! more misfortunes. *(aſide)*

SIR PHILIP.

And my wife innocent!

LUCINDA.

Yes, ſhe is innocent: ſhe was willing to let you ſee the honour of your friend there: I am ſorry you have found a flaw in my character, Mr. Careleſs.

CARELESS.

I deſerve it all. *(aſide)*

LUCINDA.

And was you ſo kind as to flatter me with hopes? Oh! ho! ho!

Enter WISELY *and* BELLFIELD.

BOTH.

Your humble ſervant, Mr. Careleſs.

CARELESS.

A ſwarm of enemies upon me at once!

SIR PHILIP. *(dancing up to him)*

You ſee what a falſe ſtep you have made.

CARE-

CARELESS.

I ſhall take an opportunity to explain all, and for the preſent—I—(*going*)

Enter HORTENSIA *and* BLUNT.

CARELESS.

She too here! all my ill ſtars combined!

LUCINDA.

Hortenſia, here has been ſuch a diſcovery!

HORTENSIA.

I have heard it all, my dear.

CARELESS.

I cannot ſtand it:—this is not a proper time—I ſhall now take my leave—(*going*)

HORTENSIA. *(ſtopping him)*

Your preſence is neceſſary: you ſhall be witneſs to an act of juſtice: Mr. Wiſely, I acknowledge the errors of my conduct, and if my picture in this box can be acceptable—

WISELY.

Say, you give your heart with it.

CARELESS.

As to that ſnuff box, if you will but permit me to ſpeak—

HORTENSIA.

No explanations: you have betrayed me, and that determines every thing.

LUCINDA.

And Mr. Wiſely reaps the juſt reward of his ſecrecy: Mr. Careleſs, I have been a very tyrant to your friend Bellfield: my airs are too thin for a lover to ſubſiſt upon, and ſo now, I'll let in a little common ſenſe to keep him alive. (*gives her hand*)

BELLFIELD.

Thus I am bleſſed indeed.

SIR PHILIP.

Poor Careleſs! he has had his devil's dance, and now he pays the piper.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

CARELESS.

You may all laugh: I ſhall leave you in poſſeſſion of your mirth: I ſhall drop no hint of my future ſchemes: I ſhall ſet out for the country, and in a few days you may, perhaps, read in the Bath Journal—

LUCINDA.

Oh! brave! a ſieve to the very laſt.

SIR PHILIP.

The Bath Journal, did he ſay?—I have known them dance ſixty couple at Bath.

CARE-

CARELESS.

Wiſely, you have been at the bottom of all this: I deſerve it for putting myſelf in your power. Spare your reproaches, Blunt; I have been a very ſilly fellow: but ſince matters are come to this iſſue, I have the conſolation to feel,—whatever may have been my indiſcretions, that I am above a ſelfiſh and ungenerous character:—I ſcorn a baſe action as much as any man in England.

The Careleſs Indiſcreet (this day has ſhewn)
Is No Ones Enemy, Except his Own.

FINIS.

Three Weeks after Marriage;

A

COMEDY.

COMEDY:

A

Three Weeks after Marriage;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

——— Otium & oppidi
Laudat rura ſui ———

HOR.

——— Nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala ——

HOR.

Three Weeks after Marriage;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

——— Otium & oppidi
Laudat rura sui ———

Hor.

——— Nugæ seria ducent
In mala ———

Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following ſcenes were offered to the Public in January 1764; but a party of that ſpecies of CRITICS, whom the love of miſchief ſometimes aſſembles at the theatre, being unwilling to hear, the piece was *damned*. Mr. LEWIS, of Covent Garden Theatre, had the courage to revive it for his benefit in March 1776, with an alteration of the title, and it has been ſince frequently repeated with ſucceſs. A ſimilar incident happened to VOLTAIRE at PARIS. That writer, in the year 1734, produced a tragedy, intitled ADELAIDE DU GUESCLIN, which was hiſſed through every act. In 1765, LE KAIN, an actor of eminence, revived the play, which had lain for years under condemnation. Every ſcene was applauded. What can I think, ſays VOLTAIRE, of theſe oppoſite judgments? He relates the following anecdote. A banker at Paris had orders to get a new march compoſed for one of the regiments of Charles XII. He employed a man of talents for the purpoſe. The march was prepared, and a practice of it had at the banker's houſe before a numerous aſſembly. The muſic was found deteſtable. MOURET (that was the compoſer's name) retired with his performance, and ſoon after inſerted it in one of his operas. The banker and his friends went to the opera: the march was univerſally admired. Ah, ſays the banker, *that's what we wanted: why did not you give us ſomething in this taſte?* Sir, replied MOURET, the march, which you now applaud, is the very ſame that you condemned before.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir Charles Rackett,	Mr. Lewis.
Drugget,	Mr. Quick.
Lovelace,	Mr. Booth.
Woodley,	Mr. Young.

W O M E N.

Lady Rackett,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Drugget,	Mrs. Pitt.
Nancy,	Miſs Dayes.
Dimity,	Mrs. Green.

Three Weeks after Marriage.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter WOODLEY *and* DIMITY.

DIMITY.

PO! po!—no ſuch thing: I tell you, Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in theſe affairs.

WOODLEY.

Nay, but liſten to reaſon, Mrs. Dimity: has not your maſter, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country-ſeat? has not he promiſed to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage? and with what pretence can he now break off?

DIMITY.

What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience. Go on your own way, Sir; my advice is loſt upon you.

WOODLEY.

You do me injuſtice, Mrs. Dimity. Your advice has governed my whole conduct. Have not I fixed an intereſt in the young lady's heart?

DIMITY.

An intereſt in a fiddleſtick!—You ought to have made ſure of the father and mother. What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by ſpeaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for?

for? That was the practice, indeed; but things are altered now. You must address the old people, Sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress. None of your letters, and verses, and soft looks, and fine speeches,—"Have compassion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying"—Pshaw! stuff! nonsense! all out of fashion. Go your ways to the old curmudgeon, humour his whims—"I shall esteem it an honour, Sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taste." "Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman."——Then wheel about to the mother: "Your daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I shall adore her for your sake." "Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better for worse." "La, mama, I can never consent."—"I should not have thought of your consent: the consent of your relations is enough: why, how now, hussey!" So away you go to church; the knot is tied; an agreeable honey-moon follows; the charm is then dissolved; you go to all the clubs in St. James's street; your lady goes to the Coterie; and, in a little time you both go to Doctor's Commons; the *Morning Post* displays you in black and white; *Poets Corner* treats you with a ballad or an epigram; your friends pity you; the town laughs at you; the lawyers abuse you; and if faults on both sides prevent a divorce, you quarrel like contrary elements all the rest of your lives: that's the way of the world now.

WOODLEY.

But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

DIMITY.

Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then? You should have en-

entered into their characters, play'd with their humours, and ſacrificed to their abſurdities.

WOODLEY.

But if my temper is too frank——

DIMITY.

Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourſelf. Have not you to do with a rich old ſhopkeeper, retired from buſineſs with an hundred thouſand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the duſt of the London road, which he calls living in the country? and yet you muſt find fault with his ſituation! What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his houſe and gardens? you know his heart is ſet upon it; and could not you have commended his taſte? But you muſt be too frank! "Thoſe walks and alleys are too regular: thoſe evergreens ſhould not be cut into ſuch fantaſtic ſhapes."—And thus you adviſe a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monſtrous, to follow nature. Oh, you are likely to be a ſucceſsful lover!

WOODLEY.

But why ſhould I not ſave a father-in-law from being a laughing-ſtock?

DIMITY.

Make him your father-in-law firſt.

WOODLEY.

Why, he can't open his windows for the duſt: he ſtands all day, looking through a pane of glaſs, at the carts and ſtage-coaches, as they paſs by, and he calls that living in the freſh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

DIMITY.

DIMITY.

And could not you let him go on his own way? You have ruined yourſelf by talking ſenſe to him; and all your nonſenſe to the daughter won't make amends for it. And then the mother; how have you played your cards in that quarter? She wants a tinſel man of faſhion for her ſecond daughter. "Don't you ſee (ſays ſhe) how happy my eldeſt girl is made by her match with Sir Charles Rackett? She has been married three entire weeks, and not ſo much as one angry word has paſſed between them! Nancy ſhall have a man of quality too."

WOODLEY.

And yet I know Sir Charles Rackett perfectly well.

DIMITY.

Yes, ſo do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at laſt. But what then? You ſhould have humoured the old folks: you ſhould have been a talking empty fop to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taſte in gardening. But you have loſt him: he is grown fond of this beau Lovelace, who is here in the houſe with him: the coxcomb ingratiates himſelf by flattery, and you're undone by frankneſs.

WOODLEY.

And yet, Dimity, I won't deſpair.

DIMITY.

And yet you have reaſon to deſpair, a million of reaſons: to-morrow is fixed for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night;

night; they are engaged, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithſtanding. The family is ſitting up for them; Mr. Drugget will keep you all in the next room there, till they arrive; to-morrow the buſineſs is over; and yet you don't deſpair!—Huſh! hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace, and Mr. Drugget with him; ſtep in, and I'll deviſe ſomething, I warrant you. [*Exit* Woodley.] The old folks ſhall not have their own way. It is enough to vex a body, to ſee an old father and mother marrying their daughter as they pleaſe, in ſpite of my judgment, and all I can do.

[*Exit.*

Enter DRUGGET *and* LOVELACE.

DRUGGET.

And ſo you like my houſe and gardens, Mr. Lovelace.

LOVELACE.

Oh! perfectly, Sir; they gratify my taſte of all things. Ones ſees villas where Nature reigns in a wild kind of ſimplicity: but then they have no appearance of art, no art at all.

DRUGGET.

Very true, rightly diſtinguiſhed: now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it all myſelf.

LOVELACE.

Indeed! I thought you had ſome of the great proficients in gardening to aſſiſt you.

DRUGGET.

Lackaday! no. Ha! ha! I underſtand theſe

things. I love my garden. The front of my houſe, Mr. Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

LOVELACE.

Elegant to a degree!

DRUGGET.

Don't you like the ſun-dial, placed juſt by my dining-room windows!

LOVELACE.

A perfect beauty!

DRUGGET.

I knew you'd like it: and the motto is ſo well adapted—*Tempus edax & index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it. Time eateth and diſcovereth all things. Ha! ha! pretty, Mr. Lovelace! I have ſeen people ſo ſtare at it as they paſs by! Ha! ha!

LOVELACE.

Why now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has ſuch a thing.

DRUGGET.

Oh no; they have got into a falſe taſte. I bought that bit of ground on the other ſide of the road, and now it is a perfect beauty. I made a duck-pond there, for the ſake of the proſpect.

LOVELACE.

Charmingly imagined!

DRUGGET.

My leaden images are well!

LOVE-

LOVELACE.

They exceed antient ſtatuary.

DRUGGET.

I love to be ſurprized at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can ſay nothing at all, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts. Ha! ha!—Mr. Lovelace, I'll point out a beauty to you. Juſt by the haw-haw, at the end of my ground, there is a fine Dutch figure, with a ſcythe in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth. That's a jewel, Mr. Lovelace!

LOVELACE.

That eſcaped me: a thouſand thanks for pointing it out. I obſerve you have two very fine yew trees before the houſe.

DRUGGET.

Lackaday, Sir! they look uncouth. I have a deſign about them. I intend—ha! ha! it will be very pretty, Mr. Lovelace—I intend to have them cut into the ſhape of the two giants at Guildhall!

LOVELACE.

Exquiſite!—Why then they won't look like trees.

DRUGGET.

No, no; not in the leaſt; I won't have any thing in my garden that looks like what it is.

LOVELACE.

Nobody underſtands theſe things like you, Mr. Drugget.

DRUGGET.

Lackaday! it's all my delight now now. This is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make ſtill: I propoſe to have my evergreens cut into fortifications; and then I ſhall have the Moro caſtle, and the Havanna; and then near it ſhall be ſhips of myrtle, ſailing upon ſeas of box to attack the town: won't that make my place look very rural, Mr. Lovelace?

LOVELACE.

Why you have the moſt fertile invention, Mr. Drugget.

DRUGGET.

Ha! ha! this is what I have been working for. I love my garden. But I muſt beg your pardon for a few moments: I muſt ſtep and ſpeak with a famous nurſery-man, who is come to offer me ſome choice rarities. Go and join the company, Mr. Lovelace: my daughter Rackett and Sir Charles will be here preſently. I ſhan't go to bed till I ſee them. Ha! ha!—my place is prettily variegated. This is all I delight in now. I fined for Sheriff to enjoy theſe things—ha! ha! [*Exit.*

LOVELACE.

Poor Mr. Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertentrunck, in his little box at the ſide of a dyke, has as much taſte and elegance. However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden of that flower; why then I ſhall ſay, "This is what I been working for."

DIMITY.

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Do lend us your aſſiſtance, Mr. Lovelace. You are a ſweet gentleman, and love a good-natured action.

LOVELACE.

Why how now! what's the matter?

DIMITY.

My maſter is going to cut the two yew-trees into the ſhape of two devils, I believe; and my poor miſtreſs is breaking her heart for it. Do, run and adviſe him againſt it. She is your friend, you know ſhe is, Sir.

LOVELACE.

Oh, if that's all, I'll make that matter eaſy directly.

DIMITY.

My miſtreſs will be for ever obliged to you; and you will marry her daughter in the morning.

LOVELACE.

Oh, my rhetoric ſhall diſſuade him.

DIMITY.

And, Sir, put him againſt dealing with that nurſery-man; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

LOVELACE.

Does ſhe?

DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Mortally.

LOVELACE.

Say no more, the buſineſs is done. [*Exit.*

DIMITY.

If he ſays one word againſt the Giants at Guild-hall, he is undone. Old Drugget will never forgive him. My brain was at its laſt ſhift; but if this plot takes—So, here comes our Nancy.

Enter NANCY.

NANCY.

Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

DIMITY.

My ſtars! what makes you up, Miſs? I thought you were gone to bed.

NANCY.

What ſhould I go to bed for? only to tumble and toſs, and fret, and be uneaſy. They are going to marry me, and I am frighted out of my wits.

DIMITY.

Why then you are the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frightened at ſuch a thing.

NANCY.

Ah! if they would let me chuſe for myſelf.

DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

NANCY.

My mama does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of faſhion, not I.

DIMITY.

And, pray, can you do better than to follow the faſhion?

NANCY.

Ah! I know there's a faſhion for new bonnets, and a faſhion for dreſſing the hair: but I never heard of a faſhion for the heart.

DIMITY.

Why then, my dear, the heart moſtly follows the faſhion now.

NANCY.

Does it! Pray who ſets the faſhion of the heart?

DIMITY.

All the fine ladies in London, o'my conſcience.

NANCY.

And what's the laſt new faſhion, pray?

DIMITY.

Why to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable appearances about him; ſomething of a pert phraſe, a good operator for the teeth, and tolerable taylor.

NANCY.

NANCY.

And do they marry without loving?

DIMITY.

Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion.

NANCY.

Why then I'll wait till that fashion comes up again.

DIMITY.

And then, Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

NANCY.

Pshaw! I don't like him: he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident things looks so pleased with himself all the while. I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing. I should not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Charles Rackett. Shall I tell you a secret? I will forfeit my new cap if they don't quarrel soon.

DIMITY.

Oh fie! no! they won't quarrel yet a-while. A quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be somewhat of the quickest. By and by we shall hear of their whims and their humours. Well, but if you don't like Mr. Lovelace, what say you to Mr. Woodley?

NANCY.

NANCY.

Ah!—I don't know what to ſay—but I can ſing ſomething that will explain my mind.

SONG.

I.

WHEN firſt the dear youth paſſing by,
Diſclos'd his fair form to my ſight,
I gaz'd, but I could not tell why;
My heart it went throb with delight.

II.

As nearer he drew, thoſe ſweet eyes
Were with their dear meaning ſo bright,
I trembled, and, loſt in ſurprize,
My heart it went throb with delight.

III.

When his lips their dear accents did try
The return of my love to excite,
I feign'd, yet began to gueſs why
My heart it went throb with delight.

IV.

We chang'd the ſtol'n glance, the fond ſmile,
Which lovers alone read aright;
We look'd, and we ſigh'd, yet the while
Our hearts they went throb with delight.

V.

Conſent I ſoon bluſh'd, with a ſigh
My promiſe I ventur'd to plight;
Come, Hymen, we then ſhall know why
Our hearts they go throb with delight.

Enter WOODLEY.

WOODLEY.

My ſweeteſt angel! I have heard it all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

NANCY.

Ah! but I did not know you was liſtening. You ſhould not have betrayed me ſo, Dimity: I ſhall be angry with you.

DIMITY.

Well, I'll take my chance for that. Run both into my room, and ſay all your pretty things to one another there, for here comes the old gentleman—make haſte away. [*Exeunt* Woodley *and* Nancy.

Enter DRUGGET.

DRUGGET.

A forward preſuming coxcomb! Dimity, do you ſtep to Mrs. Drugget, and ſend her hither.

DIMITY.

Yes, Sir;—it works upon him I ſee. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

The yew trees ought not to be cut, becauſe they'll help to keep off the duſt, and I am too near the road already. A ſorry ignorant fop! When I am in ſo fine a ſituation, and can ſee every cart, waggon, and ſtage-coach that goes by. And then to abuſe the nurſery-man's rarities! A finer ſucking pig in lavender, with ſage growing in his belly, was never ſeen! And yet he wants me not to have it. But have

have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's noſe not quite grown, but it's thought in the ſpring will be very forward: I'll have that too, with the ſerpent in ground ivy. Two Poets in wormwood! I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a Lord Mayor's feaſt in honey-ſuckle; and the whole court of Aldermen in hornbeam: and three modern beaux in jeſſamine, ſomewhat ſtunted: they all ſhall be in my garden, with the Dragon of Wantley in box, all, all; I'll have them all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace ſay what they will.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Did you ſend for me, lovey?

DRUGGET.

The yew-trees ſhall be cut into the giants at Guildhall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Sure my own dear will do as he pleaſes.

DRUGGET.

And the pond, though you praiſe the green banks, ſhall be walled round, and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, ſpouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

My ſweet, who hinders you?

DRUGGET.

Yes, and I'll buy the nurſery-man's whole catalogue. Do you think, after retiring to live all the

way here, almoſt four miles from London, that I won't do as I pleaſe in my own garden?

Mrs. Drugget.

My dear, but why are you in ſuch a paſſion?

Drugget.

I'll have the Lavender Pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em: and there ſhan't be a more romantic ſpot on the London road than mine.

Mrs. Drugget.

I'm ſure it is as pretty as hands can make it.

Drugget.

I did it all myſelf, and I'll do more. And Mr. Lovelace ſhan't have my daughter.

Mrs. Drugget.

No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drugget.

He ſhall learn better manners than to abuſe my houſe and gardens. You put him in the head of it, but I'll diſappoint ye both. And ſo you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. Drugget.

I can't comprehend all this, not I. But I'll tell him ſo, if you pleaſe, my dear. I am willing to give myſelf pain, if it will give you pleaſure: muſt I give myſelf pain? Don't aſk me, pray don't; I can't ſupport all this uneaſineſs.

Drug-

DRUGGET.

I am reſolved, and it ſhall be ſo.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Let it be ſo then. (*cries*) Oh! oh! cruel man! I ſhall break my heart if the match is broke off. If it is not concluded to-morrow, ſend for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

DRUGGET.

How! I don't want that neither.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Oh! oh!

DRUGGET.

I am your lord and maſter, my dear, but not your executioner. Before George, it muſt never be ſaid that my wife died of too much compliance. Chear up, my love; and this affair ſhall be ſettled as ſoon as Sir Charles and Lady Rackitt arrive.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

You bring me to life again. You know, my ſweet, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his Lady are. Why ſhould not we make our Nancy as happy?

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Sir Charles and his Lady, Ma'am.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dimity.

Oh! charming! I'm tranſported with joy! where are they? I long to ſee 'em. [*Exit.*

Dimity.

Well, Sir; the happy couple are arrived.

Drugget.

Yes, they do live happy indeed.

Dimity.

But how long will it laſt?

Drugget.

How long! Don't forbode any ill, you jade; don't, I ſay. It will laſt during their lives, I hope.

Dimity.

Well, mark the end of it. Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good-humoured; but he can't bear the leaſt contradiction, no, not in the mereſt trifle.

Drugget.

Hold your tongue; hold your tongue.

Dimity.

Yes, Sir, I have done; and yet there is in the compoſition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no diſturbance to the family till it ſettles in the head: when once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! But here he comes. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter SIR CHARLES.

SIR CHARLES.

My dear Sir, I kiſs your hand. But why ſtand on ceremony? To find you up at this late hour mortifies me beyond expreſſion.

DRUGGET.

'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES.

My obligations to you are inexpreſſible; you have given me the moſt amiable of girls; our tempers accord like uniſons in muſic.

DRUGGET.

Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

SIR CHARLES.

And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our ſiſter Nancy, I find.

DRUGGET.

Why my wife is ſo minded.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh, by all means, let her be made happy. A very pretty fellow Lovelace; as to that Mr.—Woodley, I think you call him—he is but a plain, underbred, ill-faſhioned ſort of a—Nobody knows him; he is not one of us. Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

I believe it muſt be ſo. Would you take any refreſhment?

SIR CHARLES.

Nothing in nature—it is time to retire to reſt.

DRUGGET.

Well, well! good night Sir Charles. Ha! here comes my daughter. Good night, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES.

Bon repos.

Enter LADY RACKET.

LADY RACKET.

Dear Sir! I did not expect to ſee you up ſo late.

DRUGGET.

My Lady Racket, I am glad to hear how happy you are: I won't detain you now. There's your good man waiting for you: good night, my girl. [*Exit.*

SIR CHARLES.

I muſt humour this old putt, in order to be remembered in his will.

Enter LADY RACKET.

LADY RACKETT.

O la! I am quite fatigued. I can hardly move. Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

There; take my arm—" Was ever thing ſo pretty made to walk?"

LADY RACKET.

But I won't be laughed at. (*looking tenderly at him*) I don't love you.

SIR CHARLES.

Don't you?

LADY RACKETT.

No. Dear me! this glove! why don't you help me off with my glove? Pſhaw! you aukward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about my perſon. I might as well not be married, for any uſe you are of. Reach me a chair. You have no compaſſion for me. I am ſo glad to ſit down. Why do you drag me to routs? You know I hate them.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh! there's no exiſting, no breathing, unleſs one does as other people of faſhion do.

LADY RACKETT.

But I am out of humour: I loſt all my money.

SIR CHARLES.

How much?

LADY RACKETT.

Three hundred.

SIR CHARLES.

Never fret for that. I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happineſs.

LADY RACKETT.

Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to pleaſe me?

SIR CHARLES.

You know I don't.

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! you fond fool!—But I hate gaming: it almoſt metamorphoſes a woman into a fury. Do you know that I was frighted at myſelf ſeveral times to-night? I had an huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

SIR CHARLES.

Had ye?

LADY RACKETT.

I caught myſelf at it; but I bit my lips, and ſo I did not diſgrace myſelf. And then I was crammed up in a corner of the room with ſuch a ſtrange party at a whiſt-table, looking at black and red ſpots: did you mind them?

SIR CHARLES.

You know I was buſy elſewhere.

LADY RACKETT.

There was that ſtrange, unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightſhade: ſhe behaved ſo fretfully to her huſ-

husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natured, good sort of a good for nothing kind of man: but she so teized him—"How could you play that card? Ah, you've a head, and so has a pin—You're a numscull, you know you are—Ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Oh fye!—I'm ashamed of you!"

SIR CHARLES.

She has served to divert you, I see.

LADY RACKETT.

And to crown all, there was my Lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal larum about nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins, "Lard, Ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your La'ship; my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world,—a spade led!—there's the Knave—I was fetching a walk, Me'm, the other morning in the Park; a fine frosty morning it was; I love frosty weather of all things. Let me look at the last trick—and so, Me'm, little Pompey—Oh! if your La'ship was to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall, with his pretty innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—And so, Me'm, while I was talking to Captain Flimsey—Your La'ship knows Captain Flimsey—Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—And so, Me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can resist five at once? And so Pompey barked for assistance. The hurt he received was upon his chest: the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is healed, for fear of an inflammation—Pray what's trumps?

SIR CHARLES.

My dear, you'd make a moſt excellent actreſs.

LADY RACKETT.

Why don't you hand me up ſtairs? Oh!—I am ſo tired: let us go to reſt.

SIR CHARLES. *(aſſiſting her)*

You complain, and yet raking is the delight of your little heart.

LADY RACKETT.

(leaning on him as ſhe walks away)

It is you that make a rake of me. Oh! Sir Charles, how ſhockingly you played that laſt rubber, when I ſtood looking over you!

SIR CHARLES.

My love, I played the truth of the game.

LADY RACKETT.

No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong. Ah! Sir Charles, you have a head.

SIR CHARLES.

Po! nonſenſe! you don't underſtand it.

LADY RACKETT.

I beg your pardon: I am allowed to play better than you.

SIR CHARLES.

All conceit, my dear: I was perfectly right.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

No ſuch thing, Sir Charles. How can you diſpute it? The diamond was the play.

SIR CHARLES.

Po! ridiculous! the club was the card againſt the world.

LADY RACKETT.

Oh, no, no, no, I ſay it was the diamond.

SIR CHARLES.

Zounds! Madam, I ſay it was the club.

LADY RACKETT.

What do you fly into ſuch a paſſion for?

SIR CHARLES.

Death and fury, do you think I don't know what I am about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

LADY RACKETT.

May be ſo. Have it your own way, Sir.

(walks about and ſings)

SIR CHARLES.

Vexation! You're the ſtrangeſt woman that ever lived; there's no converſing with you. Look'ye here, my Lady Rackett: it is the cleareſt caſe in the world: I'll make it plain to you in a moment.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

Very well, Sir. To be ſure you muſt be right. (*with a ſneering laugh*)

SIR CHARLES.

Liſten to me, Lady Racket: I had four cards left. Trumps were out. The lead was mine. They were ſix—no, no, no, they were ſeven, and we nine; then you know, the beauty of the play was to—

LADY RACKETT.

Well, now it's amazing to me, that you can't perceive: give me leave, Sir Charles. Your left hand adverſary had led his laſt trump, and he had before fineſſed the club, and roughed the diamond: now if you had led your diamond—

SIR CHARLES.

Zoons! Madam, but we played for the odd trick.

LADY RACKETT.

And ſure the play for the odd trick—

SIR CHARLES.

Death and fury! can't your hear me?

LADY RACKETT.

And muſt not I be heard, Sir?

SIR CHARLES.

Zoons, hear me, I ſay. Will you hear me?

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

I never heard the like in my life.

(hums a tune, and walks about fretfully)

SIR CHARLES.

Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoick.—(*looks at her; ſhe walks about, and laughs*) Very well, Madam; you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the houſe. You know no more of whiſt than he does of gardening.

LADY RACKETT.

Go on your own way, Sir.

(takes out a glaſs and ſettles her hair)

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, by all that's odious, you are the moſt perverſe, obſtinate, ignorant—

LADY RACKETT.

Polite language, Sir!

SIR CHARLES.

You are, Madam, the moſt perverſe, the moſt obſtinate—you are a vile woman!

LADY RACKETT.

I am obliged to you, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

You are a vile woman, I tell you ſo, and I will never ſleep another night under one roof with you.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

As you pleaſe.

SIR CHARLES.

Madam, it ſhall be as I pleaſe. I'll order my chariot this moment. *(going)* I know how the cards ſhould be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. *(going)*—And when your family were ſtanding behind counters, meaſuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my anceſtors, my anceſtors, Madam, were ſquandering away whole eſtates at cards; whole eſtates, my Lady Rackett. *(ſhe hums a tune, and he looks at her)* Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. *(goes and turns back)* Will you command your temper, and liſten to me?

LADY RACKETT.

Go on, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

Can't you be cool as I am?—Lookye, my Lady Racket: thus it ſtood. The trumps being all out, it was then my buſineſs—

LADY RACKETT.

To play the diamond to be ſure.

SIR CHARLES.

Damnation! I have done with you for ever; for ever, Madam, and ſo you may tell your father.

(going)

LADY RACKETT.

What a paſſion the gentleman is in!

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Will you let me ſpeak?

LADY RACKETT.

Who hinders you, Sir?

SIR CHARLES.

Once more then out of pure good nature—

LADY RACKETT.

Oh, Sir, I am convinced of your good nature.

SIR CHARLES.

That, and that only prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

LADY RACKETT.

I am prodigiouſly obliged to you for the information. I am perfectly ſatisfied, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

It is the cleareſt point in the world. Only mind now. We were nine, and—

LADY RACKETT.

And for that reaſon, the diamond was the play. Your adverſary's club was the beſt in the houſe.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, ſuch another fiend never exiſted. There is no reaſoning with you. It is in vain to ſay a word. Good ſenſe is thrown away upon you. I now ſee the malice of your heart. You are a baſe woman, and I part from you for ever. You may

live here with your father, and admire his fantaſtical evergreens, till you become as fantaſtical yourſelf. I'll ſet out for London this moment. Your ſervant, Madam. (*turns and looks at her*) The club was not the beſt in the houſe.

LADY RACKETT.

How calm you are!—Well, I'll go to bed. Will you come? You had better. Not come when I aſk you?—Oh! Sir Charles. (*going*)

SIR CHARLES.

That eaſe is ſo provoking. I deſire you will ſtay and hear me. Don't think to carry it in this manner. Madam, I muſt and will be heard.

LADY RACKETT.

Oh! Lud! with that terrible countenance! you frighten me away. (*runs in and ſhuts the door*)

SIR CHARLES. (*following her*)

You ſhall not fly me thus. Confuſion!—open the door—will you open it? This contempt is beyond enduring. (*walks away*) I intended to have made it clear to her, but now let her continue in her abſurdity. She is not worth my notice. My reſolution is taken. She has touched my pride, and I now renounce her for ever; yes for ever; not to return, though ſhe were to requeſt, beſeech and implore on her very knees. [*Exit.*

LADY RACKETT. (*peeping in*)

Is he gone? (*comes forward*) Bleſs me! what have I done?—I have carried this too far, I believe. I had better call him back. For the ſake of peace I'll give up the point. What does it ſignify which

was

was the beſt of the play?—It is not worth quarrelling about.—How!—here he comes again.—I'll give up nothing to him. He ſhall never get the better of me: I am ruined for life, if he does. I will conquer him, and I am reſolved he ſhall ſee it.

(runs in and ſhuts the door)

SIR CHARLES. *(looking in)*

No; ſhe won't open it. Headſtrong and poſitive!—If ſhe could but command her temper, the thing would be as clear as day-light. She has ſenſe enough, if ſhe would but make uſe of it. It were pity ſhe ſhould be loſt. *(advances towards the door)* All owing to that perverſe ſpirit of contradiction.—I may reclaim her ſtill—*(peeps through the key-hole)* Not ſo much as a glimpſe of her. *(taps at the door)* Lady Rackett—Lady Rackett—

LADY RACKETT. *(within)*

What do you want?

SIR CHARLES. *(laughing affectedly)*

Come, you have been very pleaſant. Open the door: I cannot help laughing at all this.——Come, no more foolery: have done now, and open the door.

LADY RACKETT. *(within)*

Dont be ſuch a torment.

SIR CHARLES.

Will you open it?

LADY RACKETT. *(laughing)*

No—no——ho! ho!

SIR CHARLES.

Hell and confuſion! what a puppy I make of myſelf! I'll bear this uſage no longer. To be trifled with in this ſort by a falſe, treacherous—— (*runs to the door and ſpeaks through the key-hole*) The diamond was NOT the play. (*walks away as faſt as he can*) I know what I am about, (*looks back in a violent rage*) and the club was NOT the beſt in the houſe.

[*Exit.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY. (*laughing violently*)

OH! I ſhall die; I ſhall expire in a fit of laughing. This is the modiſh couple that were ſo happy! Such a quarrel as they have had; the whole houſe is in an uproar. Ho! ho! ho! a rare proof of the happineſs they enjoy in high life. I ſhall never hear people of faſhion mentioned again, but I ſhall be ready to crack my ſides. They were both—Ho! ho! ho! This is three weeks after marriage, I think.

Enter DRUGGET.

DRUGGET.

Hey! how! what's the matter, Dimity? What am I called down ſtairs for?

DIMITY.

Why there's two people of faſhion—
(*ſtifles a laugh*)

DRUGGET.

Why, you malapert huſſey! explain this moment.

DIMITY.

The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour. Are you ſatisfied now?

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

Ay!—what, have they quarrelled? What was it about?

DIMITY.

Something too nice and fine for my comprehenſion, and your's too, I believe. People in high life underſtand their own forms beſt. And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair. *Exit.*

Enter SIR CHARLES.

SIR CHARLES. (*to the people within*)

I ſay, let the horſes be put-to this moment. So, Mr. Drugget!

DRUGGET.

Sir Charles, here's a terrible buſtle. I did not expect this. What can be the matter?

SIR CHARLES.

I have been uſed by your daughter in ſo baſe, ſo contemptuous, ſo vile a manner, that I am determined not to ſtay in this houſe to-night.

DRUGGET.

This is a thunderbolt to me! After ſeeing how elegantly and faſhionably you lived together, to find now all ſunſhine vaniſhed! Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach if poſſible.

SIR CHARLES.

Sir, it is impoſſible. I'll not live with her an hour longer.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

Nay, nay, don't be too haſty. Let me intreat you, go to bed and ſleep upon it. In the morning, when you are cool——

SIR CHARLES.

Oh, Sir, I am very cool, I aſſure you. Ha! ha! ---it is not in her power, Sir, to---a---a---to diſturb the ſerenity of my temper. Don't imagine that I'm in a paſſion. I am not ſo eaſily ruffled as you imagine. But quietly and deliberately, I can repay the injury done me by a falſe, ungrateful, deceitful woman.

DRUGGET.

The injuries done you by a falſe, ungrateful! My daughter I hope, Sir—

SIR CHARLES.

Her character is now fully known to me. I underſtand her perfectly. She is a vile woman! that's all I have to ſay, Sir!

DRUGGET.

Hey! how!---a vile woman! what has ſhe done? I hope ſhe is not capable---

SIR CHARLES.

I ſhall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget; the time and circumſtances will not allow it at preſent. But depend upon it, I have done with her. A low, unpoliſhed, uneducated, falſe, impoſing——See if the horſes are put-to.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Deliver me! I am all over in ſuch a tremble. Sir Charles, I ſhall break my heart if there is any thing amiſs.

SIR CHARLES.

Madam, I am very ſorry, for your ſake; but to live with her is impoſſible.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

My poor dear girl! what can ſhe have done?

SIR CHARLES.

What all her ſex can do: it needs no explanation: the very ſpirit of them all.

DRUGGET.

Ay! I ſee how it is.---She is bringing foul diſgrace upon us. This comes of her marrying a man of faſhion.

SIR CHARLES.

Faſhion, Sir! that ſhould have inſtructed her better. She might have been ſenſible of her happineſs. Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims reſpect; claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raiſed in the world as ſhe has been by an alliance with me.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

And, let me tell you, however you may eſtimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

SIR CHARLES.

And, Sir, my character is dear to me. It ſhall never be in her power to expoſe me.

DRUGGET.

Yet you muſt give me leave to tell you——

SIR CHARLES.

I won't hear a word.

DRUGGET.

Not in behalf of my own daughter?

SIR CHARLES.

Nothing can excuſe her. It is to no purpoſe. She has married above her; and if that circumſtance makes the lady forget herſelf, ſhe at leaſt ſhall ſee that I can, and will ſupport my own dignity.

DRUGGET.

But, Sir, I have a right to aſk—

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Patience, my dear, be a little calm.

DRUGGET.

Mrs. Drugget, do you have patience. I muſt and will enquire.

Mrs. Drugget.

Don't be ſo haſty, my love; have ſome reſpect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his faſhion.

Drugget.

Hold your tongue, woman, I ſay: hold your tongue. You are not a perſon of faſhion at leaſt. My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir Charles.

I have found her out.

Drugget.

Oh! then its all over, and it does not ſignify arguing about it.

Mrs. Drugget.

That ever I ſhould live to ſee this hour! How the unfortunate girl could take ſuch wickedneſs in her head, I can't imagine. I'll go and ſpeak to the unhappy creature this moment. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles.

She ſtands detected now: detected in her trueſt colours.

Drugget.

Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumſtances of this unhappy buſineſs.

Sir Charles.

Mr. Drugget, I have not leiſure now. Her behaviour has been ſo exaſperating, that I ſhall make the beſt

beſt of my way to town. My mind is fixed. She ſees me no more, and ſo, your ſervant, Sir. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

What a calamity has here befallen us! A good girl, and ſo well diſpoſed! But the evil communication of high life, and faſhionable vices, turned her heart to folly.

Enter LOVELACE.

LOVELACE.

Joy! joy! Mr. Drugget, I give you joy.

DRUGGET.

Don't inſult me, Sir; I deſire you won't.

LOVELACE.

Inſult you, Sir! Is there any thing inſulting, my dear Sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on the approaching——

DRUGGET.

There! there! the manners of high life for you! He wiſhes me joy on the approaching ruin of my daughter. She is to be in the faſhion! Mr. Lovelace, you ſhall have no daughter of mine.

LOVELACE.

My dear Sir, never bear malice. I have reconſidered the thing, and curſe catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants, and the court of Aldermen in hornbeam——

DRUGGET.

Well! well! well! there may be people at the court end of the town in hornbeam too.

LOVELACE.

Yes, faith, ſo there may; and I believe I could help you to a tolerable collection. However, with your daughter I am ready to venture.

DRUGGET.

But I am not ready. I'll not venture my girl with you. No more daughters of mine ſhall have their minds depraved by polite vices.

LOVELACE.

Strike me ſtupid, if I underſtand one word of all this.

Enter WOODLEY.

DRUGGET.

Mr. Woodley, you ſhall have Nancy to your wife, as I promiſed you: take her to-morrow morning.

WOODLEY.

Sir, I have not words to expreſs——

LOVELACE.

What the devil is the matter with the old haberdaſher now?

DRUGGET.

And hark ye, Mr. Woodley; I'll make you a preſent for your garden, of a coronation dinner in greens,

greens, with the champion riding on horſeback, and the ſword will be full grown before April next.

WOODLEY.

I ſhall receive it, Sir, as your favour.

DRUGGET.

Ay, ay! I ſee my error in wanting an alliance with great folks. I had rather have you, Mr. Woodley, for my ſon-in-law, than any courtly fop of 'em all. Is this man gone? Is Sir Charles Rackett gone?

WOODLEY.

Not yet: he makes a bawling yonder for his horſes. I'll ſtep and call him to you. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

Do ſo; do ſo, Mr. Woodley. I am out of all patience. I am out of my ſenſes. I muſt ſee him once more. Mr. Lovelace, neither you nor any perſon of faſhion, ſhall ruin another child of mine. [*Exit.*

LOVELACE.

Droll this! damn'd droll! And every ſyllable of it Greek to me. The queer old putt is as whimſical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the caſe, I ſhall bruſh, and leave him to his exotics. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY RACKETT, Mrs. DRUGGET, *and* DIMITY.

LADY RACKETT.

A cruel, barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable

countable manner; to alarm the whole houſe, and to expoſe me and himſelf too.

Mrs. Drugget.

Oh! child! I never thought it would have come to this. Your ſhame will not end here; it will be all over St. James's pariſh by to-morrow morning.

Lady Rackett.

Well, if it muſt be ſo, there is one comfort ſtill: the ſtory will tell more to his diſgrace than mine.

Dimity.

As I'm a ſinner, and ſo it will, Madam. He deſerves what he has met with.

Mrs. Drugget.

Dimity, don't you encourage her. You ſhock me to hear you ſpeak ſo. I did not think you had been ſo hardened.

Lady Rackett.

Hardened do you call it? I have lived in the world to very little purpoſe, if ſuch trifles as theſe are to diſturb my reſt.

Mrs. Drugget.

You wicked girl! do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falſehood to your huſband's bed?

Lady Rackett.

How!—— *(turns ſhort, and ſtares at her)*

Dimity.

That! that's a mere trifle indeed. I have been in as

as good places as any body, and not a creature minds it now.

Mrs. Drugget.

My Lady Rackett, my Lady Rackett, I never could think to ſee you come to this deplorable ſhame.

Lady Rackett.

Surely the baſe man has not been capable of laying any thing of that ſort to my charge? (*aſide*) All this is unaccountable to me—ha! ha!—it is ridiculous beyond meaſure.

Dimity.

That's right, Madam: laugh at it; you ſerved him right.

Mrs. Drugget.

Charlotte! Charlotte! I'm aſtoniſhed at your wickedneſs.

Lady Rackett.

Well, I proteſt and vow I don't comprehend all this. Has Sir Charles accuſed me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs. Drugget.

Oh! too true, he has: he has found you out, and you have behaved baſely, he ſays.

Lady Rackett.

Madam!

Mrs. DRUGGET.

You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your ſex, he ſays; and he is reſolved to come to a ſeparation directly.

LADY RACKETT.

Why then if he is ſo baſe a wretch as to diſhonour me in that manner, his heart ſhall ache before I live with him again.

DIMITY.

Hold to that, Ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Your poor father heard it as well as I.

LADY RACKETT.

Then let your doors be open for him this very moment; let him return to London. If he does not, I'll lock myſelf up, and the falſe one ſhan't approach me, though he were to whine on his knees at my very door. A baſe, injurious man! [*Exit.*

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what ſhe has to ſay for herſelf. [*Exit.*

DIMITY.

She has excuſe enough I warrant her. What a noiſe is here indeed! I have lived in polite families, where there was no ſuch buſtle made about nothing. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* DRUGGET.

SIR CHARLES.

It is in vain, Sir, my reſolution is taken.

DRUGGET.

Well, but conſider, I am her father. Indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to ſay in her defence.

SIR CHARLES.

She can have nothing to ſay: no excuſe can palliate ſuch behaviour.

DRUGGET.

Don't be too poſitive: there may be ſome miſtake.

SIR CHARLES.

No, Sir, no; there can be no miſtake. Did not I ſee her, hear her myſelf?

DRUGGET.

Lackaday! then I am an unfortunate man!

SIR CHARLES.

She will be unfortunate too: with all my heart. She may thank herſelf. She might have been happy, had ſhe been ſo diſpoſed.

DRUGGET.

Why truly, I think ſhe might.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

I wiſh you would moderate your anger a little, and let us talk over this affair with temper. My daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

SIR CHARLES.

Denies it! denies it!

Mrs. DRUGGET,

She does indeed.

SIR CHARLES.

And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

She vows that you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

SIR CHARLES.

She does not allow it to be wrong then! Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly. I have found her out: I am now acquainted with her character. I am to be deceived no more.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Then you are in oppoſite ſtories. She ſwears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl ſwears ſhe never was guilty of the ſmalleſt infidelity to her huſband in her born days.

SIR CHARLES.

And what then? What if ſhe does ſay ſo?

Mrs.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

And if ſhe ſays truly, it is hard her character ſhould be blown upon without juſt cauſe.

SIR CHARLES.

And is ſhe therefore to behave ill in other reſpects? I never charged her with infidelity to me, Madam: there I allow her innocent.

DRUGGET.

And did not you charge her then?

SIR CHARLES.

No, Sir, I never dreamt of ſuch a thing.

DRUGGET.

Why then, if ſhe is innocent, let me tell you, you are a ſcandalous perſon.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Prithee, my dear—

DRUGGET.

Be quiet; though he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it. Did not I fine for ſheriff?—Yes, you are a ſcandalous perſon to defame an honeſt man's daughter.

SIR CHARLES.

What have you taken into your head now?

DRUGGET.

You charged her with falſehood to your bed.

SIR CHARLES.

No—never—never.

DRUGGET.

I ſay you did.

SIR CHARLES.

And I ſay no, no.

DRUGGET.

But I ſay you did; you called yourſelf a cuckold. Did not he, wife?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Yes, Lovey, I am witneſs.

SIR CHARLES.

Abſurd! I ſaid no ſuch thing.

DRUGGET.

But I aver you did.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

You did, indeed, Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

But I tell you no, poſitively no.

DRUGGET *and* Mrs. DRUGGET.

And I ſay, yes, poſitively yes.

SIR CHARLES.

'Sdeath, this is all madneſs.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

You ſaid that ſhe followed the ways of moſt of her ſex.

SIR CHARLES.

I ſaid ſo, and what then?

DRUGGET.

There he owns it; owns that he called himſelf a cuckold, and without rhyme or reaſon into the bargain.

SIR CHARLES.

I never owned any ſuch thing.

DRUGGET.

You owned it even now—now—now—now—

Mrs. DRUGGET.

This very moment.

SIR CHARLES.

No, no; I tell you, no.

DRUGGET.

This inſtant.—Prove it: make your words good: ſhew me your horns, and if you can't, it is worſe than ſuicide to call yourſelf a cuckold, without proof.

Enter DIMITY. (*in a fit of laughing*)

DIMITY.

What do you think it was all about? Ha! ha! the whole ſecret is come out, ha! ha! It was all about a game of cards—Ho! ho! ho!

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

A game of cards!

DIMITY. (*laughing*)

It was all about a club and a diamond. (*runs out laughing*)

DRUGGET.

And was that all, Sir Charles?

SIR CHARLES.

And enough too, Sir.

DRUGGET.

And was that what you found her out in?

SIR CHARLES.

I can't bear to be contradicted, when I am clear that I am in the right.

DRUGGET.

I never heard of ſuch a heap of nonſenſe in all my life. Woodley ſhall marry Nancy.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Don't be in a hurry, my love, this will all be made up.

DRUGGET.

Why does he not go and beg her pardon then?

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

I beg her pardon! I won't debaſe myſelf to any of you. I ſhan't forgive her, you may reſt aſſured. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

Now there, there's a pretty fellow for you.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

I'll ſtep and prevail on my Lady Rackett to ſpeak to him: all this will be ſet right. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

A ridiculous fop! I am glad it is no worſe, however.—He muſt go and talk ſcandal of himſelf, as if the town did not abound with people ready enough to take that trouble off his hands.

Enter NANCY.

DRUGGET.

So, Nancy—you ſeem in confuſion, my girl!

NANCY.

How can one help it, with all this noiſe in the houſe? And you are going to marry me as ill as my ſiſter. I hate Mr. Lovelace.

DRUGGET.

Why ſo, child?

NANCY.

I know theſe people of quality deſpiſe us all out of

of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

DRUGGET.

The girl's right,

NANCY.

They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themſelves.

DRUGGET.

And then quarrel about a card.

NANCY.

I don't want to be a gay lady. I want to be happy.

DRUGGET.

And ſo you ſhall: don't fright yourſelf, child. Step to your ſiſter, bid her make herſelf eaſy: go, and comfort her, go.

NANCY.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

DRUGGET.

I'll ſtep and ſettle the matter with Mr. Woodley this moment. *Exit.*

Scene, another Apartment,

SIR CHARLES, *with a pack of cards, at a table.*

SIR CHARLES.

Never was any thing like her behaviour. I can pick

pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then tis as plain as the ſun.—There—there—now—there—no—damn it—no—there it was—now let me ſee—They had four by honours and we play'd for the odd trick,—damnation! honours were divided---ay!---honours were divided and then a trump was led, and the other ſide had the---confuſion!---this prepoſterous woman has put it all out of my head [*Puts the Cards into his Pocket.*] Mighty well, Madam; I have done with you.

Enter Mrs. DRUGGET.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Sir Charles, let me prevail. Come with me and ſpeak to her.

SIR CHARLES.

I don't deſire to ſee her face.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

If you were to ſee her all bath'd in tears, I am ſure it would melt your very heart.

SIR CHARLES.

Madam it ſhall be my fault if ever I am treated ſo again. I'll have nothing to ſay to her [*Going, ſtops.*] Does ſhe give up the point?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

She does, ſhe agrees to any thing.

SIR CHARLES.

Does ſhe allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. DRUGGGT.

Juſt as you pleaſe : ſhe is all ſubmiſſion.

SIR CHARLES.

Does ſhe own that the club was not the beſt in the houſe?

Mrs. DRUGGET.

She does ; ſhe is willing to own it.

SIR CHARLES.

Then I'll ſtep and ſpeak to her. I never was clearer in any thing in my life.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now, and then they'll be as happy as ever.

[*Exit.*

Enter NANCY.

NANCY.

Well! they may talk what they will of taſte, and genteel life; I don't think it's natural. Give me Mr. Woodley---La! that odious thing coming this way.

Enter LOVELACE.

LOVELACE.

My charming little innocent, I have not ſeen you theſe three hours.

NANCY.

NANCY.

I have been very happy theſe three hours.

LOVELACE.

My ſweet angel, you ſeem diſconcerted. And you neglect your pretty figure. No matter for the preſent; in a little time I ſhall make you appear as graceful and as genteel as your ſiſter.

NANCY.

That is not what employs my thoughts, Sir.

LOVELACE.

Ay! but my pretty little dear, that ſhou'd engage your attention. To ſet off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, ſhould be the buſineſs of your life.

NANCY.

But I have learnt a new ſong that contradicts what you ſay, and though I am not in a very good humour for ſinging, yet you ſhall hear it.

LOVELACE.

By all means; don't check your fancy: I am all attention.

NANCY.

It expreſſes my ſentiments, and when you have heard them, you won't teize me any more.

SONG.

I.

TO dance, and to dreſs, and to flaunt it about,
To run to park, play, to aſſembly and rout;
To wander for ever in whim's giddy maze,
And one poor hair torture a million of ways;
To put at the glaſs every feature to ſchool,
And practiſe their art on each fop and each fool;
Of one thing to think, and another to tell,
Theſe, theſe are the manners of each giddy belle.

II.

To ſmile, and to ſimper, white teeth to diſplay;
The time in gay follies to trifle away;
Againſt ev'ry virtue the boſom to ſteel,
And only of dreſs the anxieties feel;
To be at Eve's ear the inſidious decoy,
The pleaſure ne'er taſte, but the miſchief enjoy;
To boaſt of ſoft raptures they never can know,
Theſe, theſe are the manners of each giddy beau.

[*Exit.*

LOVELACE.

I muſt have her, notwithſtanding this: for tho' I am not in love, I am moſt confoundedly in debt.

Enter DRUGGET.

DRUGGET.

So, Mr. Lovelace! any news from above ſtairs? Is this abſurd quarrel at an end? Have they made it up?

LOVELACE.

Oh! a mere bagatelle, Sir: theſe little fracas among

mong the better ſort of people never laſt long: elegant trifles cauſe elegant diſputes, and we come together elegantly again; as you ſee; for here they come, in perfect good humour.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* LADY RACKETT.

SIR CHARLES.

Mr. Drugget, I embrace you; you ſee me in the moſt perfect harmony of ſpirits.

DRUGGET.

What, all reconciled again?

LADY RACKETT.

All made up, Sir. I knew how to bring the gentleman to a ſenſe of his duty. This is the firſt difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES.

And I'll be ſworn it ſhall be the laſt.

DRUGGET.

I am happy now, as happy as a fond father can wiſh. Sir Charles, I can ſpare you an image to put on the top of your houſe in London.

SIR CHARLES.

Infinitely oblig'd to you.

DRUGGET.

Well! well! It's time to retire: I am glad to ſee you reconciled; and now I wiſh you a good night, Sir Charles. Mr. Lovelace, this is your way. Fare ye well

well both. I am glad your quarrels are at an end: this way Mr. Lovelace.

[*Exeunt* Drugget and Lovelace.

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! you are a ſad man, Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

SIR CHARLES.

My dear, I grant it: and ſuch an abſurd quarrel too--- ha! ha!

LADY RACKETT.

Yes---ha! ha!--- about ſuch a trifle.

SIR CHARLES.

It is pleaſant how we could both fall into ſuch an error. Ha! ha!---

LADY RACKETT.

Ridiculous beyond expreſſion! Ha! ha!

SIR CHARLES.

And then the miſtake your father and mother fell into!

LADY RACKETT.

That too is a diverting part of the ſtory. Ha! ha---But, Sir Charles, muſt I ſtay and live with my father tell I grow as fantaſtical as his own evergreens!

SIR CHARLES.

Nay, prithee don't remind me of my folly.

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! my relations were all ſtanding behind counters, ſelling Whitechapel needles, while your family were ſpending great eſtates.

SIR CHARLES.

Spare my bluſhes: you ſee I am covered with confuſion.

LADY RACKETT.

How could you ſay ſo indelicate a thing? I don't love you.

SIR CHARLES.

It was indelicate; I grant it.

LADY RACKETT.

Am I a vile woman?

SIR CHARLES.

How can you, my angel?

LADY RACKETT.

I ſhan't forgive you! I'll have you on your knees for this. (*Sings and plays with him.*)—"Go, naughty man."—Ah! Sir Charles!

SIR CHARLES.

The reſt of my life ſhall aim at convincing you how ſincerly I love you.

LADY RACKETT. (*Sings*)

"Go, naughty man, I can't abide you"—Well! come

come, let us go to reſt. *(Going.)* Ah, Sir Charles! now it's all over, the diamond was the play.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh no, no, no; now that one may ſpeak, it was the club indeed.

LADY RACKETT.

Indeed, my love, you are miſtaken.

SIR CHARLES.

You make me laugh: but I was not miſtaken: rely upon my judgement.

LADY RACKETT.

You may rely upon mine: you was wrong.

SIR CHARLES. *(laughing.)*

Po! no, no, no ſuch thing.

LADY RACKETT. *(laughing.)*

But I ſay, yes, yes, yes.

SIR CHARLES.

Oh! no, no; it is too ridiculous; don't ſay any more about it, my love.

LADY RACKETT. *(toying with him.)*

Don't you ſay any more about it: you had better give it up, you had indeed.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Your honour's cap and ſlippers.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Lay down my cap, and here take theſe ſhoes off. (*He takes 'em off, and leaves 'em at a diſtance.*) Indeed, my Lady Rackett, you make me ready to expire with laughing. Ha! ha!

LADY RACKETT.

You may laugh, but I am right notwithſtanding.

SIR CHARLES.

How can you ſay ſo?

LADY RACKETT.

How can you ſay otherwiſe?

SIR CHARLES.

Well now mind me, my Lady Rackett, we can now talk of this matter in good humour: we can diſcuſs it coolly.

LADY RACKETT.

So we can—and it is for that reaſon I venture to ſpeak to you. Are theſe the ruffles I bought for you?

SIR CHARLES.

They are, my dear.

LADY RACKETT.

They are very pretty. But indeed you played the card wrong.

SIR CHARLES.

Po, there is nothing ſo clear, if you will but hear me; only hear me.

LADY RACKETT.

Ah! but do you hear me. The thing was thus. The adverſary's club being the beſt in the houſe—

SIR CHARLES.

No, no, liſten, to me: the affair was thus: Mr. Jenkins having never a club left—

LADY RACKETT.

Mr. Jenkins fineſſed the club.

SIR CHARLES. *(peeviſhly)*
How can you?

LADY RACKETT.
And trumps being all out——

SIR CHARLES.
And we playing for the odd trick——

LADY RACKETT.
If you had minded your game——

SIR CHARLES.
And the club being the beſt——

LADY RACKETT.
If you had led your diamond——

SIR CHARLES.
Mr. Jenkins would of courſe put on a ſpade.

LADY RACKETT.
And ſo the odd trick was ſure.

(both ſpeaking very faſt, and together)

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Damnation! will you let me ſpeak?

LADY RACKETT.

Well, to be ſure, you are the ſtrangeſt man.

SIR CHARLES.

Plague and torture! there is no ſuch thing as converſing with you.

LADY RACKETT.

Very well, Sir, fly out again.

SIR CHARLES.

Look here now: here is a pack of cards. Now you ſhall be convinced.

LADY RACKETT.

You may talk till to-morrow, I know I am right. (*walks about.*)

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, by all that's perverſe, you are the moſt headſtrong—Can't you look here? here are the very cards.

LADY RACKETT.

Go on; you'll find it out at laſt.

SIR CHARLES.

Will you hold your tongue, or not? will you let me ſhew you?—Po! it's all nonſenſe. (*puts up the cards*) Come, let us go to bed. (*going*) Only ſtay one moment.

ment. (*Takes out the cards*) Now command yourſelf, and you ſhall have demonſtration.

LADY RACKETT.

It does not ſignify, Sir,. Your head will be clearer in the morning. I chuſe to go to bed.

SIR CHARLES.

Stay and hear me, can't you?

LADY RACKETT.

No; my head aches. I am tired of the ſubject.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then, damn the cards. There, and there, and there. (*throwing them about the room*) You may go to bed by yourſelf. Confuſion ſeize me, if I ſtay here to be tormented a moment longer. (*Putting on his ſhoes.*)

Enter DIMITY.

DIMITY.

Did you call, Sir?

SIR CHARLES.

No; never, never, Madam.

DIMITY. (*in a fit of laughing*)

At it again!

LADY RACKETT.

Take your own way, Sir.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

Now then I tell you once more, you are a vile woman.

DIMITY.

Law, Sir!—This is charming; I'll run and tell the old couple.

[*Exit.*

SIR CHARLES. *(ſtill putting on his ſhoes.)*

You are the moſt malicious, poſitive, nonſenſical—

LADY RACKETT.

Don't make me laugh again, Sir Charles. (*walks nd ſings.*)

SIR CHARLES.

Hell and the devil! will you ſit down quietly and let me convince you?

LADY RACKETT.

I don't chuſe to hear any more about it.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then I believe you are poſſeſſed. It is in vain to talk ſenſe and reaſon to you.

LADY RACKETT.

Thank you for your compliment, Sir—Such a man! (*with a ſneering laugh.*) I never knew the like of this. (*Sits down.*

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

I promiſe you, you ſhall repent of this uſage, before you have a moment of my company again. It ſhan't be in a hurry you may depend, Madam—Now ſee here — I can prove it to a demonſtration *(ſits down by her, ſhe gets up.)* Look ye there again now: the very devil muſt be in your temper. I wiſh I had never ſeen your face. I wiſh I was a thouſand miles off. Sit down but one moment.

LADY RACKETT.

I am diſpos'd to walk Sir.

SIR CHARLES.

Why then may I periſh if ever—a blockhead, an ideot I was to marry. *(walks about.)* ſuch provoking impertinence! *(She ſits down.)* Damnation! I am ſo clear in the thing. She is not worth my notice— *(Sits down, turns his back, and looks uneaſy.)* I'll take no more pains about it. *(Pauſes for ſome time, then looks at her.)* Is it not very ſtrange, that you wont hear me?

LADY RACKETT.

Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

SIR CHARLES

Very well then, very well; you remember how the game ſtood. *(draws his chair near her.*

LADY RACKETT.

I wiſh you would untie my necklace, it hurts me.

SIR CHARLES.

Why can't you liſten?

LADY

LADY RACKETT.

I tell you it hurts me terribly.

SIR CHARLES.

Death and confuſion! *(moves his chair away.)* there is no bearing this. *(looks at her angrily)* It won't take a moment, if you will but liſten. *(moves towards her)* Can't you ſee, that by forcing the adverſary's hand, Mr. Jenkins would be obliged to—

LADY RACKETT.

(Moving her chair away from him.)

Mr. Jenkins had the beſt club, and never a diamond left.

SIR CHARLES. *(riſing)*

Diſtraction! Bedlam is not ſo mad. Be as wrong as you pleaſe, Madam. May I never hold four by honours, may I loſe every thing I play for, may fortune eternally forſake me, if I endeavour to ſet you right again.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mr. *and* Mrs. DRUGGET, WOODLEY, LOVELACE, *and* NANCY.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

Gracious! what's the matter now?

LADY RACKETT.

Such another man does not exiſt. I did not ſay a word to the gentleman, and yet he has been raving about the room, and ſtorming like a whirlwind.

DRUG-

DRUGGET.

And about a club again! I heard it all. Come hither, Nancy; Mr. Woodley, ſhe is yours for life.

Mrs. DRUGGET.

My dear, how can you be ſo paſſionate?

DRUGGET.

It ſhall be ſo. Take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

WOODLEY.

My whole life ſhall be devoted to her happine ſs

LOVELACE.

The devil! and ſo I am to be left in the lurch in this manner, am I?

LADY RACKETT.

Oh! this is only one of thoſe polite diſputes which people of quality, who have nothing elſe to differ about, muſt always be liable to. This will be made up to morrow.

DRUGGET.

Never tell me: it is too late now. Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care. I ſhall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my ſhrubbery. Though, mercy on all married folks, ſay I!—for theſe wranglings are, I am afraid, What they muſt all come to.

LADY

LADY RACKETT. (*comes forward.*)

WHAT we muſt all come to? What? Come to what?
Muſt broils and quarrels be the marriage lot?
If that's the wife, deep meaning of our poet,
The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll ſhew it.

What could induce him in an age ſo nice,
So fam'd for virtue, ſo refin'd from vice,
To form a plan ſo trivial, falſe, and low?
As if a belle could quarrel with a beau:
As if there were in theſe thrice happy days,
One who from nature, or from reaſon ſtrays!
There's no croſs huſband now; no wrangling wife,
The man is downright ignorant of life.

'Tis the millennium this: devoid of guile,
Fair gentle Truth, and white rob'd Candour ſmile.
From every breaſt the ſordid love of gold
Is baniſh'd quite; no boroughs now are ſold!
Pray tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know, I vow,)
Pray, is there ſuch a thing as Gaming now?
Do peers make laws againſt that giant Vice,
And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?
No, no; our lives are virtuous all, auſtere and hard;
Pray, ladies—do you ever ſee a card?
Thoſe empty boxes ſhew you don't love plays;
The managers, poor ſouls! get nothing now a days.
If here you come—by chance—but once a week,
The pit can witneſs that you never ſpeak.
Penſive Attention ſits with decent mien;
No paint, no naked ſhoulders to be ſeen!

And yet this grave, this moral, pious age,
May learn one uſeful leſſon from the ſtage.

Shun ſtrife, ye fair, and once a conteſt o'er,
Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more.
From fierce debate fly all the tender loves,
And Venus cries, " coachman, put-to my doves."
The genial bed no blooming Grace prepares,
" And ev'ry day ſhall be a day of cares."

End of the SECOND VOLUME.

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